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Bacon to Stevenson

SELECTED AND EDITED

BY

HENRY S. PANCOAST

SECOND EDITION, REVISED

Eastern Oregon University
1411 Cove Avenue
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1903

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PREFACE

THIS collection is intended for students of literature rather than for those who are chiefly occupied with the historic changes in the language, with the various forms of prose composition, or with the peculiarities of prose style. The plan and purpose of the book have imposed limitations which I could not refuse to recognize. A short passage, or even a single paragraph, may be sufficient to illustrate an author's language or style; but such fragmentary passages are almost useless to the student of literature. If we are to enjoy a work as a piece of literature, we must, if possible, read the whole of it; at the least we must read enough of it to enter into the author's purpose, to put ourselves in sympathy with his spirit. My object, then, required selections that should be, so far as possible, complete in themselves, and it involved the assignment of a relatively large amount of space to each writer included. I have accordingly confined myself almost entirely to essays, sketches, and such short forms of composition as could be given without abridgment, and I have reluctantly passed over many writers, in order to gain space for the more adequate representation of a few.

To compensate for these omissions, so far as I could, I have added in an Appendix a few short extracts from some of the principal examples of prose before Bacon. As these extracts are intended mainly as illustrations of the history of English prose, and as examples of language and style, I have retained the original spelling and punctuation.

The notes have been made as brief, simple, and direct as possible. They are not intended to do more than give the average reader such help as will enable him to understand the text.

I am glad of this opportunity of acknowledging the kindly and generous help which I have had from many quarters. My chief indebtedness is to my friend Dr. J. Duncan Spaeth, of the Philadelphia Central High School. Dr. Spaeth has worked with me in the preparation of the notes, and, while I must hold myself ultimately responsible for them, not a little of the labor has been done by him. Dr. Spaeth's excellent taste and sound judgment have enabled him to make valuable suggestions as to the choice and arrangement of several of the selections, and he has given to the book an unwearied interest for which I am sincerely grateful.

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STANDARD ENGLISH PROSE

BACON TO DRYDEN

Francis Bacon

1561–1626

OF DEATH

(*Essays*, 1597, 1612, 1625)

Men fear death as children fear to go into the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other. Certainly, the contemplation of death, as the wages of sin, and passage to another world, is holy and religious; but the fear of it, as a tribute due unto nature, is weak. Yet in religious meditations there is sometimes mixture of vanity and of superstition. You shall read in some of the friars' books of mortification, that a man should think with himself what the pain is, if he have but his finger's end pressed, or tortured, and thereby imagine what the pains of death are when the whole body is corrupted and dissolved; when many times death passeth with less pain than the torture of a limb—for the most vital parts are not the quickest of sense: and by him that spake only as a philosopher and natural man, it was well said, 'Pompa mortis magis terret quam mors ipsa.' Groans, and convulsions, and a discoloured face, and friends weeping, and blacks, and obsequies, and the like, show death terrible. It is worthy the observing, that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak, but it mates and masters the fear of death; and therefore death is no such terrible enemy when a man hath so many

attendants about him, that can win the combat of him. Revenge triumphs over death; love slights it; honour aspireth to it; grief flieth to it; fear pre-occupateth it; nay, we read, after Otho the emperor had slain himself, pity (which is the tenderest of affections) provoked many to die out of mere compassion to their sovereign, and as the truest sort of followers. Nay, Seneca adds, niceness and satiety: 'Cogita quamdiu eadem feceris; mori velle, non tantum fortis, aut miser, sed etiam fastidiosus potest.' 'A man would die, though he were neither valiant nor miserable, only upon a weariness to do the same thing so oft over and over.' It is no less worthy to observe, how little alteration in good spirits the approaches of death make; for they appear to be the same men till the last instant. Augustus Cæsar died in a compliment: 'Livia, conjugii nostri memor vive, et vale.' Tiberius in dissimulation, as Tacitus saith of him, 'Jam Tiberium vires et corpus, non dissimulatio, deserebant:' . . . Galba with a sentence, 'Feri, si ex re sit populi Romani,' holding forth his neck: Septimus Severus in despatch, 'Adeste, si quid mihi restat agendum,' and the like. Certainly the Stoics bestowed too much cost upon death, and by their great preparations made it appear more fearful. Better, saith he, 'qui finem vitæ extremum inter munera ponat naturæ.' It is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other. He that dies in an earnest pursuit is like one that is wounded in hot blood; who, for the time, scarce feels the hurt; and therefore a mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good, doth avert the dolours of death: but, above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is, *Nunc dimittis*, when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations. Death hath this also, that it openeth the gate to good fame, and extinguisheth envy: 'Extinctus amabitur idem.'

OF ADVERSITY

(From the same)

It was a high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics), that the 'good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired'—'Bona rerum secundarum optabilia, adversarum mirabilia.' Certainly, if miracles be the command over nature, they appear most in adversity. It is yet a higher speech of his than the other (much too high for a heathen), 'It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man, and the security of a God'—'Vere magnum habere fragilitatem hominis, securitatem Dei.' This would have done better in poesy, where transcendencies are more allowed; and the poets, indeed, have been busy with it—for it is in effect the thing which is figured in that strange fiction of the ancient poets, which seemeth not to be without mystery; nay, and to have some approach to the state of a Christian, 'that Hercules, when he went to unbind Prometheus (by whom human nature is represented), sailed the length of the great ocean in an earthen pot or pitcher, lively describing Christian resolution, that saileth in the frail bark of the flesh through the waves of the world. But to speak in a mean, the virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity is fortitude, which in morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground: judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the

eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant where they are incensed, or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

OF WISDOM FOR A MAN'S SELF

(From the same)

An ant is a wise creature for itself, but it is a shrewd thing in an orchard or garden; and certainly men that are great lovers of themselves waste the public. Divide with reason between self-love and society; and be so true to thyself as thou be not false to others, especially to thy king and country. It is a poor centre of a man's actions, himself. It is right earth; for that only stands fast upon his own centre; whereas all things that have affinity with the heavens move upon the centre of another, which they benefit. The referring of all to a man's self is more tolerable in a sovereign prince, because themselves are not only themselves, but their good and evil is at the peril of the public fortune: but it is a desperate evil in a servant to a prince, or a citizen in a republic; for whatsoever affairs pass such a man's hands, he crooketh them to his own ends, which must needs be often eccentric, to the ends of his master or State: therefore, let princes or States chuse such servants as have not this mark, except they mean their service should be made but the accessary. That which maketh the effect more pernicious is, that all proportion is lost. It were disproportion enough for the servant's good to be preferred before the master's; but yet it is a greater extreme, when a little good of the servant shall carry things against a great good of the master's: and yet that is the case of bad officers, treasurers, ambassadors, generals, and other false and corrupt servants, which set a bias upon their bowl, of their own petty ends and envies, to the overthrow of their master's great and important affairs. And for the most part, the good such servants receive is after the model of their own fortune, but the hurt they sell for that good is after the model of their master's fortune. And certainly it is the nature of extreme self-lovers, as they will set a house on fire and it were but to

roast their eggs; and yet these men many times hold credit with their masters, because their study is but to please them, and profit themselves; and for either respect they will abandon the good of their affairs.

Wisdom for a man's self is, in many branches thereof, a depraved thing: it is the wisdom of rats, that will be sure to leave a house some time before its fall: it is the wisdom of the fox, that thrusts out the badger, who digged and made room for him: it is the wisdom of crocodiles, that shed tears when they would devour. But that which is specially to be noted is, that those which (as Cicero says of Pompey) are 'sui amantes sine rivali' are many times unfortunate: and whereas they have all their time sacrificed to themselves, they become in the end themselves sacrifices to the inconstancy of fortune, whose wings they thought by their self-wisdom to have pinioned.

OF RICHES

(From the same)

I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue: the Roman word is better—*impedimenta;* for as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue—it cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory. Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit; so saith Solomon, 'Where much is, there are many to consume it; and what hath the owner but the sight of it with his eyes?' The personal fruition in any man cannot reach to feel great riches: there is a custody of them, or a power of dole, and a donative of them, or a fame of them, but no solid use to the owner. Do you not see what feigned prices are set upon little stones or rarities—and what works of ostentation are undertaken, because there might seem to be some use of great riches? But then, you will say, they may be of use to buy men out of dangers or troubles; as Solomon saith, 'Riches are as a stronghold in the imagination of the rich man;' but this is excellently expressed, that

it is in imagination, and not always in fact; for, certainly great riches have sold more men than they have bought out. Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly: yet have no abstract or friarly contempt of them, but distinguish, as Cicero saith well of Rabirius Posthumus, 'In studio rei amplificandæ, apparebat, non avaritiæ prædam, sed instrumentum bonitati quæri.' Hearken also to Solomon, and beware of hasty gathering of riches: 'Qui festinat ad divitias, non erit insons.' The poets feign that when Plutus (which is riches) is sent from Jupiter, he limps, and goes slowly, but when he is sent from Pluto, he runs, and is swift of foot; meaning, that riches gotten by good means and just labour pace slowly, but when they come by the death of others (as by the course of inheritance, testaments, and the like) they come tumbling upon a man: but it might be applied likewise to Pluto taking him for the Devil: for when riches come from the Devil (as by fraud, and oppression, and unjust means) they come upon speed. The ways to enrich are many, and most of them foul: parsimony is one of the best, and yet it is not innocent, for it withholdeth men from works of liberality and charity. The improvement of the ground is the most natural obtaining of riches, for it is our great mother's blessing, the earth; but it is slow: and yet, where men of great wealth do stoop to husbandry, it multiplieth riches exceedingly. I knew a nobleman of England that had the greatest audits of any man in my time,—a great grazier, a great sheep master, a great timber man, a great collier, a great corn master, a great lead man, and so of iron, and a number of the like points of husbandry; so as the earth seemed a sea to him in respect of the perpetual importation. It was truly observed by one, 'that himself came very hardly to little riches, and very easily to great riches:' for when a man's stock is come to that, that he can expect the prime of markets, and overcome those bargains, which for their greatness are few men's money, and the partner in the industries of younger men, he cannot but increase mainly. The gains of ordinary trades and vocations are honest, and furthered

by two things, chiefly, by diligence, and by a good name for good and fair dealing; but the gains of bargains are of a more doubtful nature, when men shall wait upon others' necessity; broke by servants, and instruments to draw them on; put off others cunningly that would be better chapmen, and the like practices, which are crafty and naughty. As for the chopping of bargains, when a man buys not to hold, but to sell over again, that commonly grindeth double, both upon the seller and upon the buyer. Sharings do greatly enrich, if the hands be well chosen that are trusted. Usury is the certainest means of gain, though one of the worst, as that whereby a man doth eat his bread, 'in sudore vultus alieni,' and besides, doth plough upon Sundays; but yet certain though it be, it hath flaws: for that the scriveners and brokers do value unsound men to serve their own turn. The fortune in being the first in an invention, or in a privilege, doth cause sometimes a wonderful overgrowth in riches; as it was with the first sugar man in the Canaries: therefore, if a man can play the true logician, to have as well judgment as invention, he may do great matters, especially if the times be fit. He that resteth upon gains certain, shall hardly grow to great riches; and he that puts all upon adventures, doth oftentimes break and come to poverty: it is good, therefore, to guard adventures with certainties that may uphold losses. Monopolies, and coemption of wares for re-sale, where they are not restrained, are great means to enrich; especially if the party have intelligence what things are like to come into request, and so store himself beforehand. Riches gotten by service, though it be of the best, rise; yet when they are gotten by flattery, feeding humours, and other servile conditions, they may be placed among the worst. As for 'fishing for testaments and executorships,' (as Tacitus saith of Seneca, 'Testamenta et orbos tanquam indagine capi,') it is yet worse, by how much men submit themselves to meaner persons than in service.

Believe not much them that seem to despise riches, for they despise them that despair of them; and none worse when they come to them. Be not penny-wise; riches have

wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves, sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more. Men leave their riches either to their kindred, or to the Public; and moderate portions prosper best in both. A great estate left to an heir, is as a lure to all the birds of prey round about to seize on him, if he be not the better established in years and judgment: likewise, glorious gifts and foundations are like sacrifices without salt; and but the painted sepulchres of alms, which soon will putrify and corrupt inwardly. Therefore measure not thine advancements by quantity, but frame them by measure: and defer not charities till death: for, certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another man's than his own.

OF STUDIES

(From the same)

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness, and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar; they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience—for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them, for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read

wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets witty; the mathematics subtle; natural philosophy deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend: 'Abeunt studia in mores'—nay, there is no stond nor impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies, like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises—bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head, and the like; so, if a man's wits be wandering, let him study the mathematics, for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen, for they are 'cymini sectores'; if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call upon one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases—so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

Ben Jonson

1573–1637

FROM TIMBER, OR DISCOVERIES

(*Pub.* 1641)

De Shakespeare nostrat [i].—I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, "Would he had blotted a thousand," which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this but for their ignorance, who chose that circum-

stance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour, for I loved the man, and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometime it was necessary he should be stopped. "*Sufflaminandus erat*," as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell into those things, could not escape laughter, as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him: "Cæsar, thou dost me wrong." He replied: "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause;" and such like, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

De piis et probis.—Good men are the stars, the planets of the ages wherein they live and illustrate the times. God never let them be wanting to the world: as Abel, for an example of innocency, Enoch of purity, Noah of trust in God's mercies, Abraham of faith, and so of the rest. These, sensual men thought mad because they would not be partakers or practisers of their madness. But they, placed high on the top of all virtue, looked down on the stage of the world and contemned the play of fortune. For though the most be players, some must be spectators.

Amor nummi.—Money never made any man rich, but his mind. He that can order himself to the law of Nature is not only without the sense but the fear of poverty. O, but to strike blind the people with our wealth and pomp is the thing! What a wretchedness is this, to thrust all our riches outward, and be beggars within; to contemplate nothing but the little, vile, and sordid things of the world; not the great, noble, and precious! We serve our avarice, and, not content with the good of the earth that is offered us, we search and dig for the evil that is hidden. God offered us those things, and placed them at hand, and near us, that He knew were profitable for us, but the hurtful He laid deep and hid. Yet do we seek only the things whereby we may perish, and bring

them forth, when God and Nature hath buried them. We covet superfluous things, when it were more honour for us if we could contemn necessary. What need hath Nature of silver dishes, multitudes of waiters, delicate pages, perfumed napkins? She requires meat only, and hunger is not ambitious. Can we think no wealth enough but such a state for which a man may be brought into a *præmunire*, begged, proscribed, or poisoned? O! if a man could restrain the fury of his gullet and groin, and think how many fires, how many kitchens, cooks, pastures, and ploughed lands; what orchards, stews, ponds and parks, coops and garners, he could spare; what velvets, tissues, embroideries, laces, he could lack; and then how short and uncertain his life is; he were in a better way to happiness than to live the emperor of these delights, and be the dictator of fashions. But we make ourselves slaves to our pleasures, and we serve fame and ambition, which is an equal slavery. Have not I seen the pomp of a whole kingdom, and what a foreign king could bring hither also to make himself gazed and wondered at, laid forth, as it were, to the show, and vanish all away in a day? And shall that which could not fill the expectation of few hours, entertain and take up our whole lives, when even it appeared as superfluous to the possessors as to me that was a spectator? The bravery was shown, it was not possessed; while it boasted itself it perished. It is vile, and a poor thing to place our happiness on these desires. Say we wanted them all, famine ends famine.

De stultitia.—What petty things they are we wonder at, like children that esteem every trifle, and prefer a fairing before their fathers! What difference is between us and them but that we are dearer fools, coxcombs at a higher rate? They are pleased with cockleshells, whistles, hobbyhorses, and such like; we with statues, marble pillars, pictures, gilded roofs, where underneath is lath and lime, perhaps loam. Yet we take pleasure in the lie, and are glad we can cozen ourselves. Nor is it only in our walls and ceilings, but all that we call happiness is mere painting and gilt, and all for money. What a thin membrane of honour that is, and how

hath all true reputation fallen, since money began to have any! Yet the great herd, the multitude, that in all other things are divided, in this alone conspire and agree—to love money. They wish for it, they embrace it, they adore it, while yet it is possessed with greater stir and torment than it is gotten.

Izaak Walton

1593–1683

HAWKING, HUNTING, AND FISHING

(From *The Complete Angler*, fifth ed. 1676)

Piscator. You are well overtaken, gentlemen, a good morning to you both; I have stretched my legs up Tottenham Hill to overtake you, hoping your business may occasion you towards Ware, whither I am going this fine, fresh May morning.

Venator. Sir, I, for my part, shall almost answer your hopes; for my purpose is to drink my morning's draught at the Thatched House in Hoddesden; and I think not to rest till I come thither, where I have appointed a friend or two to meet me: but for this gentleman that you see with me, I know not how far he intends his journey; he came so lately into my company, that I have scarce had time to ask him the question.

Auceps. Sir, I shall by your favour, bear you company as far as Theobald's; and there leave you, for then I turn up to a friend's house who mews a hawk for me, which I now long to see.

Ven. Sir, we are all so happy as to have a fine, fresh, cool morning, and I hope we shall each be the happier in the other's company. And, gentlemen, that I may not lose yours, I shall either abate or amend my pace to enjoy it; knowing that, as the Italians say, "Good company in a journey makes the way to seem the shorter."

Auc. It may do so, Sir, with the help of good discourse, which, methinks we may promise from you that both look

and speak so cheerfully; and, for my part, I promise you as an invitation to it, that I will be as free and open-hearted as discretion will allow me to be with strangers.

VEN. And, Sir, I promise the like.

PISC. I am right glad to hear your answers: and in confidence you speak the truth, I shall put on a boldness to ask you, Sir, whether business or pleasure caused you to be so early up, and walk so fast; for this other gentleman hath declared he is going to see a hawk that a friend mews for him.

VEN. Sir, mine is a mixture of both, a little business and more pleasure: for I intend this day to do all my business, and then bestow another day or two in hunting the otter, which, a friend, that I go to meet, tells me, is much pleasanter than any other chase whatsoever: howsoever I mean to try it; for to-morrow morning we shall meet a pack of otter-dogs of noble Mr. Sadler's, upon Amwell Hill, who will be there so early, that they intend to prevent the sun rising.

PISC. Sir, my fortune has answered my desires; and my purpose is to bestow a day or two in helping to destroy some of those villanous vermin; for I hate them perfectly, because they love fish so well, or rather, because they destroy so much; indeed, so much, that, in my judgment all men that keep otter-dogs ought to have pensions from the King to encourage them to destroy the very breed of those base otters, they do so much mischief.

VEN. But what say you to the foxes of the nation? Would not you as willingly have them destroyed? for doubtless they do as much mischief as otters do.

PISC. Oh, Sir, if they do, it is not so much to me and my fraternity as those base vermin the otters do.

AUC. Why, Sir, I pray, of what fraternity are you, that you are so angry with the poor otters?

PISC. I am, Sir, a Brother of the Angle, and therefore an enemy to the otter: for you are to note that we Anglers all love one another, and therefore do I hate the otter both for my own and for their sakes who are of my brotherhood.

VEN. And I am a lover of hounds; I have followed many

a pack of dogs many a mile, and heard many merry huntsmen make sport and scoff at anglers.

Auc. And I profess myself a Falconer, and have heard many grave, serious men pity them, 'tis such a heavy, contemptible, dull recreation.

Pisc. You know, gentlemen, 'tis an easy thing to scoff at any art or recreation: a little wit, mixed with ill-nature, confidence, and malice, will do it; but though they often venture boldly, yet they are often caught even in their own trap, according to that of Lucian, the father of the family of scoffers.

> *"Lucian, well skill'd in scoffing, this hath writ:*
> *Friend, that's your folly which you think your wit:*
> *This you vent oft, void both of wit and fear,*
> *Meaning another, when yourself you jeer."*

If to this you add what Solomon says of scoffers, that, "they are an abomination to mankind," (Prov. xxiv. 9), let him that thinks fit, scoff on, and be a scoffer still; but I account them enemies to me, and to all that love virtue and Angling.

And for you that have heard many grave, serious men pity Anglers; let me tell you, Sir, there be many men that are by others taken to be serious and grave men, which we contemn and pity. Men that are taken to be grave, because nature hath made them of a sour complexion, money-getting men, men that spend all their time, first in getting, and next in anxious care to keep it; men that are condemned to be rich, and then always busy or discontented: for these poor-rich-men, we Anglers pity them perfectly, and stand in no need to borrow their thoughts to think ourselves so happy. No, no, Sir, we enjoy a contentedness above the reach of such dispositions, and as the learned and ingenious Montaigne says like himself freely, "When my cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks, as playing with a garter, who knows but that I make my cat more sport than she makes me? Shall I conclude her to be simple, that has her time to begin or refuse to play as freely as I myself have? Nay, who knows but that it is a defect of my not

understanding her language (for doubtless cats talk and reason with one another) that we agree no better? And who knows but that she pities me for being no wiser than to play with her, and laughs and censures my folly for making sport for her, when we two play together?"

Thus freely speaks Montaigne concerning cats; and I hope I may take as great a liberty to blame any man, and laugh at him too, let him be never so grave, that hath not heard what Anglers can say in the justification of their art and recreation; which I may again tell you is so full of pleasure, that we need not borrow their thoughts to think ourselves happy.

VEN. Sir, you have almost amazed me; for though I am no scoffer, yet I have, I pray let me speak it without offence, always looked upon Anglers as more patient and more simple men, than I fear I shall find you to be.

PISC. Sir, I hope you will not judge my earnestness to be impatience: and for my simplicity, if by that you mean a harmlessness, or that simplicity which was usually found in the primitive Christians, who were, as most Anglers are, quiet men, and followers of peace; men that were so simply-wise as not to sell their consciences to buy riches, and with them vexation and a fear to die; if you mean such simple men as lived in those times when there were fewer lawyers; when men might have had a lordship safely conveyed to them in a piece of parchment no bigger than your hand, though several sheets will not do it safely in this wiser age; I say, Sir, if you take us Anglers to be such simple men as I have spoken of, then myself and those of my profession will be glad to be so understood: but if by simplicity you meant to express a general defect in those that profess and practise the excellent art of Angling, I hope in time to disabuse you, and make the contrary appear so evidently, that, if you will but have patience to hear me, I shall remove all the anticipations that discourse, or time, or prejudice, have possessed you with against that laudable and ancient art; for I know it is worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man.

But, gentlemen, though I be able to do this, I am not so

unmannerly as to engross all the discourse to myself; and therefore, you two having declared yourselves, the one to be a lover of hawks, the other of hounds, I shall be most glad to hear what you can say in the commendation of that recreation which each of you love and practise; and having heard what you can say, I shall be glad to exercise your attention with what I can say concerning my own recreation and art of Angling, and by this means we shall make the way to seem the shorter: and if you like my motion, I would have Mr. Falconer to begin.

Auc. Your motion is consented to with all my heart; and, to testify it, I will begin as you have desired me.

And first for the element that I used to trade in, which is the air, an element of more worth than weight, an element that doubtless exceeds both the earth and water; for though I sometimes deal in both, yet the air is most properly mine, I and my hawks use that most, and it yields us most recreation: it stops not the high soaring of my noble, generous falcon; in it she ascends to such an height, as the dull eyes of beasts and fish are not able to reach to; their bodies are too gross for such high elevations: in the air my troops of hawks soar up on high, and when they are lost in the sight of men, then they attend upon and converse with the gods; therefore I think my eagle is so justly styled *Jove's servant in ordinary:* and that very falcon, that I am now going to see, deserves no meaner a title, for she usually in her flight endangers herself, like the son of Dædalus, to have her wings scorched by the sun's heat, she flies so near it, but her mettle makes her careless of danger; for she then needs nothing, but makes her nimble pinions cut the fluid air, and so makes her high way over the steepest mountains and deepest rivers, and in her glorious career looks with contempt upon those high steeples and magnificent palaces which we adore and wonder at; from which height I can make her to descend by a word from my mouth (which she both knows and obeys), to accept of meat from my hand, to own me for her master, to go home with me, and be willing the next day to afford me the like recreation.

And more; this element of air which I profess to trade in, the worth of it is such, and it is of such necessity, that no creature whatsoever, not only those numerous creatures that feed on the face of the earth, but those various creatures that have their dwelling within the waters,—every creature that hath life in its nostrils stands in need of my element. The waters cannot preserve the fish without air, witness the not breaking of ice in an extreme frost: the reason is, for that if the inspiring and expiring organ of any animal be stopped, it suddenly yields to nature, and dies. Thus necessary is air to the existence both of fish and beasts, nay, even to man himself; that air, or breath of life with which God at first inspired mankind (Gen. ii. 7), he, if he wants it, dies presently, becomes a sad object to all that loved and beheld him, and in an instant turns to putrefaction.

Nay, more, the very birds of the air, those that be not hawks, are both so many and so useful and pleasant to mankind, that I must not let them pass without some observations: they both feed and refresh him; feed him with their choice bodies, and refresh him with their heavenly voices. I will not undertake to mention the several kinds of fowl by which this is done; and his curious palate pleased by day, and which with their very excrements afford him a soft lodging at night. These I will pass by, but not those little nimble musicians of the air, that warble forth their curious ditties, with which nature hath furnished them to the shame of art.

As first, the lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself and those that hear her, she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air; and, having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity.

How do the blackbird and thrassle with their melodious voices bid welcome to the cheerful spring, and in their fixed mouths warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to!

Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular

seasons, as namely the laverock, the titlark, the little linnet, and the honest robin, that loves mankind both alive and dead.

But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, "Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!" . . .

VEN. Well, Sir, and I will now take my turn, and will first begin with a commendation of the earth, as you have done most excellently of the air; the earth being that element upon which I drive my pleasant, wholesome, hungry trade. The earth is a solid, settled element; an element most universally beneficial both to man and beast: to men who have their several recreations upon it, as horse-races, hunting, sweet smells, pleasant walks: the earth feeds man, and all those several beasts that both feed him and afford him recreation. What pleasure doth man take in hunting the stately stag, the generous buck, the wild-boar, the cunning otter, the crafty fox, and the fearful hare! And if I may descend to a lower game, what pleasure is it sometimes with gins to betray the very vermin of the earth! as namely, the fitchet, the fulimart, the ferret, the polecat, the mould-warp, and the like creatures that live upon the face and within the bowels of the earth! How doth the earth bring forth herbs, flowers, and fruits, both for physic and the pleasure of mankind! and above all, to me at least, the fruitful vine, of which when I drink moderately it clears my brain, cheers my heart, and sharpens my wit. How could Cleopatra have feasted Mark Antony with eight wild-boars roasted whole at one supper, and other meat suitable, if the earth had not been a bountiful mother? But to pass by the mighty elephant, which the earth breeds and nourisheth,

and descend to the least of creatures, how doth the earth afford us a doctrinal example in the little emmet, who in the summer provides and lays up her winter provision, and teaches man to do the like! The earth feeds and carries those horses that carry us. If I would be prodigal of my time and your patience, what might not I say in commendations of the earth? that puts limits to the proud and raging sea, and by that means preserves both man and beast, that it destroys them not, as we see it daily doth those that venture upon the sea, and are there shipwrecked, drowned, and left to feed haddocks; when we that are so wise as to keep ourselves on earth, walk, and talk, and live, and eat, and drink, and go a hunting: of which recreation I will say a little, and then leave Mr. Piscator to the commendation of Angling.

Hunting is a game for Princes and noble persons; it hath been highly prized in all ages; it was one of the qualifications that Xenophon bestowed on his Cyrus, that he was a hunter of wild beasts. Hunting trains up the younger nobility to the use of manly exercises in their riper age. What more manly exercise than hunting the wild-boar, the stag, the buck, the fox, or the hare! How doth it preserve health, and increase strength and activity!

And for the dogs that we use, who can commend their excellency to that height which they deserve? How perfect is the hound at smelling, who never leaves or forsakes his first scent, but follows it through so many changes and varieties of other scents, even over and in the water, and into the earth! What music doth a pack of dogs then make to any man, whose heart and ears are so happy as to be set to the tune of such instruments! How will a right greyhound fix his eye on the best buck in a herd, single him out, and follow him, and him only, through a whole herd of rascal game, and still know and then kill him! For my hounds, I know the language of them, and they know the language and meaning of one another, as perfectly as we know the voices of those with whom we discourse daily.

I might enlarge myself in the commendation of hunting,

and of the noble hound especially, as also of the docibleness of dogs in general; and I might make many observations of land-creatures, that for composition, order, figure, and constitution, approach nearest to the completeness and understanding of man; especially of those creatures which Moses in the law permitted to the Jews, (Lev. ix. 2-8), which have cloven hoofs and chew the cud, which I shall forbear to name, because I will not be so uncivil to Mr. Piscator, as not to allow him a time for the commendation of angling, which he calls an art; but doubtless 'tis an easy one: and, Mr. Auceps, I doubt we shall hear a watery discourse of it, but I hope 'twill not be a long one.

Auc. And I hope so too, though I fear it will.

Pisc. Gentlemen, let not prejudice prepossess you. I confess my discourse is like to prove suitable to my recreation, calm and quiet; we seldom take the name of God into our mouths, but it is either to praise Him or pray to Him; if others use it vainly in the midst of their recreations, so vainly as if they meant to conjure, I must tell you it is neither our fault nor our custom; we protest against it. But pray remember, I accuse nobody; for as I would not make "a watery discourse," so I would not put too much vinegar into it; nor would I raise the reputation of my own art by the diminution of another's. And so much for the prologue to what I meant to say.

And now for the water, the element that I trade in. The water is the eldest daughter of the creation, the element upon which the Spirit of God did first move, (Gen. i. 2), the element which God commanded to bring forth living creatures abundantly; and without which, those that inhabit the land, even all creatures that have breath in their nostrils, must suddenly return to putrefaction. Moses, the great lawgiver, and chief philosopher, skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians, who was called the friend of God, and knew the mind of the Almighty, names this element the first in the creation; this is the element upon which the Spirit of God did first move, and is the chief ingredient in the creation: many philosophers have made it to comprehend all the other

elements, and most allow it the chiefest in the mixtion of all living creatures.

There be that profess to believe that all bodies are made of water, and may be reduced back again to water only: they endeavour to demonstrate it thus:—

Take a willow, or any like speedy-growing plant, newly rooted in a box or barrel full of earth, weigh them all together exactly when the trees begin to grow, and then weigh all together after the tree is increased from its first rooting to weigh an hundred pound weight more than when it was first rooted and weighed; and you shall find this augment of the tree to be without the diminution of one drachm weight of the earth. Hence they infer this increase of wood to be from water of rain, or from dew, and not to be from any other element. And they affirm, they can reduce this wood back again to water; and they affirm, also, the same may be done in any animal or vegetable. And this I take to be a fair testimony of the excellency of my element of water.

The water is more productive than the earth. Nay, the earth hath no fruitfulness without showers or dews; for all the herbs, and flowers, and fruits, are produced and thrive by the water; and the very minerals are fed by streams that run underground, whose natural course carries them to the tops of many high mountains, as we see by several springs breaking forth on the tops of the highest hills: and this is also witnessed by the daily trial and testimony of several miners.

Nay, the increase of those creatures that are bred and fed in the water are not only more and more miraculous, but more advantageous to man, not only for the lengthening of his life, but for the preventing of sickness; for 'tis observed by the most learned physicians, that the casting off of Lent and other fish days, which hath not only given the lie to so many learned, pious, wise founders of colleges, for which we should be ashamed, hath doubtless been the chief cause of those many putrid, shaking, intermitting agues, unto which this nation of ours is now more subject than those wiser countries that feed on herbs, salads, and plenty of fish;

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of which it is observed in story, that the greatest part of the world now do. And it may be fit to remember that Moses (Lev. xi. 9, Deut. xiv. 9) appointed fish to be the chief diet for the best commonwealth that ever yet was.

And it is observable, not only that there are fish, as namely, the whale, three times as big as the mighty elephant, that is so fierce in battle; but that the mightiest feasts have been of fish. The Romans in the height of their glory have made fish the mistress of all their entertainments; they have had music to usher in their sturgeons, lampreys, and mullets, which they would purchase at rates rather to be wondered at than believed. He that shall view the writings of Macrobius, or Varro, may be confirmed and informed of this, and of the incredible value of their fish and fish-ponds.

Sir Thomas Browne

1605–1682

DEATH AND IMMORTALITY

(From *Hydriotaphia: Urn Burial*, 1658)

Now since these dead bones have already out-lasted the living ones of Methuselah, and in a yard underground, and thin walls of clay, out-worn all the strong and specious buildings above it; and quietly rested under the drums and tramplings of three conquests: what prince can promise such diuturnity unto his relicks, or might not gladly say,

Sic ego componi versus in ossa velim?

Time which antiquates antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things, hath yet spared these minor monuments. In vain we hope to be known by open and visible conservatories, when to be unknown was the means of their continuation, and obscurity their protection. If they died by violent hands, and were thrust into their urns, these bones become considerable, and some old philosophers would honour them, whose souls they conceived most pure, which were thus snatched from their bodies, and to retain a stronger

propension unto them; whereas they weariedly left a languishing corpse, and with faint desires of re-union. If they fell by long and aged decay, yet wrapt up in the bundle of time, they fall into indistinction, and make but one blot with infants. If we begin to die when we live, and long life be but a prolongation of death, our life is a sad composition; we live with death, and die not in a moment. How many pulses made up the life of Methuselah, were work for Archimedes: common counters sum up the life of Moses his man. Our days become considerable, like petty sums, by minute accumulations; where numerous fractions make up but small round numbers; and our days of a span long, make not one little finger.

If the nearness of our last necessity brought a nearer conformity into it, there was a happiness in hoary hairs, and no calamity in half senses. But the long habit of living indisposeth us for dying; when avarice makes us the sport of death, when even David grew politickly cruel, and Solomon could hardly be said to be the wisest of men. But many are too early old, and before the date of age. Adversity stretcheth our days, misery makes Alcmena's nights, and time hath no wings unto it. But the most tedious being is that which can unwish itself, content to be nothing, or never to have been, which was beyond the mal-content of Job, who cursed not the day of his life, but his nativity; content to have so far been, as to have a title to future being, although he had lived here but in an hidden state of life, and as it were, an abortion.

What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture. What time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead, and slept with princes and counsellors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietaries of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarism; not to be resolved by man, nor easily perhaps by spirits, except we consult the provincial guardians, or tutelary observators. Had they made as good provision for

their names, as they have done for their relicks, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation. But to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. Vain ashes which in the oblivion of names, persons, times, and sexes, have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity, as emblems of mortal vanities, antidotes against pride, vain-glory, and madding vices. Pagan vain-glories which thought the world might last forever, had encouragement for ambition; and finding no *atropos* unto the immortality of their names, were never dampt with the necessity of oblivion. Even old ambitions had the advantage of ours, in the attempts of their vain-glories, who acting early, and before the probable meridian of time, have by this time found great accomplishment of their designs, whereby the ancient heroes have already out-lasted their monuments, and mechanical preservations. But in this latter scene of time, we cannot expect such mummies unto our memories, when ambition may fear the prophecy of Elias, and Charles the Fifth can never hope to live within two Methuselahs of Hector.

And therefore, restless inquietude for the diuturnity of our memories unto present considerations seems a vanity almost out of date, and superannuated piece of folly. We cannot hope to live so long in our names, as some have done in their persons. One face of Janus holds no proportion unto the other. 'Tis too late to be ambitious. The great mutations of the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designs. To extend our memories by monuments, whose death we daily pray for, and whose duration we cannot hope, without injury to our expectations in the advent of the last day, were a contradiction to our beliefs. We whose generations are ordained in this setting part of time, are providentially taken off from such imaginations; and, being necessitated to eye the remaining particle of futurity, are naturally constituted unto thoughts of the next world, and cannot excusably decline the consideration of that duration, which maketh pyramids pillars of snow, and all that's past a moment.

Circles and right lines limit and close all bodies, and the mortal right lined circle must conclude and shut up all. There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things: our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. Grave-stones tell truth scarce forty years. Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare inscriptions like many in Gruter, to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets or first letters of our names, to be studied by antiquaries, who we were, and have new names given us like many of the mummies, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages.

To be content that times to come should only know there was such a man, not caring whether they know more of him, was a frigid ambition in Cardan; disparaging his horoscopal inclination and judgment of himself. Who cares to subsist like Hippocrates's patients, or Achilles's horses in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts and noble acts, which are the balsam of our memories, the *entelechia* and soul of our subsistences? To be nameless in worthy deeds, exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name, than Herodias with one. And who had not rather have been the good thief, than Pilate?

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana, he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations, and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon. Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favour of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as

the last, and Methusaleh's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the flood, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetick, which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the *Lucina* of life, and even Pagans could doubt, whether thus to live were to die; since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes; since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time that grows old in itself, bids us hope no long duration;—diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities; miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and, our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls,—a good way to continue their memories, while, having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than

be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies, to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the moon: men have been deceived even in their flatteries, above the sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven. The various cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellations; Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osyris in the dog-star. While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we find they are but like the earth;—durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts; whereof, beside comets and new stars, perspectives begin to tell tales, and the spots that wander about the sun, with Phaeton's favour would make clear conviction.

There is nothing strictly immortal, but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning, may be confident of no end;—which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself;—and the highest strain of omnipotency, to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself: all others have a dependent being and within the reach of destruction. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death, makes a folly of posthumous memory. God who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance, that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration; and to hold long subsistence, seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnising nativities and deaths

with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us. A small fire sufficeth for life, great flames seemed too little after death, while men vainly affected precious pyres, and to burn like Sardanapalus; but the wisdom of funeral laws found the folly of prodigal blazes, and reduced undoing fires unto the rule of sober obsequies, wherein few could be so mean as not to provide wood, pitch, a mourner, and an urn.

Five languages secured not the epitaph of Gordianus. The man of God lives longer without a tomb than any by one, invisibly interred by angels, and adjudged to obscurity, though not without some marks directing human discovery. Enoch and Elias, without either tomb or burial, in an anomalous state of being, are the great examples of perpetuity, in their long and living memory, in strict account being still on this side death, and having a late part yet to act upon this stage of earth. If in the decretory term of the world we shall not all die but be changed, according to received translation, the last day will make but few graves; at least quick resurrections will anticipate lasting sepultures. Some graves will be opened before they be quite closed, and Lazarus be no wonder. When many that fear to die, shall groan that they can die but once, the dismal state is the second and living death, when life puts despair on the damned; when men shall wish the coverings of mountains, not of monuments, and annihilation shall be courted.

While some have studied monuments, others have studiously declined them, and some have been so vainly boisterous, that they durst not acknowledge their graves; wherein Alaricus seems most subtle, who had a river turned to hide his bones at the bottom. Even Sylla that thought himself safe in his urn, could not prevent revenging tongues, and stones thrown at his monument. Happy are they whom privacy makes innocent, who deal so with men in this world, that they are not afraid to meet them in the next; who, when

they die, make no commotion among the dead, and are not touched with that poetical taunt of Isaiah. Pyramids, arches, obelisks, were but the irregularities of vain-glory, and wild enormities of ancient magnanimity. But the most magnanimous resolution rests in the Christian religion, which trampleth upon pride, and sits on the neck of ambition, humbly pursuing that infallible perpetuity, unto which all others must diminish their diameters, and be poorly seen in angles of contingency.

Pious spirits who passed their days in raptures of futurity, made little more of this world, than the world that was before it, while they lay obscure in the chaos of pre-ordination, and night of their fore-beings. And if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasies, exolution, liquifaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow, they have already had an handsome anticipation of heaven; the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them.

To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names and predicament of chimæras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their Elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysicks of true belief. To live indeed, is to be again ourselves, which being not only an hope, but an evidence in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St. Innocent's churchyard, as in the sands of Egypt. Ready to be any thing, in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the *moles* of Adrianus.

. . . tabésne cadavera solvat,
An rogus, haud refert. LUCAN.

Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon

1608–1674

OF PEACE

(*Essays*, 1727 (?))

Montpellier, 1670.

It was a very proper answer to him who asked, why any man should be delighted with beauty? that it was a question that none but a blind man could ask; since any beautiful object doth so much attract the sight of all men, that it is in no man's power not to be pleased with it. Nor can any aversion or malignity towards the object, irreconcile the eyes from looking upon it: as a man who hath an envenomed and mortal hatred against another, who hath a most graceful and beautiful person, cannot hinder his eye from being delighted to behold that person; though that delight is far from going to the heart; as no man's malice towards an excellent musician can keep his ear from being pleased with his music. No man can ask how or why men come to be delighted with peace, but he who is without natural bowels, who is deprived of all those affections, which can only make life pleasant to him. Peace is that harmony in the state, that health is in the body. No honour, no profit, no plenty can make him happy, who is sick with a fever in his blood, and with defluctions and aches in his joints and bones; but health restored gives a relish to the other blessings, and is very merry without them: no kingdom can flourish or be at ease, in which there is no peace; which only makes men dwell at home, and enjoy the labour of their own hands, and improve all the advantages which the air, and the climate, and the soil administers to them; and all which yield no comfort, where there is no peace. God himself reckons health the greatest blessing he can bestow upon mankind, and peace the greatest comfort and ornament he can confer upon states; which are a multitude of men gathered together. They who delight most in war, are so much ashamed of it, that they pretend, *Pacis gerere negocium;* to have no other end, to de-

sire nothing but peace, that their heart is set upon nothing else. When Cæsar was engaging all the world in war, he wrote to Tully, *Neque tutius, neque honestius reperies quidquam, quam ab omni contentione abesse;* there was nothing worthier of an honest man than to have contention with nobody. It was the highest aggravation that the prophet could find out in the description of the greatest wickedness, that "the way of peace they knew not;" and the greatest punishment of all their crookedness and perverseness was, that "they should not know peace." A greater curse cannot befall the most wicked nation, than to be deprived of peace. There is nothing of real and substantial comfort in this world, but what is the product of peace; and whatsoever we may lawfully and innocently take delight in, is the fruit and effect of peace. The solemn service of God, and performing our duty to Him in the exercise of regular devotion, which is the greatest business of our life, and in which we ought to take most delight, is the issue of peace. War breaks all that order, interrupts all that devotion, and even extinguisheth all that zeal, which peace had kindled in us, lays waste the dwelling-place of God, as well as of man; and introduces and propagates opinions and practice, as much against heaven as against earth, and erects a deity that delights in nothing but cruelty and blood. Are we pleased with the enlarged commerce and society of large and opulent cities, or with the retired pleasures of the country? do we love stately palaces, and noble houses, or take delight in pleasant groves and woods, or fruitful gardens, which teach and instruct nature to produce and bring forth more fruits and flowers, and plants, than her own store can supply her with? all this we owe to peace; and the dissolution of this peace disfigures all this beauty, and in a short time covers and buries all this order and delight in ruin and rubbish. Finally, have we any content, satisfaction, and joy, in the conversation of each other, in the knowledge and understanding of those arts and sciences, which more adorn mankind, than all those buildings and plantations do the fields and grounds on which they stand? even this is the blessed effect and legacy of peace;

and war lays our natures and manners as waste as our gardens and our habitations; and we can as easily preserve the beauty of the one, as the integrity of the other, under the cursed jurisdiction of drums and trumpets.

"If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men," was one of the primitive injunctions of Christianity, (Rom. xii. 18), and comprehends not only particular and private men (though no doubt all gentle and peaceable natures are most capable of Christian precepts, and most affected with them) but kings and princes themselves. St. Paul knew well, that the peaceable inclinations and dispositions of subjects could do little good, if the sovereign princes were disposed to war; but if they desire to live peaceably with their neighbours, their subjects cannot but be happy. And the pleasure that God himself takes in that temper, needs no other manifestation, than the promise our Saviour makes to those who contribute towards it, in his sermon upon the mount, "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God," (Matt. v. 9.) Peace must needs be very acceptable to him, when the instruments towards it are crowned with such a full measure of blessing; and it is no hard matter to guess whose children they are, who take all the pains they can to deprive the world of peace, and to subject it to the rage and fury and desolation of war. If we had not the woeful experience of so many hundred years, we should hardly think it possible, that men who pretend to embrace the gospel of peace, should be so unconcerned in the obligation and effects of it; and when God looks upon it as the greatest blessing he can pour down upon the heads of those who please him best, and observe his commands, "I will give peace in the land, and ye shall lie down, and none shall make you afraid," (Lev. xxvi. 6,) that men study nothing more than how to throw off and deprive themselves and others of this his precious bounty; as if we were void of natural reason, as well as without the elements of religion: for nature itself disposes us to a love of society, which cannot be preserved without peace. A whole city on fire is a spectacle full of horror, but a whole

kingdom in fire must be a prospect much more terrible; and such is every kingdom in war, where nothing flourishes but rapine, blood, and murder, and the faces of all men are pale and ghastly, out of the sense of what they have done, or of what they have suffered, or are to endure. The reverse of all this is peace, which in a moment extinguishes all that fire, binds up all the wounds, and restores to all faces their natural vivacity and beauty. We cannot make a more lively representation and emblem to ourselves of hell, than by the view of a kingdom in war; where there is nothing to be seen but destruction and fire, and the discord itself is a great part of the torment: nor a more sensible reflection upon the joys of heaven, than as it is all quiet and peace, and where nothing is to be discerned but consent and harmony, and what is amiable in all the circumstances of it. And as far as we may warrantably judge of the inhabitants of either climate, they who love and cherish discord among men, and take delight in war, have large mansions provided for them, in that region of faction and disagreement; as we may presume, that they who set their hearts upon peace in this world, and labour to promote it in their several stations amongst all men, and who are instruments to prevent the breach of it amongst princes and states, or to renew it when it is broken, have infallible title to a place and mansion in heaven; where there is only peace in that perfection, that all other blessings are comprehended in it, and part of it.

Thomas Fuller

1608–1661

THE GOOD SCHOOLMASTER

(*The Holy State*, 1642)

There is scarce any profession in the commonwealth more necessary, which is so slightly performed. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these: First, young scholars make this calling their refuge, yea, perchance before they have

taken any degree in the university, commence schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferula. Secondly, others, who are able, use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with the miserable reward which in some places they receive, being masters to the children and slaves to their parents. Fourthly, being grown rich, they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school by the proxy of an usher. But see how well our schoolmaster behaves himself.

His genius inclines him with delight to his profession. Some men had as lief be schoolboys as schoolmasters, to be tied to the school, as Cooper's "Dictionary" and Scapula's "Lexicon" are chained to the desks therein; and though great scholars, and skilful in other arts, are bunglers in this: but God of His goodness hath fitted several men for several callings, that the necessity of Church and State in all conditions may be provided for. So that he who beholds the fabric thereof may say, "God hewed out this stone, and appointed it to lie in this very place, for it would fit none other so well, and here it doth most excellent." And thus God mouldeth some for a schoolmaster's life, undertaking it with desire and delight, and discharging it with dexterity and happy success.

He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books, and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures, and reduce them all, saving some few exceptions, to these general rules:

1. Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presages much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death; yea, where their master whips them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

2. Those that are ingenious and idle. These think, with the hare in the fable, that running with snails (so they count the rest of their schoolfellows) they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. Oh, a good rod would finely take them napping.

3. Those that are dull and diligent. Wines, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright and squared and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas, Orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country, and therefore their dulness at first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. That schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself who beats nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts, which are naturally sluggish, rise one minute before the hour nature hath appointed.

4. Those that are invincibly dull, and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boatmakers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanics which will not serve for scholars.

He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching; not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him. He is, and will be known to be, an absolute monarch in his school. If cockering mothers proffer him money to purchase their sons an exemption from his rod (to live as it were in a peculiar, out of their master's jurisdiction), with disdain he refuseth it, and scorns the late custom in some places of commuting whipping into money, and ransoming boys from the rod at a set price. If he hath a stub-

born youth, correction-proof, he debaseth not his authority by contesting with him, but fairly, if he can, puts him away before his obstinacy hath infected others.

He is moderate in inflicting deserved correction. Many a schoolmaster better answereth the name *παιδοτρίβης* than *παιδαγωγός*, rather tearing his scholars' flesh with whipping than giving them good education. No wonder if his scholars hate the Muses, being presented unto them in the shapes of fiends and furies. Junius complains *de insolento carnificina* of his schoolmaster, by whom *conscindebatur flagris septies aut octies in dies singulos.* Yea, hear the lamentable verses of poor Tusser in his own life:

> "From Paul's I went, to Eton sent,
> To learn straightways the Latin phrase,
> Where fifty-three stripes, given to me
> At once I had.
>
> "For fault but small, or none at all,
> It came to pass thus beat I was;
> See Udall, see, the mercy of thee,
> To me, poor lad."

Such an Orbilius mars more scholars than he makes: their tyranny hath caused many tongues to stammer, which spake plain by nature, and whose stuttering at first was nothing else but fears quavering on their speech at their master's presence; and whose mauling them about their heads hath dulled those who, in quickness, exceeded their master.

He makes his school free to him who sues to him *in forma pauperis.* And surely learning is the greatest alms that can be given. But he is a beast who, because the poor scholar cannot pay him his wages, pays the scholar in his whipping. Rather are diligent lads to be encouraged with all excitements to learning. This minds me of what I have heard concerning Mr. Bust, that worthy late schoolmaster of Eton, who would never suffer any wandering begging scholar (such as justly the statute hath ranked in the forefront of rogues) to come into his school, but would thrust him out with earnestness (however privately charitable unto him), lest his

schoolboys should be disheartened from their books by seeing some scholars, after their studying in the university, preferred to beggary.

He spoils not a good school to make thereof a bad college, therein to teach his scholars logic. For, besides that logic may have an action of trespass against grammar for encroaching on her liberties, syllogisms are solecisms taught in the school, and oftentimes they are forced afterwards in the university to unlearn the fumbling skill they had before. Out of his school he is no whit pedantical in carriage or discourse; contenting himself to be rich in Latin, though he doth not jingle with it in every company wherein he comes.

To conclude, let this amongst other motives make schoolmasters careful in their place, that the eminencies of their scholars have commended the memories of their schoolmasters to posterity, who otherwise in obscurity had altogether been forgotten. Who had ever heard of R. Bond, in Lancashire, but for the breeding of learned Ascham, his scholar? or of Hartgrave, in Brundly school, in the same county, but because he was the first did teach worthy Dr. Whitaker? Nor do I honour the memory of Mulcaster for anything so much as for his scholar, that gulf of learning, Bishop Andrews. This made the Athenians, the day before the great feast of Theseus, their founder, to sacrifice a ram to the memory of Conidas, his schoolmaster that first instructed him.

OF SELF-PRAISING

(From the same)

He whose own worth doth speak, need not speak his own worth. Such boasting sounds proceed from emptiness of desert: whereas the conquerors in the Olympian games did not put on the laurels on their own heads, but waited till some other did it. Only anchorets that want company may crown themselves with their own commendations.

It showeth more wit but no less vanity to commend one's self not in a straight line but by reflection. Some sail to the port of their own praise by a side-wind; as when they

dispraise themselves, stripping themselves naked of what is their due, that the modesty of the beholders may clothe them with it again; or when they flatter another to his face, tossing the ball to him that he may throw it back again to them; or when they commend that quality, wherein themselves excel, in another man (though absent) whom all know far their inferior in that faculty; or, lastly, (to omit other ambushes men set to surprise praise,) when they send the children of their own brain to be nursed by another man, and commend their own works in a third person, but if challenged by the company that they were authors of it themselves, with their tongues they faintly deny it, and with their faces strongly affirm it.

Self-praising comes most naturally from a man when it comes most violently from him in his own defence. For though modesty binds a man's tongue to the peace in this point, yet, being assaulted in his credit, he may stand upon his guard, and then he doth not so much praise as purge himself. One braved a gentleman to his face that in skill and valour he came far behind him. "'Tis true," said the other, "for when I fought with you, you ran away before me." In such a case it was well returned, and without any just aspersion of pride. He that falls into sin is a man; that grieves at it, is a saint; that boasteth of it, is a devil. Yet some glory in their shame, counting the stains of sin the best complexion for their souls. These men make me believe it may be true what Mandeville writes of the Isle of Somabarre, in the East Indies, that all the nobility thereof brand their faces with a hot iron in token of honour.

He that boasts of sins never committed is a double devil. . . . Some, who would sooner creep into a scabbard than draw a sword, boast of their robberies, to usurp the esteem of valour; whereas, first let them be well whipped for their lying, and as they like that, let them come afterward and entitle themselves to the gallows.

OF BOOKS

(From the same)

Solomon saith truly, "Of making many books there is no end;" so insatiable is the thirst of men therein: as also endless is the desire of many in buying and reading them. But we come to our rules.

1. *It is a vanity to persuade the world one hath much learning by getting a large library.* As soon shall I believe every one is valiant that hath a well furnished armory. I guess good housekeeping by the smoking, not the number of the tunnels, as knowing that many of them (built merely for uniformity) are without chimneys, and more without fires. Once a dunce, void of learning but full of books, flouted a library-less scholar with these words,—*Salve, doctor sine libris:* but the next day the scholar coming into this jeerer's study crowded with books,—*Salvete, libri,* saith he, *sine doctore.*

2. *Few books well selected are best.* Yet, as a certain fool bought all the pictures that came out, because he might have his choice; such is the vain humour of many men in gathering of books: yet when they have done all, they miss their end, it being in the editions of authors as in the fashions of clothes, when a man thinks he hath gotten the latest and newest, presently another newer comes out.

3. *Some books are only cursorily to be tasted of.* Namely, first voluminous books, the task of a man's life to read them over; secondly, auxiliary books, only to be repaired to on occasions; thirdly, such as are mere pieces of formality, so that if you look on them you look through them; and he that peeps through the casement of the index sees as much as if he were in the house. But the laziness of those cannot be excused who perfunctorily pass over authors of consequence, and only trade in their tables of contents. These, like city-cheaters, having gotten the names of all country gentlemen, make silly people believe they have long lived in those places

where they never were, and flourish with skill in those authors they never seriously studied.

4. *The genius of the author is commonly discovered in the dedicatory epistle.* Many place the purest grain in the mouth of the sack for chapmen to handle or buy; and from the dedication one may probably guess at the work, saving some rare and peculiar exceptions. Thus, when once a gentleman admired how so pithy, learned, and witty a dedication was matched to a flat, dull, foolish book: "In truth," said another, "they may be well matched together, for I profess they are nothing akin."

5. *Proportion an hour's meditation to an hour's reading of a staple author.* This makes a man master of his learning, and dispirits the book into the scholar. The King of Sweden never filed his men above six deep in one company, because he would not have them lie in useless clusters in his army, but so that every particular soldier might be drawn out into service. Books that stand thin on the shelves, yet so as the owner of them can bring forth every one of them into use, are better than far better libraries.

6. *Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printer hath lost.* Arias Montanus, in printing the Hebrew Bible, (commonly called the Bible of the King of Spain) much wasted himself, and was accused in the court of Rome for his good deed, and being cited thither, *pro tantorum laborum præmio vix veniam impetravit.* Likewise, Christopher Plantin, by printing of his curious interlineary Bible in Antwerp, through the unreasonable actions of the king's officers, sunk and almost ruined his estate. And our worthy English knight, who set forth the golden-mouthed Father in a silver print, was a loser by it.

7. *Whereas foolish pamphlets prove most beneficial to the printers.* When a French printer complained that he was utterly undone by printing a solid serious book of Rabelais concerning physic, Rabelais, to make him recompense, made that his jesting, scurrilous work, which repaired the printer's loss with advantage. Such books the world swarms too much

with. When one had set out a witless pamphlet, writing *Finis* at the end thereof, another wittily wrote beneath it,

> . . . "Nay, there thou liest, my friend,
> In writing foolish books there is no end."

And surely such scurrilous, scandalous papers do more than conceivable mischief. First, their lusciousness puts many palates out of taste, that they can never after relish any solid and wholesome writers; secondly, they cast dirt on the faces of many innocent persons, which, dried on by continuance of time, can never after be washed off; thirdly, the pamphlets of this age may pass for records with the next, (because publicly uncontrolled,) and what we laugh at, our children may believe; fourthly, grant the things true they jeer at, yet this music is unlawful in any Christian church, to play upon the sins and miseries of others, the fitter object of the elegies and the satires of all truly religious.

But what do I speaking against multiplicity of books in this age, who trespass in this nature myself? What was a learned man's compliment, may serve for my confession and conclusion:—*Multi mei similes hoc morbo laborant, ut cum scribere nesciant, tamen a scribendo temperare non possint.*

John Milton

1608–1674

TRACTATE ON EDUCATION. LETTER TO HARTLIB

(1644)

Master Hartlib,

I am long since persuaded that to say and do aught worth memory and imitation, no purpose or respect should sooner move us than simply the love of God and of mankind. Nevertheless, to write now the reforming of education, though it be one of the greatest and noblest designs that can be thought on, and for the want whereof this nation perishes, I had not yet at this time been induced but by

your earnest entreaties and serious conjurements; as having my mind for the present half diverted into the pursuance of some other assertions, the knowledge and the use of which cannot but be a great furtherance both to the enlargement of truth and honest living with much more peace. Nor should the laws of any private friendship have prevailed with me to divide thus, or transpose my former thoughts; but that I see those aims, those actions, which have won you with me the esteem of a person sent hither by some good providence from a far country to be the occasion and incitement of great good to this island, and as I hear you have obtained the same repute with men of most approved wisdom and some of the highest authority among us, not to mention the learned correspondence which you hold in foreign parts, and the extraordinary pains and diligence which you have used in this matter both here and beyond the seas, either by the definite will of God so ruling, or the peculiar sway of nature, which also is God's working. Neither can I think, that so reputed and so valued as you are, you would, to the forfeit of your own discerning ability, impose upon me an unfit and over-ponderous argument; but that the satisfaction which you profess to have received from those incidental discourses which we have wandered into, hath pressed and almost constrained you into a persuasion, that what you require from me in this point, I neither ought nor can in conscience defer beyond this time both of so much need at once, and so much opportunity to try what God hath determined.

I will not resist, therefore, whatever it is either of divine or human obligement that you lay upon me; but will forthwith set down in writing, as you request me, that voluntary idea, which hath long in silence presented itself to me, of a better education, in extent and comprehension far more large, and yet of time far shorter and of attainment far more certain, than hath been yet in practice. Brief I shall endeavour to be; for that which I have to say, assuredly this nation hath extreme need should be done sooner than spoken. To tell you, therefore, that I have benefited herein

among old renowned authors I shall spare; and to search what many modern Januas and Didactics more than ever I shall read have projected, my inclination leads me not. But if you can accept of these few observations which have flowered off, and are, as it were, the burnishing of many studious and contemplative years altogether spent in the search of religious and civil knowledge, and such as pleased you so well in the relating, I here give you them to dispose of.

The end, then, of learning is, to repair the ruins of our first parents by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love him, to imitate him, to be like him, as we may the nearest by possessing our souls of true virtue, which, being united to the heavenly grace of faith, makes up the highest perfection. But because our understanding cannot in this body found itself but on sensible things, nor arrive so clearly to the knowledge of God and things invisible, as by orderly coming over the visible and inferior creature, the same method is necessarily to be followed in all discreet teaching. And seeing every nation affords not experience and tradition enough for all kinds of learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the languages of those people who have at any time been most industrious after wisdom; so that language is but the instrument conveying to us things useful to be known. And though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet if he have not studied the solid things in them, as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man, as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother-dialect only. Hence appear the many mistakes which have made learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful. First, we do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year. And that which casts our proficiency therein so much behind, is our time lost partly in too oft idle vacancies given both to schools and universities; partly in a preposterous exaction,

forcing the empty wits of children to compose themes, verses, and orations, which are the acts of ripest judgment, and the final work of a head filled by long reading and observing, with elegant maxims and copious invention. These are not matters to be wrung from poor striplings, like blood out of the nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit; besides the ill habit which they get of wretched barbarising against the Latin and Greek idiom with their untutored Anglicisms, odious to be read, yet not to be avoided without a well-continued and judicious conversing among pure authors, digested, which they scarce taste. Whereas, if after some preparatory grounds of speech by their certain forms got into memory, they were led to the praxis hereof in some chosen short book lessoned thoroughly to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the substance of good things and arts in due order, which would bring the whole language quickly into their power. This I take to be the most rational and most profitable way of learning languages, and whereby we may best hope to give account to God of our youth spent herein. And for the usual method of teaching arts, I deem it to be an old error of universities, not yet well recovered from the scholastic grossness of barbarous ages, that instead of beginning with arts most easy (and those be such as are most obvious to the sense), they present their young unmatriculated novices, at first coming, with the most intellective abstractions of logic and metaphysics; so that they having but newly left those grammatic flats and shallows, where they stuck unreasonably, to learn a few words with lamentable construction, and now on the sudden transported under another climate, to be tossed and turmoiled with their unballasted wits in fathomless and unquiet deeps of controversy, do, for the most part, grow into hatred and contempt of learning, mocked and deluded all this while with ragged notions and babblements, while they expected worthy and delightful knowledge; till poverty or youthful years call them importunately their several ways, and hasten them, with the sway of friends, either to an ambitious and mercenary, or ignorantly zealous divinity: some allured to the

trade of law, grounding their purposes not on the prudent and heavenly contemplation of justice and equity, which was never taught them, but on the promising and pleasing thoughts of litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees; others betake them to state affairs, with souls so unprincipled in virtue and true generous breeding, that flattery and court-shifts, and tyrannous aphorisms appear to them the highest points of wisdom; instilling their barren hearts with a conscientious slavery; if, as I rather think, it be not feigned: others, lastly, of a more delicious and airy spirit, retire themselves, knowing no better, to the enjoyments of ease and luxury, living out their days in feast and jollity; which indeed is the wisest and safest course of all these, unless they were with more integrity undertaken. And these are the errors, and these are the fruits of misspending our prime youth at the schools and universities, as we do, either in learning mere words, or such things chiefly as were better unlearnt.

I shall detain you now no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but straight conduct you to a hill-side, where I will point you out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect, and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming. I doubt not but ye shall have more ado to drive our dullest and laziest youth, our stocks and stubs, from the infinite desire of such a happy nurture, than we have now to hale and drag our choicest and hopefullest wits to that asinine feast of sow-thistles and brambles, which is commonly set before them as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docible age. I call, therefore, a complete and generous education, that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war. And how all this may be done between twelve and one-and-twenty, less time than is now bestowed in pure trifling at grammar and sophistry, is to be thus ordered:—

First, to find out a spacious house and ground about it fit

for an academy, and big enough to lodge a hundred and fifty persons, whereof twenty or thereabout may be attendants, all under the government of one, who shall be thought of desert sufficient, and ability either to do all, or wisely to direct and oversee it done. This place should be at once both school and university, not needing a remove to any other house of scholarship, except it be some peculiar college of law, or physic, where they mean to be practitioners; but as for those general studies which take up all our time from Lilly to commencing, as they term it, master of art, it should be absolute. After this pattern as many edifices may be converted to this use as shall be needful in every city throughout this land, which would tend much to the increase of learning and civility everywhere. This number, less or more, thus collected, to the convenience of a foot-company, or interchangeably two troops of cavalry, should divide their day's work into three parts as it lies orderly—their studies, their exercise, and their diet.

For their studies: first, they should begin with the chief and necessary rules of some good grammar, either that now used, or any better; and while this is doing, their speech is to be fashioned to a distinct and clear pronunciation, as near as may be to the Italian, especially in the vowels. For we Englishmen, being far northerly, do not open our mouths in the cold air wide enough to grace a southern tongue, but are observed by all other nations to speak exceeding close and inward; so that to smatter Latin with an English mouth is as ill a hearing as law French. Next, to make them expert in the usefullest points of grammar, and withal to season them and win them early to the love of virtue and true labour, ere any flattering seducement or vain principle seize them wandering, some easy and delightful book of education should be read to them, whereof the Greeks have store, as Cebes, Plutarch, and other Socratic discourses; but in Latin we have none of classic authority extant, except the two or three first books of Quinctilian and some select pieces elsewhere.

But here the main skill and groundwork will be, to tem-

per them such lectures and explanations upon every opportunity as may lead and draw them in willing obedience, inflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue, stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God and famous to all ages: that they may despise and scorn all their childish and ill-taught qualities, to delight in manly and liberal exercises; which he who hath the art and proper eloquence to catch them with, what with mild and effectual persuasions, and what with the intimation of some fear, if need be, but chiefly by his own example, might in a short space gain them to an incredible diligence and courage, infusing into their young breasts such an ingenuous and noble ardour as would not fail to make many of them renowned and matchless men. At the same time, some other hour of the day might be taught them the rules of arithmetic, and, soon after, the elements of geometry, even playing, as the old manner was. After evening repast till bed-time their thoughts would be best taken up in the easy grounds of religion and the story of Scripture.

The next step would be to the authors of agriculture, Cato, Varro, and Columella, for the matter is most easy; and if the language be difficult, so much the better; it is not a difficulty above their years. And here will be an occasion of inciting and enabling them hereafter to improve the tillage of their country, to recover the bad soil, and to remedy the waste that is made of good; for this was one of Hercules' praises. Ere half these authors be read (which will soon be with plying hard and daily) they cannot choose but be masters of any ordinary prose: so that it will be then seasonable for them to learn in any modern author the use of the globes and all the maps, first with the old names and then with the new; or they might then be capable to read any compendious method of natural philosophy; and, at the same time, might be entering into the Greek tongue, after the same manner as was before prescribed in the Latin; whereby the difficulties of grammar being soon overcome, all the historical physiology of Aristotle and Theophrastus are open before

them, and, as I may say, under contribution. The like access will be to Vitruvius, to Seneca's "Natural Questions," to Mela, Celsus, Pliny, or Solinus. And having thus past the principles of arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and geography, with a general compact of physics, they may descend in mathematics to the instrumental science of trigonometry, and from thence to fortification, architecture, enginery, or navigation. And in natural philosophy they may proceed leisurely from the history of meteors, minerals, plants, and living creatures, as far as anatomy. Then also in course might be read to them out of some not tedious writer, the institution of physic; that they may know the tempers, the humours, the seasons, and how to manage a crudity, which he who can wisely and timely do is not only a great physician to himself and to his friends, but also may at some time or other save an army by this frugal and expenseless means only, and not let the healthy and stout bodies of young men rot away under him for want of this discipline, which is a great pity, and no less a shame to the commander. To set forward all these proceedings in nature and mathematics, what hinders but that they may procure, as oft as shall be needful, the helpful experience of hunters, fowlers, fishermen, shepherds, gardeners, apothecaries; and in the other sciences, architects, engineers, mariners, anatomists, who, doubtless, would be ready, some for reward and some to favour such a hopeful seminary. And this would give them such a real tincture of natural knowledge as they shall never forget, but daily augment with delight. Then also those poets which are now counted most hard will be both facile and pleasant, Orpheus, Hesiod, Theocritus, Aratus, Nicander, Oppian, Dionysius; and, in Latin, Lucretius, Manilius, and the rural part of Virgil.

By this time years and good general precepts will have furnished them more distinctly with that act of reason which in ethics is called Proairesis; that they may with some judgment contemplate upon moral good and evil. Then will be required a special reinforcement of constant and sound indoctrinating to set them right and firm, instructing them

more amply in the knowledge of virtue and the hatred of vice; while their young and pliant affections are led through all the moral works of Plato, Xenophon, Cicero, Plutarch, Laertius, and those Locrian remnants; but still to be reduced in their nightward studies wherewith they close the day's work under the determinate sentence of David or Solomon, or the evangelists and apostolic scriptures. Being perfect in the knowledge of personal duty, they may then begin the study of economics. And either now or before this, they may have easily learned, at any odd hour, the Italian tongue. And soon after, but with wariness and good antidote, it would be wholesome enough to let them taste some choice comedies, Greek, Latin, or Italian; those tragedies also that treat of household matters, as Trachiniæ, Alcestis, and the like.

The next removal must be to the study of politics; to know the beginning, end, and reasons of political societies, that they may not, in a dangerous fit of the commonwealth, be such poor shaken uncertain reeds, of such a tottering conscience as many of our great councillors have lately shown themselves, but steadfast pillars of the State. After this they are to dive into the grounds of law and legal justice, delivered first and with best warrant by Moses, and, as far as human prudence can be trusted, in those extolled remains of Grecian lawgivers, Lycurgus, Solon, Zaleucus, Charondas; and thence to all the Roman edicts and tables, with their Justinian; and so down to the Saxon and common laws of England and the statutes.

Sundays also and every evening may be now understandingly spent in the highest matters of theology and church history, ancient and modern: and ere this time the Hebrew tongue at a set hour might have been gained, that the Scriptures may be now read in their own original; whereto it would be no impossibility to add the Chaldee and the Syrian dialect. When all these employments are well conquered, then will the choice histories, heroic poems, and Attic tragedies of stateliest and most regal argument, with all the famous political orations, offer themselves; which, if they

were not only read, but some of them got by memory, and solemnly pronounced with right accent and grace, as might be taught, would endue them even with the spirit and vigour of Demosthenes or Cicero, Euripides or Sophocles.

And now, lastly, will be the time to read with them those organic arts which enable men to discourse and write perspicuously, elegantly, and according to the fittest style of lofty, mean, or lowly. Logic, therefore, so much as is useful, is to be referred to this due place, with all her well-couched heads and topics, until it be time to open her contracted palm into a graceful and ornate rhetoric, taught out of the rule of Plato, Aristotle, Phalereus, Cicero, Hermogenes, Longinus. To which poetry would be made subsequent, or, indeed, rather precedent, as being less subtile and fine, but more simple, sensuous, and passionate. I mean not here the prosody of a verse, which they could not but have hit on before among the rudiments of grammar, but that sublime art which in Aristotle's Poetics, in Horace, and the Italian commentaries of Castlevetro, Tasso, Mazzoni, and others, teaches what the laws are of a true epic poem, what of a dramatic, what of a lyric, what decorum is, which is the grand master-piece to observe. This would make them soon perceive what despicable creatures our common rhymers and play-writers be; and show them what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of poetry, both in divine and human things.

From hence, and not till now, will be the right season of forming them to be able writers and composers in every excellent matter, when they shall be thus fraught with an universal insight into things: or whether they be to speak in parliament or council, honour and attention would be waiting on their lips. There would then also appear in pulpits other visages, other gestures, and stuff otherwise wrought, than what we now sit under, oft-times to as great a trial of our patience as any other that they preach to us. These are the studies wherein our noble and our gentle youth ought to bestow their time in a disciplinary way from twelve to one-and-twenty, unless they rely more upon their

ancestors dead than upon themselves living. In which methodical course it is so supposed they must proceed by the steady pace of learning onward, as at convenient times for memory's sake to retire back into the middle ward, and sometimes into the rear of what they have been taught, until they have confirmed and solidly united the whole body of their perfected knowledge, like the last embattling of a Roman legion. Now will be worth the seeing what exercises and recreations may best agree and become these studies.

THEIR EXERCISE.

The course of study hitherto briefly described is, what I can guess by reading, likest to those ancient and famous schools of Pythagoras, Plato, Isocrates, Aristotle, and such others, out of which were bred such a number of renowned philosophers, orators, historians, poets, and princes all over Greece, Italy, and Asia, besides the flourishing studies of Cyrene and Alexandria. But herein it shall exceed them, and supply a defect as great as that which Plato noted in the commonwealth of Sparta. Whereas that city trained up their youth most for war, and these in their academies and Lycæum all for the gown, this institution of breeding which I here delineate shall be equally good both for peace and war. Therefore, about an hour and a half ere they eat at noon should be allowed them for exercise, and due rest afterwards; but the time for this may be enlarged at pleasure, according as their rising in the morning shall be early. The exercise which I commend first is the exact use of their weapon, to guard, and to strike safely with edge or point. This will keep them healthy, nimble, strong, and well in breath; is also the likeliest means to make them grow large and tall, and to inspire them with a gallant and fearless courage, which being tempered with seasonable lectures and precepts to them of true fortitude and patience, will turn into a native and heroic valour, and make them hate the cowardice of doing wrong. They must be also practised in all the locks and gripes of wrestling, wherein Englishmen

were wont to excel, as need may often be in fight to tug, to grapple, and to close. And this, perhaps, will be enough wherein to prove and heat their single strength. The interim of unsweating themselves regularly, and convenient rest before meat, may both with profit and delight be taken up in recreating and composing their travailed spirits with the solemn and divine harmonies of music heard or learned, either whilst the skilful organist plies his grave and fancied descant in lofty fugues, or the whole symphony with artful and unimaginable touches adorn and grace the well-studied chords of some choice composer; sometimes the lute or soft organ-stop, waiting on elegant voices either to religious, martial, or civil ditties, which, if wise men and prophets be not extremely out, have a great power over dispositions and manners to smooth and make them gentle from rustic harshness and distempered passions. The like also would not be unexpedient after meat, to assist and cherish nature in her first concoction, and send their minds back to study in good tune and satisfaction. Where having followed it close under vigilant eyes until about two hours before supper, they are, by a sudden alarum or watchword, to be called out to their military motions, under sky or covert, according to the season, as was the Roman wont; first on foot, then, as their age permits, on horseback, to all the art of cavalry; that having in sport, but with much exactness and daily muster, served out the rudiments of their soldiership in all the skill of embattling, marching, encamping, fortifying, besieging, and battering, with all the helps of ancient and modern stratagems, tactics, and warlike maxims, they may, as it were out of a long war, come forth renowned and perfect commanders in the service of their country. They would not then, if they were trusted with fair and hopeful armies, suffer them for want of just and wise discipline to shed away from about them like sick feathers, though they be never so oft supplied; they would not suffer their empty and unrecruitable colonels of twenty men in a company to quaff out or convey into secret hoards the wages of a delusive list and miserable remnant; yet in the meanwhile to be overmastered

with a score or two of drunkards, the only soldiery left about them, or else to comply with all rapines and violences. No, certainly, if they knew aught of that knowledge that belongs to good men or good governors they would not suffer these things.

But to return to our own institute. Besides these constant exercises at home, there is another opportunity of gaining experience to be won from pleasure itself abroad: in those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature not to go out and see her riches and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth. I should not, therefore, be a persuader to them of studying much then, after two or three years that they have well laid their grounds, but to ride out in companies with prudent and staid guides to all the quarters of the land, learning and observing all places of strength, all commodities of building and of soil for towns and tillage, harbours, and ports for trade. Sometimes taking sea as far as to our navy, to learn there also what they can in the practical knowledge of sailing and of sea-fight. These ways would try all their peculiar gifts of nature, and if there were any secret excellence among them, would fetch it out and give it fair opportunities to advance itself by, which could not but mightily redound to the good of this nation, and bring into fashion again those old admired virtues and excellencies with far more knowledge now in this purity of Christian knowledge. Nor shall we then need the monsieurs of Paris to take our hopeful youth into their slight and prodigal custodies, and send them over back again transformed into mimics, apes, and kekshose. But if they desire to see other countries at three or four and twenty years of age, not to learn principles, but to enlarge experience and make wise observation, they will by that time be such as shall deserve the regard and honour of all men where they pass, and the society and friendship of those in all places who are best and most eminent. And perhaps then other nations will be glad to visit us for their breeding, or else to imitate us in their own country.

Now, lastly, for their diet there cannot be much to say, save only that it would be best in the same house; for much time else would be lost abroad, and many ill habits got; and that it should be plain, healthful, and moderate, I suppose is out of controversy.

Thus, Mr. Hartlib, you have a general view in writing, as your desire was, of that which at several times I had discoursed with you concerning the best and noblest way of education; not beginning, as some have done, from the cradle, which yet might be worth many considerations, if brevity had not been my scope. Many other circumstances also I could have mentioned, but this, to such as have the worth in them to make trial, for light and direction may be enough. Only I believe that this is not a bow for every man to shoot in, that counts himself a teacher, but will require sinews almost equal to those which Homer gave Ulysses; yet I am withal persuaded that it may prove much more easy in the assay than it now seems at distance, and much more illustrious: howbeit, not more difficult than I imagine, and that imagination presents me with nothing but very happy and very possible according to best wishes, if God have so decreed, and this age have spirit and capacity enough to apprehend.

AREOPAGITICA

(1644)

(*Selections*)

If ye be thus resolved, as it were injury to think ye were not, I know not what should withhold me from presenting ye with a fit instance wherein to show both that love of truth which ye eminently profess, and that uprightness of your judgment which is not wont to be partial to yourselves; by judging over again that Order which ye have ordained *to regulate Printing: That no Book, pamphlet, or paper shall be henceforth Printed, unless the same be first approved and licensed by such,* or at least one of such as shall be thereto appointed. For that part which preserves justly every

man's copy to himself, or provides for the poor, I touch not, only wish they be not made pretences to abuse and persecute honest and painful men, who offend not in either of these particulars. But that other clause of Licensing Books, which we thought had died with his brother *quadragesimal* and *matrimonial* when the prelates expired, I shall now attend with such a homily, as shall lay before ye, first the inventors of it, to be those whom ye will be loth to own; next what is to be thought in general of reading, whatever sort the books be; and that this Order avails nothing to the suppressing of scandalous, seditious, and libellous books, which were mainly intended to be suppressed. Last, that it will be primely to the discouragement of all learning, and the stop of Truth, not only by the disexercising and blunting our abilities in what we know already, but by hindering and cropping the discovery that might be yet further made both in religious and civil Wisdom.

I deny not, but that it is of greatest concernment in the Church and Commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors: For books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous Dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of

which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom, and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life. But lest I should be condemned of introducing licence, while I oppose licensing, I refuse not the pains to be so much historical, as will serve to show what hath been done by ancient and famous commonwealths, against this disorder, till the very time that this project of licensing crept out of the *Inquisition*, was catched up by our prelates, and hath caught some of our presbyters.

(An historical survey here follows, showing the position of the authorities in Athens, Lacedæmon, and Rome, in regard to the question at issue. Continuing the history through early Christian times, Milton finally contends that the system of press censorship, which he condemned, was "engendered" by the Council of Trent (1546) and the Spanish Inquisition.)

Dionysius Alexandrinus was about the year 240, a person of great name in the Church for piety and learning, who had wont to avail himself much against heretics by being conversant in their books; until a certain presbyter laid it scrupulously to his conscience, how he durst venture himself among those defiling volumes. The worthy man, loth to give offence, fell into a new debate with himself what was to be thought; when suddenly a vision sent from God (it is his own epistle that so avers it) confirmed him in these words: Read any books whatever come to thy hands, for thou art sufficient both to judge aright, and to examine each matter. To this revelation he assented the sooner, as he confesses, because it was answerable to that of the Apostle to the Thessalonians: Prove all things, hold fast that which is good. And he might have added another remarkable saying of the same author: To the pure, all things are pure;

not only meats and drinks, but all kind of knowledge whether of good or evil; the knowledge cannot defile, nor consequently the books, if the will and conscience be not defiled. For books are as meats and viands are; some of good, some of evil substance; and yet God in that unapocryphal vision, said without exception: Rise, Peter, kill and eat, leaving the choice to each man's discretion. Wholesome meats to a vitiated stomach differ little or nothing from unwholesome; and best books to a naughty mind are not unappliable to occasions of evil. Bad meats will scarce breed good nourishment in the healthiest concoction; but herein the difference is of bad books, that they to a discreet and judicious reader serve in many respects to discover, to confute, to forewarn, and to illustrate. Whereof what better witness can ye expect I should produce, than one of your own now sitting in Parliament, the chief of learned men reputed in this land, Mr. Selden; whose volume of natural and national laws proves, not only by great authorities brought together, but by exquisite reasons and theorems almost mathematically demonstrative, that all opinions, yea errors, known, read, and collated, are of main service and assistance toward the speedy attainment of what is truest. I conceive, therefore, that when God did enlarge the universal diet of man's body, saving ever the rules of temperance, He then also, as before, left arbitrary the dieting and repasting of our minds; as wherein every mature man might have to exercise his own leading capacity. How great a virtue is temperance, how much of moment through the whole life of man! yet God commits the managing so great a trust, without particular law or prescription, wholly to the demeanour of every grown man. And therefore when He Himself tabled the Jews from heaven, that omer, which was every man's daily portion of manna, is computed to have been more than might have well sufficed the heartiest feeder thrice as many meals. For those actions which enter into a man, rather than issue out of him, and therefore defile not, God uses not to captivate under a perpetual childhood of prescription, but trusts him with the gift of reason to be

his own chooser; there were but little work left for preaching, if law and compulsion should grow so fast upon those things which heretofore were governed only by exhortation. Solomon informs us, that much reading is a weariness to the flesh; but neither he nor other inspired author tells us that such, or such reading is unlawful: yet certainly had God thought good to limit us herein, it had been much more expedient to have told us what was unlawful, than what was wearisome. As for the burning of those Ephesian books by St. Paul's converts; 'tis replied the books were magic, the Syriac so renders them. It was a private act, a voluntary act, and leaves us to a voluntary imitation: the men in remorse burnt those books which were their own; the magistrate by this example is not appointed: these men practised the books, another might perhaps have read them in some sort usefully. Good and evil we know in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed on Psyche as an incessant labour to cull out, and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted, that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say of knowing good by evil. As therefore the state of man now is; what wisdom can there be to choose, what continuance to forbear without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true wayfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is con-

trary. That virtue therefore which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness; which was the reason why our sage and serious poet Spenser, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas, describing true temperance under the person of Guion, brings him in with his palmer through the cave of Mammon, and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain. Since therefore the knowledge and survey of vice is in the world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely, and with less danger scout into the regions of sin and falsity than by reading all manner of tractates and hearing all manner of reason? And this is the benefit which may be had of books promiscuously read.

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If we think to regulate printing, thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and Doric. There must be licensing dancers, that no gesture, motion, or deportment be taught our youth but what by their allowance shall be thought honest; for such Plato was provided of; it will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to examine all the lutes, the violins, and the guitars in every house; they must not be suffered to prattle as they do, but must be licensed what they may say. And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers? The windows also, and the balconies must be thought on, there are shrewd books, with dangerous frontispieces, set to sale; who shall prohibit them, shall twenty licensers? The villages also must have their visitors to inquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebeck reads even to the ballatry, and the gamut of every municipal fiddler, for these are the countryman's Arcadias, and his Monte Mayors. Next, what more national corruption, for which England hears ill

abroad, than household gluttony: who shall be the rectors of our daily rioting? And what shall be done to inhibit the multitudes that frequent those houses where drunkenness is sold and harboured? Our garments also should be referred to the licensing of some more sober workmasters to see them cut into a less wanton garb. Who shall regulate all the mixed conversation of our youth, male and female together, as is the fashion of this country, who shall still appoint what shall be discoursed, what presumed, and no further? Lastly, who shall forbid and separate all idle resort, all evil company? These things will be, and must be; but how they shall be least hurtful, how least enticing, herein consists the grave and governing wisdom of a state. To sequester out of the world into Atlantic and Utopian polities, which never can be drawn into use, will not mend our condition; but to ordain wisely as in this world of evil, in the midst whereof God hath placed us unavoidably.

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Lords and Commons of England, consider what Nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors: a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit, acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to. Therefore the studies of Learning in her deepest sciences have been so ancient, and so eminent among us, that writers of good antiquity, and ablest judgment have been persuaded that even the school of Pythagoras, and the Persian wisdom took beginning from the old philosophy of this island. And that wise and civil Roman, Julius Agricola, who governed once here for Cæsar, preferred the natural wits of Britain, before the laboured studies of the French. Nor is it for nothing that the grave and frugal Transylvanian sends out yearly from as far as the mountainous borders of Russia, and beyond the Hercynian wilderness, not their youth, but their staid men, to learn our language, and our theologic arts. Yet that which is above all this, the favour and the love of Heaven, we have great argument to think in a peculiar manner propitious and pro-

pending towards us. Why else was this Nation chosen before any other, that out of her as out of Sion should be proclaimed and sounded forth the first tidings and trumpet of Reformation to all Europe? And had it not been the obstinate perverseness of our prelates against the divine and admirable spirit of Wickliff, to suppress him as a schismatic and innovator, perhaps neither the Bohemian Huss and Jerome, no nor the name of Luther, or of Calvin had been ever known: the glory of reforming all our neighbours had been completely ours. But now, as our obdurate clergy have with violence demeaned the matter, we are become hitherto the latest and backwardest scholars, of whom God offered to have made us the teachers. Now once again by all concurrence of signs, and by the general instinct of holy and devout men, as they daily and solemnly express their thoughts, God is decreeing to begin some new and great period in His Church, even to the reforming of Reformation itself. What does He then but reveal Himself to His servants, and as His manner is, first to His Englishmen; I say as His manner is, first to us, though we mark not the method of His counsels, and are unworthy. Behold now this vast City: a city of refuge, the mansion house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with His protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed Justice in defence of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation: others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement. What could a man require more from a Nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful labourers, to make a knowing people, a Nation of Prophets, of Sages, and of Worthies? We reckon more than five months yet to harvest; there need not be five weeks; had we but eyes to lift up, the fields are white already. Where there is much desire to learn, there of neces-

sity will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making. Under these fantastic terrors of sect and schism, we wrong the earnest and zealous thirst after knowledge and understanding which God hath stirred up in this city. What some lament of, we rather should rejoice at, should rather praise this pious forwardness among men, to reassume the ill-reputed care of their Religion into their own hands again. A little generous prudence, a little forbearance of one another, and some grain of charity might win all these diligences to join, and unite in one general and brotherly search after Truth; could we but forego this prelatical tradition of crowding free consciences and Christian liberties into canons and precepts of men. I doubt not, if some great and worthy stranger should come among us, wise to discern the mould and temper of a people, and how to govern it, observing the high hopes and aims, the diligent alacrity of our extended thoughts and reasonings in the pursuance of truth and freedom, but that he would cry out as Pyrrhus did, admiring the Roman docility and courage: If such were my Epirots, I would not despair the greatest design that could be attempted to make a Church or Kingdom happy. Yet these are the men cried out against for schismatics and sectaries; as if, while the temple of the Lord was building, some cutting, some squaring the marble, others hewing the cedars, there should be a sort of irrational men who could not consider there must be many schisms and many dissections made in the quarry and in the timber, ere the house of God can be built. And when every stone is laid artfully together, it cannot be united into a continuity, it can but be contiguous in this world; neither can every piece of the building be of one form; nay rather the perfection consists in this: that out of many moderate varieties and brotherly dissimilitudes that are not vastly disproportional, arises the goodly and the graceful symmetry that commends the whole pile and structure. Let us therefore be more considerate builders, more wise in spiritual architecture, when great reformation is expected. For now the time seems come, wherein

Moses the great prophet may sit in heaven rejoicing to see that memorable and glorious wish of his fulfilled, when not only our seventy Elders, but all the Lord's people, are become prophets. No marvel then though some men, and some good men too, perhaps, but young in goodness, as Joshua then was, envy them. They fret, and out of their own weakness are in agony, lest these divisions and subdivisions will undo us. The adversary again applauds, and waits the hour; when they have branched themselves out, saith he, small enough into parties and partitions, then will be our time. Fool! he sees not the firm root, out of which we all grow, though into branches: nor will beware until he see our small divided maniples cutting through at every angle of his ill-united and unwieldy brigade. And that we are to hope better of all these supposed sects, and schisms, and that we shall not need that solicitude honest perhaps though over-timorous of them that vex in this belief, but shall laugh in the end, at those malicious applauders of our differences, I have these reasons to persuade me.

First, when a City shall be as it were besieged and blocked about, her navigable river infested, inroads and incursions round, defiance and battle oft rumoured to be marching up even to her walls, and suburb trenches, that then the people, or the greater part, more then at other times, wholly taken up with the study of highest and most important matters to be reformed, should be disputing, reasoning, reading, inventing, discoursing, even to a rarity, and admiration, things not before discoursed or written of, argues first a singular goodwill, contentedness and confidence in your prudent foresight, and safe government, Lords and Commons; and from thence derives itself to a gallant bravery and well grounded contempt of their enemies, as if there were no small number of as great spirits among us, as his was, who when Rome was nigh besieged by Hannibal, being in the city, bought that piece of ground at no cheap rate, whereon Hannibal himself encamped his own regiment. Next it is a lively and cheerful presage of our happy success and victory. For as in a body, when the blood is fresh, the spirits

pure and vigorous, not only to vital, but to rational faculties, and those in the acutest, and the pertest operations of wit and subtlety, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is, so when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up, as that it has, not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare, and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, but casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption to outlive these pangs and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue destined to become great and honourable in these latter ages. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

What should ye do then, should ye suppress all this flowery crop of knowledge and new light sprung up and yet springing daily in this city, should ye set an oligarchy of twenty engrossers over it, to bring a famine upon our minds again, when we shall know nothing but what is measured to us by their bushel? Believe it, Lords and Commons, they who counsel ye to such a suppressing, do as good as bid ye suppress yourselves; and I will soon show how. If it be desired to know the immediate cause of all this free writing and free speaking, there cannot be assigned a truer than your own mild, and free, and humane government; it is the liberty, Lords and Commons, which your own valorous and happy counsels have purchased us, liberty which is the nurse of all great wits; this is that which hath rarified and enlightened our spirits like the influence of heaven; this is that which hath enfranchised, enlarged, and lifted up our apprehensions

degrees above themselves. Ye cannot make us now less capable, less knowing, less eagerly pursuing of the truth, unless ye first make yourselves, that made us so, less the lovers, less the founders of our true liberty. We can grow ignorant again, brutish, formal, and slavish, as ye found us; but you then must first become that which ye cannot be, oppressive, arbitrary, and tyrannous, as they were from whom ye have freed us. That our hearts are now more capacious, our thoughts more erected to the search and expectation of greatest and exactest things, is the issue of your own virtue propagated in us; ye cannot suppress that unless ye reinforce an abrogated and merciless law, that fathers may despatch at will their own children. And who shall then stick closest to ye, and excite others? not he who takes up arms for coat and conduct, and his four nobles of Danegelt. Although I dispraise not the defence of just immunities, yet love my peace better, if that were all. Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.

Jeremy Taylor

1613–1667

OF CONTENTEDNESS IN ALL ESTATES AND ACCIDENTS

(From Chap. II, sec. vi. *Holy Living*, 1650)

1. Contentedness in all estates is a duty of religion: it is the great reasonableness of complying with the Divine Providence, which governs all the world, and hath so ordered us in the administration of his great family. He were a strange fool, that should be angry, because dogs and sheep need no shoes, and yet himself is full of care to get some. God hath supplied those needs to them by natural provisions, and to thee by an artificial: for he hath given thee reason to learn a trade, or some means to make or buy them, so that it only differs in the manner of our provision;

and which had you rather want, shoes or reason? And my patron that hath given me a farm, is freer to me than if he gives a loaf ready baked. But, however, all these gifts come from him, and therefore it is fit he should dispense them as he pleases; and if we murmur here, we may, at the next melancholy, be troubled that God did not make us to be angels or stars. For if that, which we are or have, do not content us, we may be troubled for everything in the world, which is besides our being or our possessions.

God is the master of the scenes; we must not choose which part we shall act; it concerns us only to be careful that we do it well, always saying, "If this please God, let it be as it is:" and we who pray, that God's will may be done in earth, as it is in heaven, must remember, that the angels do whatsoever is commanded them, and go wherever they are sent, and refuse no circumstances: and if their employment be crossed by a higher degree, they sit down in peace and rejoice in the event; and when the angel of Judea could not prevail in behalf of the people committed to his charge, because the angel of Persia opposed it, he only told the story at the command of God, and was as content, and worshipped with as great an ecstasy in his proportion, as the prevailing spirit. Do thou so likewise: keep the station, where God hath placed you and you shall never long for things without, but sit at home feasting upon the Divine providence and thy own reason by which we are taught, that it is necessary and reasonable to submit to God.

For is not all the world God's family? Are not we his creatures? Are we not as clay in the hand of the potter? Do we not live upon his meat, and move by his strength, and do our work by his light? Are we anything, but what we are from him? And shall there be a mutiny among the flocks and herds, because their Lord or their shepherd chooses their pastures, and suffers them not to wander into deserts and unknown ways? If we choose, we do it so foolishly, that we cannot like it long, and most commonly not at all: but God, who can do what he pleases, is wise to choose safely for us, affectionate to comply with our needs, and powerful to exe-

cute all his wise decrees. Here therefore is the wisdom of the contented man, to let God choose for him: for when we have given up our wills to him, and stand in that station of the battle, where our great general hath placed us, our spirits must needs rest, while our conditions have, for their security, the power, the wisdom, and the charity of God.

2. Contentedness, in all accidents, brings great peace of spirit, and is the great and only instrument of temporal felicity. It removes the sting from the accident, and makes a man not to depend upon chance, and the uncertain dispositions of men for his well-being, but only on God and his own spirit. We ourselves make our fortunes good or bad; and when God lets loose a tyrant upon us, or a sickness, or scorn, or a lessened fortune, if we fear to die, or know not to be patient, or are proud, or covetous, then the calamity sits heavy on us. But if we know how to manage a noble principle, and fear not death so much as a dishonest action, and think impatience a worse evil than a fever, and pride to be the biggest disgrace, and poverty to be infinitely desirable before the torments of covetousness; then we, who now think vice to be so easy, and make it so familiar, and think the cure so impossible, shall quickly be of another mind, and reckon these accidents amongst things eligible.

But no man can be happy that hath great hopes and great fears of things without, and events depending upon other men, or upon the chances of fortune. The rewards of virtue are certain, and our provisions for our natural support are certain; or if we want meat till we die, then we die of that disease, and there are many worse than to die with an atrophy or consumption, or unapt and coarser nourishment. But he that suffers a transporting passion concerning things within the power of others, is free from sorrow and amazement no longer than his enemy shall give him leave; and it is ten to one but he shall be smitten then and there, where it shall most trouble him: for so the adder teaches us where to strike, by her curious and fearful defending of her head. The old stoics, when you told them of a sad story would still answer, "*What is that to me?*—Yes, for the tyrant

hath sentenced you also to prison.—Well, what is that? He will put a chain upon my leg; but he cannot bind my soul.—No: but he will kill you.—Then I will die. If presently, let me go, that I may presently be freer than himself: but if not till anon or to-morrow, I will dine first, or sleep, or do what reason or nature calls for, as at other times." This, in Gentile philosophy, is the same with the discourse of St. Paul, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere and in all things I am instructed both how to be full and to be hungry; both to abound and to suffer need."

We are in the world, like men playing at tables; the chance is not in our power, but to play it is; and when it is fallen, we must manage it as we can; and let nothing trouble us, but when we do a base action, or speak like a fool, or think wickedly: these things God hath put into our powers; but concerning those things, which are wholly in the choice of another, they cannot fall under our deliberation, and therefore neither are they fit for our passions. My fear may make me miserable, but it cannot prevent what another hath in his power and purpose: and prosperities can only be enjoyed by them, who fear not at all to lose them; since the amazement and passion concerning the future takes off all the pleasure of the present possession. Therefore, if thou hast lost thy land, do not also lose thy constancy: and if thou must die a little sooner, yet do not die impatiently. For no chance is evil to him that is content, and to a man nothing is miserable, unless it be unreasonable. No man can make another man to be his slave, unless he hath first enslaved himself to life and death, to pleasure or pain, to hope or fear: command these passions, and you are freer than the Parthian kings.

CONSIDERATION OF THE VANITY AND SHORTNESS OF MAN'S LIFE

(From Chap. I. sec. i. *Holy Dying*, 1651)

A man is a bubble (said the Greek proverb), which Lucian represents with advantages and its proper circumstances to this purpose: saying, All the world is a storm, and men rise up in their several generations, like bubbles descending *à Jove pluvio*, from God and the dew of heaven, from a tear and drop of rain, from nature and Providence; and some of these instantly sink into the deluge of their first parent, and are hidden in a sheet of water, having had no other business in the world, but to be born, that they might be able to die: others float up and down two or three turns, and suddenly disappear, and give their place to others: and they that live longest upon the face of the waters, are in perpetual motion, restless and uneasy; and, being crushed with the great drop of a cloud, sink into flatness and a froth; the change not being great, it being hardly possible it should be more a nothing than it was before. So is every man; he is born in vanity and sin; he comes into the world like morning mushrooms, soon thrusting up their heads into the air, and conversing with their kindred of the same production, and as soon they turn into dust and forgetfulness: some of them without any other interest in the affairs of the world, but that they made their parents a little glad, and very sorrowful; others ride longer in the storm; it may be until seven years of vanity be expired, and then peradventure the sun shines hot upon their heads, and they fall into the shades below, into the cover of death and darkness of the grave to hide them. But if the bubble stands the shock of a bigger drop, and outlives the chances of a child, of a careless nurse, of drowning in a pail of water, of being overlaid by a sleepy servant, or such little accidents, then the young man dances like a bubble, empty and gay, and shines like a dove's neck, or the image of a rainbow, which hath no substance, and whose very imagery and colours are fantastical; and so he dances out the gaiety of his youth, and is all the while in a

storm, and endures, only because he is not knocked on the head by a drop of bigger rain, or crushed by the pressure of a load of indigested meat, or quenched by the disorder of an ill-placed humour: and to preserve a man alive in the midst of so many chances and hostilities, is as great a miracle as to create him; to preserve him from rushing into nothing, and at first to draw him up from nothing, were equally the issues of an almighty power. And therefore the wise men of the world have contended, who shall best fit man's condition with words signifying his vanity and short abode. Homer calls a man "a leaf," the smallest, the weakest piece of a short-lived, unsteady plant. Pindar calls him "the dream of a shadow:" Another, "the dream of the shadow of smoke." But St. James spake by a more excellent Spirit, saying, "Our life is but a vapour," viz. drawn from the earth by a celestial influence; made of smoke, or the lighter parts of water, tossed with every wind, moved by the motion of a superior body, without virtue in itself, lifted upon high, or left below, according as it pleases the sun, its foster-father. But it is lighter yet. It is but appearing; a fantastic vapour, an apparition, nothing real: it is not so much as a mist, not the matter of a shower, nor substantial enough to make a cloud; but it is like Cassiopeia's chair, or Pelops' shoulder, or the circles of heaven, *φαινομενα*, for which you cannot have a word that can signify a verier nothing. And yet the expression is one degree more made diminutive: a *vapour*, and *fantastical*, or a *mere appearance*, and this but for a little while neither; the very dream, the fantasm disappears in a small time, "like the shadow that departeth; or like a tale that is told; or as a dream when one waketh." A man is so vain, so unfixed, so perishing a creature, that he cannot long last in the scene of fancy: a man goes off and is forgotten, like the dream of a distracted person. The sum of all is this: that thou art a man, than whom there is not in the world any greater instance of heights and declensions, of lights and shadows, of misery and folly, of laughter and tears, of groans and death.

And because this consideration is of great usefulness and

great necessity to many purposes of wisdom and the spirit; all the succession of time, all the changes in nature, all the varieties of light and darkness, the thousand thousands of accidents in the world, and every contingency to every man, and to every creature, doth preach our funeral sermon, and calls us to look and see, how the old sexton Time throws up the earth, and digs a grave, where we must lay our sins or our sorrows, and sow our bodies, till they rise again in a fair or an intolerable eternity. Every revolution which the sun makes about the world, divides between life and death; and death possesses both those portions by the next morrow; and we are dead to all those months which we have already lived, and we shall never live them over again: and still God makes little periods of our age. First we change our world, when we come from the womb to feel the warmth of the sun. Then we sleep, and enter into the image of death, in which state we are unconcerned in all the changes of the world: and if our mothers or our nurses die, or a wild boar destroy our vineyards, or our king be sick, we regard it not, but during that state, are as disinterested, as if our eyes were closed with the clay that weeps in the bowels of the earth. At the end of seven years our teeth fall and die before us, representing a formal prologue to the tragedy; and still every seven years, it is odds, but we shall finish the last scene: and when nature, or chance, or vice, takes our body in pieces, weakening some parts and loosing others, we taste the grave and the solemnities of our own funerals, first, in those parts that ministered to vice; and next, in them that served for ornament; and in a short time, even they that served for necessity become useless and entangled like the wheels of a broken clock. Baldness is but a dressing to our funerals, the proper ornament of mourning, and of a person entered very far into the regions and possession of death: and we have many more of the same signification: gray hairs, rotten teeth, dim eyes, trembling joints, short breath, stiff limbs, wrinkled skin, short memory, decayed appetite. Every day's necessity calls for a reparation of that portion, which death fed on all night, when we lay in his lap, and slept in

his outer chambers. The very spirits of a man prey upon the daily portion of bread and flesh, and every meal is a rescue from one death, and lays up for another; and while we think a thought, we die; and the clock strikes and reckons on our portion of eternity; we form our words with the breath of our nostrils, we have the less to live upon for every word we speak.

Thus nature calls us to meditate of death by those things which are the instruments of acting it: and God, by all the variety of his providence, makes us see death everywhere, in all variety of circumstances, and dressed up for all the fancies, and the expectation of every single person. Nature hath given us one harvest every year, but death hath two: and the spring and the autumn send throngs of men and women to charnel-houses; and all the summer long, men are recovering from their evils of the spring, till the dog-days come, and then the Sirian star makes the summer deadly; and the fruits of autumn are laid up for all the year's provision, and the man that gathers them, eats and surfeits, and dies, and needs them not, and himself is laid up for eternity; and he that escapes till winter, only stays for another opportunity, which the distempers of that quarter minister to him with great variety. Thus death reigns in all the portions of our time. The autumn with its fruits provides disorders for us, and the winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases, and the spring brings flowers to strew our hearse, and the summer gives green turf and brambles to bind upon our graves. Calentures and surfeit, cold and agues, are the four quarters of the year, and all minister to death; and you can go no whither, but you tread upon a dead man's bones.

The wild fellow in Petronius, that escaped upon a broken table from the furies of a shipwreck, as he was sunning himself upon the rocky shore, espied a man rolled upon his floating bed of waves, ballasted with sand in the folds of his garment, and carried by his civil enemy, the sea, towards the shore to find a grave: and it cast him into some sad thoughts: that peradventure this man's wife, in some part of the continent, safe and warm, looks next month for the

good man's return; or, it may be, his son knows nothing of the tempest; or his father thinks of that affectionate kiss, which still is warm upon the good old man's cheek, ever since he took a kind farewell; and he weeps with joy to think, how blessed he shall be, when his beloved boy returns into the circle of his father's arms. These are the thoughts of mortals, this is the end and sum of all their designs: a dark night and an ill guide, a boisterous sea and a broken cable, a hard rock and a rough wind, dashed in pieces the fortune of a whole family, and they that shall weep loudest for the accident, are not yet entered into the storm, and yet have suffered shipwreck. Then looking upon the carcass, he knew it, and found it to be the master of the ship, who, the day before, cast up the accounts of his patrimony and his trade, and named the day when he thought to be at home. See how the man swims, who was so angry two days since; his passions are becalmed with the storm, his accounts cast up, his cares at an end, his voyage done, and his gains are the strange events of death, which whether they be good or evil, the men, that are alive, seldom trouble themselves concerning the interest of the dead.

But seas alone do not break our vessel in pieces; everywhere we may be shipwrecked. A valiant general, when he is to reap the harvest of his crowns and triumphs, fights unprosperously, or falls into a fever with joy and wine, and changes his laurel into cypress, his triumphal chariot to a hearse; dying the night before he was appointed to perish, in the drunkenness of his festival joys. It was a sad arrest of the loosnesses and wilder feasts of the French court, when their king (Henry II.) was killed really by the sportive image of a fight. . . .

There is no state, no accident, no circumstance of our life, but it hath been soured by some sad instance of a dying friend: a friendly meeting often ends in some sad mischance, and makes an eternal parting: and when the poet Æschylus was sitting under the walls of his house, an eagle hovering over his bald head, mistook it for a stone, and let fall his

oyster, hoping there to break the shell, but pierced the poor man's skull.

Death meets us everywhere, and is procured by every instrument and in all chances, and enters in at many doors; by violence and secret influence, by the aspect of a star and the stink of a mist, by the emissions of a cloud and the meeting of a vapour, by the fall of a chariot and the stumbling at a stone, by a full meal or an empty stomach, by watching at the wine or by watching at prayers, by the sun or the moon; by a heat or a cold, by sleepless nights or sleeping days; by water frozen into the hardness and sharpness of a dagger; or water thawed into the floods of a river; by a hair or a raisin; by violent motion or sitting still; by severity or dissolution; by God's mercy or God's anger; by every thing in providence and every thing in manners; by every thing in nature and every thing in chance. *Eripitur persona, manet res;* we take pains to heap up things useful to our life, and get our death in the purchase; and the person is snatched away, and the goods remain. And all this is the law and constitution of nature; it is a punishment to our sins, the unalterable event of Providence, and the decree of Heaven. The chains that confine us to this condition are strong as destiny, and immutable as the eternal laws of God.

I have conversed with some men who rejoiced in the death or calamity of others, and accounted it as a judgment upon them for being on the other side, and against them in the contention; but within the revolution of a few months, the same men met with a more uneasy and unhandsome death: which when I saw, I wept, and was afraid; for I knew that it must be so with all men; for we also shall die, and end our quarrels and contentions by passing to a final sentence.

ANGER A HINDERENCE TO PRAYER

(From *The Return of Prayers*, Sermon VI. 1655)

Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention, which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air, about his ministries here below: so is the prayer of a good man; when his affairs have required business, and his business was matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument, and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest, and overruled the man; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud, and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose the prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed, and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God; and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God, till it returns, like the useful bee, loaden with a blessing and the dew of heaven.

Abraham Cowley

1618–1667

OF MYSELF

(*Essays in Verse and Prose*, 1668)

It is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise for him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my mind, nor my body, nor my fortune, allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment that they have preserved me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective side. But besides that, I shall here speak of myself only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt, than rise up to the estimation of most people.

As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew or was capable of guessing what the world, or glories, or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holy-days and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then, too, so much an enemy to all constraint, that my masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragements, to learn without book the common rules of grammar, in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercises out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now (which, I confess, I wonder at myself) may appear

by the latter end of an ode which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other verses. The beginning of it is boyish, but of this part, which I here set down, if a very little were corrected, I should hardly now be much ashamed.

IX.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone:
The unknown are better than ill known.
Rumour can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when it depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

X.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.
My house a cottage, more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

XI.

Thus would I double my life's fading space;
For he that runs it well twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish my fate,
But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display
Or in clouds hide them—I have lived to-day.

You may see by it I was even then acquainted with the poets (for the conclusion is taken out of Horace), and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them which stamped first, or rather engraved, these characters in me. They were like letters cut into the bark of a young tree, which with the tree still grow proportionably. But

how this love came to be produced in me so early is a hard question. I believe, I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse, as have never since left ringing there. For I remember, when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion), but there was wont to lie Spenser's works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found everywhere there (though my understanding had little to do with all this); and by degrees with the tinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers, so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus immediately made a poet.

With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university; but was soon torn from thence by that violent public storm which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars to me, the hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest; for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses of the world. Now though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life, that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness, both militant and triumphant, (for that was the state then of the English and French Courts); yet all this was so far from altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life, the nearer I came to it; and that beauty, which I did not fall in love with when, for aught I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me when I saw that it was adulterate. I met with several great persons, whom I liked very well; but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad or content to be in a storm, though I saw many ships which

rid safely and bravely in it. A storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my courage. Though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found anywhere, though I was in business of great and honourable trust, though I ate at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition in banishment and public distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old schoolboy's wish in a copy of verses to the same effect:

> Well then; I now do plainly see,
> This busy world and I shall ne'er agree, etc.

And I never then proposed to myself any other advantage from His Majesty's happy Restoration, but the getting into some moderately convenient retreat in the country, which I thought in that case I might easily have compassed, as well as some others, with no greater probabilities or pretences have arrived to extraordinary fortunes. But I had before written a shrewd prophecy against myself, and I think Apollo inspired me in the truth, though not in the elegance of it:

> Thou, neither great at court nor in the war,
> Nor at th' exchange shalt be, nor at the wrangling bar;
> Content thyself with the small barren praise,
> Which neglected verse does raise, etc.

However, by the failing of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the design which I had resolved on; I cast myself into it *A corps perdu*, without making capitulations or taking counsel of fortune. But God laughs at a man who says to his soul, "Take thy ease": I met presently not only with many little encumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness (a new misfortune to me) as would have spoiled the happiness of an emperor as well as mine. Yet I do neither repent nor alter my course. *Non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum.* Nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long, and have now at last married, though she neither has brought me a rich portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from her:

. . . Nec vos, dulcissima mundi
Nomina, vos Musæ, libertas, otia, libri,
Hortique sylvæque, animâ remanente relinquam.

Nor by me e'er shall you,
You of all names the sweetest, and the best,
You, Muses, books, and liberty, and rest;
You gardens, fields, and woods, forsaken be,
As long as life itself forsakes not me.

. . . . . .

John Bunyan

1628–1688

THE FIGHT WITH APOLLYON

(From *The Pilgrim's Progress*, 1678–1684)

(In the course of his pilgrimage from the City of Destruction to Mount Zion, Christian comes to the House Beautiful. Here *Watchful*, the *Porter*, summons *Discretion*, "a grave and beautiful damsel," who in turn calls *Prudence*, *Piety*, and *Charity*. All these, after some discourse with Christian, receive him kindly and hear his story. Christian sleeps that night in a "large upper chamber; whose window opened toward the sun-rising;" its name was *Peace*. In the morning Christian's entertainers take him to the armoury, and show him the armour provided for pilgrims. Christian abides there three days, and on the morning of the third day, they take him to the top of the house, and show him afar off *Emmanuel's Land* and the *Delectable Mountains*, telling him that from thence he can see the gate of the *Celestial City*. Christian then determines to leave the *House Beautiful* and continue on his pilgrimage.)

Now Christian bethought himself of setting forward, and they were willing he should. But first, said they, let us go again into the armoury. So they did; and when he came there, they harnessed him from head to foot with what was of proof, lest perhaps he should meet with assaults in the way. He, being therefore thus accoutred, walked out with

his friends to the gate; and there he asked the Porter if he saw any pilgrim pass by. Then the Porter answered, Yes.

CHR. Pray did you know him?

PORT. I asked his name and he told me it was Faithful.

O, said Christian, I know him: he is my townsman, my near neighbour; he comes from the place where I was born: how far do you think he may be before?

PORT. He is got by this time below the hill.

Well, said Christian, good Porter, the Lord be with thee, and add to all thy blessings much increase, for the kindness that thou hast showed to me.

Then he began to go forward; but Discretion, Piety, Charity, and Prudence, would accompany him down to the foot of the hill. So they went on together, reiterating their former discourses, till they came to go down the hill. Then said Christian, As it was *difficult* coming up, so, so far as I can see, it is *dangerous* going down. Yes, said Prudence, so it is; for it is an hard matter for a man to go down into the valley of Humiliation, as thou art now, and to catch no slip by the way; therefore, said they, are we come out to accompany thee down the hill. So he began to go down, but very warily; yet he caught a slip or two.

Then I saw in my dream, that these good companions, when Christian was gone down to the bottom of the hill, gave him a loaf of bread, a bottle of wine, and a cluster of raisins; and then he went his way.

But now, in this valley of Humiliation, poor Christian was hard put to it; for he had gone but a little way, before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him: his name is Apollyon. Then did Christian begin to be afraid, and to cast in his mind whether to go back, or stand his ground. But he considered again, that he had no armour for his back, and therefore thought that to turn the back to him might give him greater advantage with ease to pierce him with his darts; therefore he resolved to venture and stand his ground: for, thought he, had I no more in mine eye than the saving of my life, it would be the best way to stand.

So he went on, and Apollyon met him. Now the monster was hideous to behold: he was clothed with scales like a fish (and they are his pride); he had wings like a dragon, and feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke; and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion. When he was come up to Christian, he beheld him with a disdainful countenance, and thus began to question with him.

APOL. Whence come you? and whither are you bound?

CHR. I am come from the City of Destruction, which is the place of all evil, and am going to the City of Zion.

APOL. By this I perceive that thou art one of my subjects; for all that country is mine, and I am the prince and god of it. How is it then that thou hast run away from thy king? Were it not for that I hope thou mayest do me more service, I would strike thee now at one blow to the ground.

CHR. I was indeed born in your dominions; but your service was hard, and your wages such as a man could not live on; "for the wages of sin is death;" therefore when I was come to years, I did as other considerate persons do, look out, if perhaps I might mend myself.

APOL. There is no prince that will thus lightly lose his subjects, neither will I as yet lose thee; but, since thou complainest of thy service and wages, be content to go back; what our country will afford, I do here promise to give thee.

CHR. But I have let myself to another, even to the King of princes; and how can I with fairness go back with thee?

APOL. Thou hast done in this according to the proverb, "*Changed a bad for a worse*": but it is ordinary for those that have professed themselves his servants, after a while to give him the slip, and return again to me. Do thou so too, and all shall be well.

CHR. I have given him my faith, and sworn my allegiance to him: how then can I go back from this, and not be hanged as a traitor?

APOL. Thou didst the same to me; and yet I am willing to pass by all, if now thou wilt yet turn again and go back.

CHR. What I promised thee was in my nonage; and besides, I count that the Prince under whose banner I now

stand, is able to absolve me; yea, and to pardon also what I did as to my compliance with thee: and, besides, O thou destroying Apollyon, to speak truth, I like his service, his wages, his servants, his government, his company, and country, better than thine; therefore leave off to persuade me further; I am his servant, and I will follow him.

APOL. Consider again when thou art in cool blood, what thou art likely to meet with in the way that thou goest. Thou knowest that, for the most part, his servants come to an ill end, because they are transgressors against me and my ways. How many of them have been put to shameful deaths! And besides, thou countest his service better than mine; whereas he never came yet from the place where he is, to deliver any that served him out of their hands: but, as for me, how many times, as all the world very well knows, have I delivered, either by power or fraud, those that have faithfully served me, from him and his, though taken by them! And so I will deliver thee.

CHR. His forbearing at present to deliver them is on purpose to try their love, whether they will cleave to him to the end: and, as for the ill end thou sayest they come to, that is most glorious in their account; for, for present deliverance, they do not much expect it; for they say for their glory, and then they shall have it, when their Prince comes in his and the glory of the angels.

APOL. Thou hast already been unfaithful in thy service to him; and how dost thou think to receive wages of him?

CHR. Wherein, O Apollyon, have I been unfaithful to him?

APOL. Thou didst faint at first setting out, when thou wast almost choked in the Gulph of Despond; thou didst attempt wrong ways to be rid of thy burden, whereas thou shouldst have stayed till thy Prince had taken it off: thou didst sinfully sleep, and lose thy choice things: thou wast almost persuaded to go back at the sight of the lions: and when thou talkest of thy journey, and of what thou hast seen and heard, thou art inwardly desirous of vain-glory in all that thou sayest or doest.

CHR. All this is true and much more which thou hast left

out: but the Prince, whom I serve and honour, is merciful and ready to forgive. But besides, these infirmities possessed me in thy country: for there I sucked them in, and I have groaned under them, being sorry for them, and have obtained pardon of my Prince.

Then Apollyon broke out into a grievous rage, saying, I am an enemy to this Prince; I hate his person, his laws, and people: I am come out on purpose to withstand thee.

Chr. Apollyon, beware what you do; for I am in the King's high-way, the way of holiness; therefore take heed to yourself.

Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, I am void of fear in this matter; prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den, that thou shalt go no farther; here will I spill thy soul.

And with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast; but Christian had a shield in his hand, with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that.

Then did Christian draw; for he saw it was time to bestir him; and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail; by the which, notwithstanding all that Christian could do to avoid it, Apollyon wounded him in his head, his hand, and foot. This made Christian give a little back: Apollyon, therefore, followed his work amain, and Christian again took courage and resisted as manfully as he could. This sore combat lasted for above half a day, even till Christian was almost quite spent; for you must know that Christian, by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall; and with that Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, I am sure of thee now: and with that he had almost pressed him to death; so that Christian began to despair of life. But, as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly reached out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, "Rejoice not

against me, O mine enemy! when I fall, I shall arise;" and with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back as one that had received his mortal wound. Christian, perceiving that, made at him again, saying, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us." And, with that, Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings and sped him away that Christian saw him no more.

In this combat no man can imagine, unless he had seen and heard, as I did, what yelling and hideous roaring Apollyon made all the time of the fight; he spake like a dragon:—and on the other side, what sighs and groans burst from Christian's heart. I never saw him all the while give so much as one pleasant look, till he perceived that he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged sword; then indeed he did smile and look upward! But it was the dreadfullest fight that ever I saw.

So when the battle was over, Christian said, I will here give thanks to Him that hath delivered me out of the mouth of the lion, to Him that did help me against Apollyon. And so he did, saying,

> "Great Beelzebub, the captain of this fiend,
> Design'd my ruin: therefore to this end
> He sent him harness'd out; and he with rage
> That hellish was, did fiercely me engage:
> But blessed Michael helped me; and I,
> By dint of sword, did quickly make him fly:
> Therefore to Him let me give lasting praise
> And thanks, and bless His holy name always."

Then there came to him an hand with some of the leaves of the tree of life; the which Christian took, and applied to the wounds that he had received in the battle, and was healed immediately. He also sat down in that place to eat bread, and to drink of the bottle that was given to him a little before: so, being refreshed, he addressed himself to his journey, with his sword drawn in his hand; for, he said, I know not but some other enemy may be at hand. But he met with no other affront from Apollyon quite through this valley.

Sir William Temple

1628–1698

OF HEALTH AND LONG LIFE

(From *Miscellanea*, 1679–1692)

Some writers, in casting up the goods most desirable in life, have given them this rank, health, beauty, and riches. Of the first I find no dispute, but to the two others much may be said: for beauty is a good that makes others happy rather than one's self; and, how riches should claim so high a rank, I cannot tell, when so great, so wise, and so good a part of mankind have in all ages preferred poverty before them. The *Therapeutæ* and *Ebionites* among the *Jews*, the primitive monks and modern friars among Christians, so many *Dervises* among the *Mahometans*, the *Brachmans* among the *Indians*, and all the ancient philosophers; who, whatever else they differed in, agreed in this of despising riches, and at best esteeming them an unnecessary trouble or incumbrance of life: so that whether they are to be reckoned among goods or evils is yet left in doubt.

When I was young and in some idle company, it was proposed that every one should tell what their three wishes should be, if they were sure to be granted; some were very pleasant, and some very extravagant; mine were health, and peace, and fair weather; which, though out of the way among young men, yet perhaps might pass well enough among old: they are all of a strain, for health in the body is like peace in the State and serenity in the air: the sun, in our climate at least, has something so reviving, that a fair day is a kind of a sensual pleasure, and, of all others, the most innocent.

Peace is a public blessing, without which no man is safe in his fortunes, his liberty, or his life: neither innocence or laws are a guard or defence; no possessions are enjoyed but in danger or fear, which equally lose the pleasure and ease of all that fortune can give us. Health is the soul that animates

all enjoyments of life, which fade and are tasteless, if not dead, without it: a man starves at the best and the greatest tables, makes faces at the noblest and most delicate wines, is poor and wretched in the midst of the greatest treasures and fortunes: with common diseases strength grows decrepit, youth loses all vigour, and beauty all charms; music grows harsh, and conversation disagreeable; palaces are prisons, or of equal confinement; riches are useless, honour and attendance are cumbersome, and crowns themselves are a burden: but, if diseases are painful and violent, they equal all conditions of life, make no difference between a Prince and a beggar; and a fit of the stone or the colic puts a King to the rack, and makes him as miserable as he can do the meanest, the worst, and most criminal of his subjects.

To know that the passions or distempers of the mind make our lives unhappy, in spite of all accidents and favours of fortune, a man perhaps must be a philosopher; and requires much thought, and study, and deep reflections. To be a *Stoic*, and grow insensible of pain, as well as poverty or disgrace, one must be perhaps something more or less than a man, renounce common nature, oppose common truth and constant experience. But there needs little learning or study, more than common thought and observation, to find out, that ill health loses not only the enjoyments of fortune, but the pleasures of sense, and even of imagination, and hinders the common operations both of body and mind from being easy and free. Let philosophers reason and differ about the chief good or happiness of man; let them find it where they can, and place it where they please; but there is no mistake so gross, or opinion so impertinent (how common soever) as to think pleasures arise from what is without us, rather than from what is within; from the impression given us of objects, rather than from the disposition of the organs that receive them. The various effects of the same objects upon different persons, or upon the same persons at different times, make the contrary most evident. Some distempers make things look yellow, others double what we see; the

commonest alter our tastes and our smells, and the very foulness of ears changes sounds. The difference of tempers, as well as of age, may have the same effect, by the many degrees of perfection or imperfection in our original tempers, as well as of strength or decay, from the differences of health and of years. From all which 'tis easy without being a great naturalist, to conclude, that our perceptions are formed, and our imaginations raised upon them, in a very great measure, by the dispositions of the organs through which the several objects make their impressions; and that these vary according to the different frame and temper of the others; as the sound of the same breath passing through an oaten pipe, a flute, or a trumpet. But to leave philosophy, and return to health. Whatever is true in point of happiness depending upon the temper of the mind, 'tis certain that pleasures depend upon the temper of the body; and that, to enjoy them, a man must be well himself, as the vessel must be sound to have your wine sweet; for otherwise, let it be never so pleasant and so generous, it loses the taste; and pour in never so much, it all turns sour, and were better let alone. Whoever will eat well, must have a stomach; who will relish the pleasure of drinks, must have his mouth in taste; nay, to find any felicity, or take any pleasure in the greatest advantages of honour and fortune, a man must be in health. Who would not be covetous, and with reason, if this could be purchased with gold? who not ambitious, if it were at the command of power, or restored by honour? But alas! a *white staff* will not help gouty feet to walk better than a common cane; nor a *blue ribband* bind up a wound so well as a fillet: the glitter of gold or of diamonds will but hurt sore eyes, instead of curing them; and an aching head will be no more eased by wearing a crown than a common night-cap.

If health be such a blessing, and the very source of all pleasure, it may be worth the pains to discover the regions where it grows, the springs that feed it, the customs and methods by which it is best cultivated and preserved. Towards this end, it will be necessary to consider the

examples or instances we meet with of health and long life; which is the consequence of it; and to observe the places, the customs, and the conditions of those who enjoyed them in any degree extraordinary; from whence we may best guess at the causes, and make the truest conclusions.

Of what passed before the flood, we know little from Scripture itself, besides the length of their lives; so as I shall only observe upon that period of time, that men are thought neither to have eat flesh nor drunk wine before it ended: for to *Noah* first seems to have been given the liberty of feeding upon living creatures, and the prerogative of planting the vine. Since that time we meet with little mention of very long lives in any stories either sacred or profane, besides the *Patriarchs* of the *Hebrews*, the *Brachmans* among the old *Indians*, and the *Brazilians* at the time that country was discovered by the *Europeans*. Many of these were said then to have lived two hundred, some three hundred years. The same terms of life are attributed to the old *Brachmans;* and how long those of the *Patriarchs* were is recorded in Scripture. Upon all these I shall observe, that the *Patriarchs'* abodes were not in cities, but in open countries and fields: that their lives were pastoral, or employed in some sorts of agriculture: that they were of the same race, to which their marriages were generally confined: that their diet was simple, as that of the ancients is generally represented, among whom flesh or wine was seldom used but at sacrifices or solemn feasts. The *Brachmans* were all of the same races, lived in fields and in woods, after the course of their studies were ended, and fed only upon rice, milk, or herbs. The *Brazilians*, when first discovered, lived the most natural original lives of mankind, so frequently described in ancient countries, before laws, or property, or arts made entrance among them; and so their customs may be concluded to have been yet more simple than either of the other two. They lived without business or labour, further than for their necessary food, by gathering fruits, herbs, and plants: they knew no drink but water; were not tempted to eat nor drink beyond common thirst or appetite; were not troubled with either public or

domestic cares, nor knew any pleasures but the most simple and natural.

From all these examples and customs it may probably be concluded, that the common ingredients of health and long life (where births are not impaired from the conception by any derived infirmities of the race they come from) are great temperance, open air, easy labour, little care, simplicity of diet, rather fruits and plants than flesh, which easier corrupts; and water, which preserves the radical moisture, without too much increasing the radical heat: whereas sickness, decay, and death, proceed commonly from the one preying too fast upon the other, and at length wholly extinguishing it.

I have sometimes wondered, that the regions of so much health and so long lives were all under very hot climates; whereas the more temperate are allowed to produce the strongest and most vigorous bodies. But weaker constitutions may last as long as the strong, if better preserved from accidents; so *Venice* glass, as long as an earthen pitcher, if carefully kept; and, for one life that ends by mere decay of nature or age, millions are intercepted by accidents from without or diseases within; by untimely deaths or decays; from the effects of excess and luxury, immoderate repletion or exercise; the preying of our minds upon our bodies by long passions or consuming cares, as well as those accidents which are called violent. Men are perhaps most betrayed to all these dangers by great strength and vigour of constitution, by more appetite and larger fare in colder climates: in the warm, excesses are found more pernicious to health, and so more avoided; and, if experience and reflection do not cause temperance among them, yet it is forced upon them by the faintness of appetite.

I can find no better account of a story Sir *Francis Bacon* tells, of a very old man, whose customs and diet he inquired; but he said he observed none besides eating before he was hungry and drinking before he was dry; for by that rule he was sure never to eat nor drink much at a time.

Besides, the warmth of air keeps the pores open, and by continual perspiration breathes out those humours which

breed most diseases, if in cooler climates it be not helped by exercise. And this I take to be the reason of our *English* constitutions finding so much benefit by the air of *Montpellier*, especially in long colds or consumptions, or rather lingering diseases; though I have known some who attributed the restoring of their health there as much to the fruits as the air of that place.

I know not whether there may be anything in the climate of *Brazil* more propitious to health than in other countries: for, besides what was observed among the natives upon the first *European* discoveries, I remember Don *Francisco de Melo*, a *Portugal* Ambassador in *England*, told me, it was frequent in his country for men spent with age or other decays, so as they could not hope for above a year or two of life, to ship themselves away in a *Brazil* fleet, and after their arrival there to go on a great length, sometime of twenty or thirty years, or more, by the force of that vigour they recovered with that remove. Whether such an effect might grow from the air, or the fruits of that climate, or by approaching nearer the sun, which is the fountain of life and heat, when their natural heat was so far decayed; or whether the piecing out of an old man's life were worth the pains, I cannot tell: perhaps the play is not worth the candle.

I do not remember, either in story or modern observation, any examples of long life common to any parts of *Europe*, which the temper of the climate has probably made the scene of luxury and excesses in diet. *Greece* and *Rome* were of old celebrated, or rather defamed, for those customs, when they were not known in *Asia* nor *Afric;* and how guilty our colder climates are in this point, beyond the warmer of *Spain* and *Italy*, is but too well known. It is common among *Spaniards* of the best quality, not to have tasted pure wine at forty years old. 'Tis an honour to their laws, that a man loses his testimony who can be proved once to have been drunk; and I never was more pleased with any reply, than that of a *Spaniard*, who, having been asked whether he had a good dinner at a friend's house, said, *Si sennor a via sabrado;* yes, Sir, for there was something left. The great

trade in *Italy*, and resort of strangers, especially of *Germans*, has made the use of wine something more frequent there, though not much among the persons of rank, who are observed to live longer at *Rome* and *Madrid*, than in any other towns of *Europe*, where the qualities of the air force upon them the greatest temperance, as well as care and precaution. We read of many Kings very long-lived in *Spain*, one I remember that reigned above seventy years. But *Philip de Comines* observes, that none in *France* had lived to three score, from *Charlemain's* time, to that of *Louis* XI. whereas in *England*, from the conquest to the end of Queen *Elizabeth* (which is a much shorter period of time) there have reigned five Kings and one Queen, whereof two lived sixty-five years, two sixty-eight, and two reached at least the seventieth year of their age. I wondered upon this subject when Monsieur *Pompone*, *French* Ambassador in my time at the *Hague*, a person of great worth and learning, as well as observation, told me there, that in his life he had never heard of any man in *France* that arrived at a hundred years; and I could imagine no reason for it, unless it be that the excellence of their climate, subject neither to much cold nor heat, gave them such a liveliness of temper and humour, as disposed them to more pleasures of all kinds than in any other countries. And, I doubt, pleasures too long continued, or rather too frequently repeated, may spend the spirits, and thereby life too fast, to leave it very long; like blowing a fire too often, which makes it indeed burn the better, but last the less. For as pleasures perish themselves in the using; like flowers that fade with gathering: so 'tis neither natural nor safe to continue them long, to renew them without appetite, or ever to provoke them by arts or imagination where nature does not call; who can best tell us when and how much we need or what is good for us, if we were so wise as to consult her. But a short life and a merry carries it, and is without doubt better than a long with sorrow or pain.

For the honour of our climate it has been observed by ancient authors, that the *Britons* were longer-lived than any other nation to them known. And in modern times there

have been more and greater examples of this kind than in any other countries of *Europe*. The story of old *Parr* is too late to be forgotten by many now alive, who was brought out of Derbyshire to the Court in King *Charles* I's time, and lived to a hundred and fifty-three years old; and might have, as was thought, gone further, if the change of country air and diet for that of the town had not carried him off, perhaps untimely at that very age. The late *Robert* Earl of *Leicester*, who was a person of great learning and observation, as well as of truth, told me several stories very extraordinary upon this subject; one, of a Countess of *Desmond*, married out of *England* in *Edward* IV's time, and who lived far in King *James's* reign, and was counted to have died some years above a hundred and forty; at which age she came from *Bristol* to *London* to beg some relief at Court, having long been very poor by the ruin of that *Irish* family into which she was married.

Another he told me was of a beggar at a book-seller's shop, where he was some weeks after the death of Prince *Henry;* and observing those that passed by, he was saying to his company, that never such a mourning had been seen in England: this beggar said, no, never since the death of Prince *Arthur*. My Lord *Leicester*, surprised, asked what she meant, and whether she remembered it: she said, very well: and upon his more curious inquiry told him that her name was *Rainsford*, of a good family in Oxfordshire: that, when she was about twenty years old, upon the falseness of a lover, she fell distracted; how long she had been so, nor what passed in that time, she knew not; that, when she was thought well enough to go abroad, she was fain to beg for her living: that she was some time at this trade before she recovered any memory of what she had been, or where bred: that, when this memory returned, she went down into her country, but hardly found the memory of any of her friends she had left there; and so returned to a parish in *Southwark*, where she had some small allowance among other poor, and had been for many years; and once a week walked into the city, and took what alms were given her. My Lord *Leicester*

told me he sent to inquire at the parish, and found their account agree with the woman's: upon which he ordered her to call at his house once a week, which she did for some time; after which he heard no more of her. This story raised some discourse upon a remark of some in the company, that mad people are apt to live long. They alleged examples of their own knowledge: but the result was, that, if it were true, it must proceed from the natural vigour of their tempers, which disposed them to passions so violent, as ended in frenzies: and from the great abstinence and hardships of diet they are forced upon by the methods of their cure, and severity of those who had them in care; no other drink but water being allowed them, and very little meat.

The last story I shall mention from that noble person, upon this subject, was of a morrice-dance in *Herefordshire;* whereof, he said, he had a pamphlet still in his library, written by a very ingenious Gentleman of that county; and which gave an account how such a year of King *James's* reign, there went about the country a set of morrice-dancers, composed of ten men who danced, a maid *Marian,* and a tabor and pipe: and how these twelve, one with another, made up twelve hundred years. 'Tis not so much, that so many in one small county, should live to that age, as that they should be in vigour and humour to travel and to dance.

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In the course of my life, I have often pleased or entertained myself with observing the various and fantastical changes of the diseases generally complained of, and of the remedies in common vogue, which were like birds of passage, very much seen or heard of at one season, and disappeared at another, and commonly succeeded by some of a very different kind. When I was very young, nothing was so much feared or talked of as rickets among children, and consumptions among young people of both sexes. After these the spleen came in play, and grew a formal disease: then the scurvy, which was the general complaint, and both were thought to appear in many various guises. After these, and for a time, nothing was so much talked of as the ferment

of the blood, which passed for the cause of all sorts of ailments, that neither physicians nor patients knew well what to make of. And to all these, succeeded vapours, which serve the same turn, and furnish occasion of complaint among persons whose bodies or minds ail something, but they know not what; and among the *Chineses* would pass for mists of the mind or fumes of the brain, rather than indispositions of any other parts. Yet these employ our physicians, perhaps more than other diseases, who are fain to humour such patients in their fancies of being ill, and to prescribe some remedies, for fear of losing their practice to others that pretend more skill in finding out the cause of diseases, or care in advising remedies, which neither they nor their patients find any effect of, besides some gains to one, and amusement to the other. This, I suppose, may have contributed much to the mode of going to the waters either cold or hot upon so many occasions, or else upon none besides that of entertainment, and which commonly may have no other effect. And 'tis well if this be the worst of the frequent use of those waters, which, though commonly innocent, yet are sometimes dangerous, if the temper of the person or cause of the indisposition be unhappily mistaken, especially in people of age.

As diseases have changed vogue, so have remedies in my time and observation. I remember at one time the taking of tobacco, at another the drinking of warm beer, proved for universal remedies; then swallowing of pebble-stones, in imitation of falconers curing hawks. One Doctor pretended to cure all heats and fevers, by drinking as much cold spring water as the patient could bear; at another time, swallowing up a spoonful of powder of sea-bisket after meals was infallible for all indigestion, and so preventing diseases. Then coffee and tea began their successive reigns. The infusion of powder of steel have had their turns, and certain drops of several names and compositions; but none that I find have established their authority, either long or generally, by any constant and sensible successes of their reign, but have rather passed like a mode, which every one is apt to follow,

and finds the most convenient or graceful while it lasts; and begins to dislike in both those respects when it goes out of fashion.

Thus men are apt to play with their healths and their lives, as they do with their cloaths; which may be the better excused, since both are so transitory, so subject to be spoiled with common use, to be torn by accidents, and at best to be so soon worn out. Yet the usual practise of physic among us runs still the same course, and turns, in a manner, wholly upon evacuation, either by bleeding, vomits, or some sorts of purgation; though it be not often agreed among physicians in what cases or what degrees any of these are necessary; nor among other men, whether any of them are necessary or no. *Montaigne* questions whether purging ever be so, and from many ingenious reasons; the *Chineses* never let blood; and, for the other, 'tis very probable that nature knows her own wants and times so well, and so easily finds her own relief that way, as to need little assistance, and not well to receive the common violences that are offered her. I remember three in my life and observation who were as downright killed with vomits as they could have been with daggers; and I can say for myself, upon an accident very near mortal, when I was young, that, sending for the two best physicians of the town, the first prescribed me a vomit, and immediately sent it me: I had the grace or sense to refuse it till the other came, who told me, if I had taken it, I could not have lived half an hour. I observed a consult of physicians, in a fever of one of my near friends, perplexed to the last degree whether to let him blood or no, and not able to resolve, till the course of the disease had declared itself, and thereby determined them. Another of my friends was so often let blood, by his first physician, that a second, who was sent for, questioned whether he would recover it: the first persisted the blood must be drawn till some good appeared; the other affirmed, that, in such diseases, the whole mass was corrupted, but would purify again when the accident was past, like wine after a fermentation, which makes all in the vessel thick and foul for a season; but when that is past, grows

clear again of itself. So much is certain, that it depends a great deal upon the temper of the patient, the nature of the disease in its first causes, upon the skill and care of the physician to decide whether any of these violences upon nature are necessary or no, and whether they are like to do good or harm.

The rest of our common practice consists in various compositions of innocent ingredients, which feed the hopes of the patient, and the apothecary's gains, but leave nature to her course, who is the sovereign physician in most diseases, and leaves little for others to do, further than to watch accidents; where they know no specific remedies, to prescribe diets; and, above all, to prevent disorders from the stomach, and take care that nature be not employed in the kitchen, when she should be in the field to resist her enemy; and that she should not be weakened in her spirits and strength, when they are most necessary to support and relieve her. 'Tis true, physicians must be in danger of losing their credit with the vulgar, if they should often tell a patient he has no need of physic, and prescribe only rules of diet or common use; most people would think they had lost their fee: but the excellence of a physician's skill and care is discovered by resolving first whether it be best in the case to administer any physic or none, to trust to nature or to art; and the next, to give such prescriptions, as, if they do no good, may be sure to do no harm.

In the midst of such uncertainties of health and of physic, for my own part, I have, in the general course of my life, and of many acute diseases, as well as some habitual, trusted to God Almighty, to nature, to temperance or abstinence, and the use of common remedies, either vulgarly known, and approved like proverbs by long observation and experience, either of my own, or such persons as have fallen in the way of my observation or inquiry.

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The two great blessings of life are, in my opinion, *health* and *good humour;* and none contribute more to one another; without *health,* all will allow life to be but a burden; and the

several conditions of fortune to be all wearisome, dull, or disagreeable, without *good humour:* nor does any seem to contribute towards the true happiness of life, but as it serves to increase that treasure, or to preserve it. Whatever other differences are commonly apprehended in the several conditions of fortune, none perhaps will be found so true or so great, as what is made by those two circumstances, so little regarded in the common course or pursuits of mortal men.

Whether long life be a blessing or no, God Almighty only can determine, who alone knows what length it is like to run, and how 'tis like to be attended. *Socrates* used to say, that 'twas pleasant to grow old with good health and a good friend; and he might have reason. A man may be content to live while he is no trouble to himself or his friends; but, after that, 'tis hard if he be not content to die. I knew and esteemed a person abroad, who used to say, a man must be a mean wretch that desired to live after threescore years old. But so much, I doubt, is certain, that, in life, as in wine, he, that will drink it good, must not draw it to the dregs.

Where this happens, one comfort of age may be, that, whereas younger men are usually in pain, when they are not in pleasure, old men find a sort of pleasure, whenever they are out of pain. And, as young men often lose or impair their present enjoyments, by raving after what is to come, by vain hopes, or fruitless fears; so old men relieve the wants of their age, by pleasing reflexions upon what is past. Therefore men, in the health and vigour of their age, should endeavour to fill their lives with reading, with travel, with the best conversation, and the worthiest actions, either in their public or private stations; that they may have something agreeable left to feed on, when they are old, by pleasing remembrances.

But, as they are only the clean beasts which chew the cud, when they have fed enough; so they must be clean and virtuous men that can reflect, with pleasure, upon the past accidents or courses of their lives. Besides, men who grow old with good sense, or good fortunes, and good nature, cannot want the pleasure of pleasing others, by assisting with

their gifts, their credit, and their advice, such as deserve it; as well as their care of children, kindness to friends, and bounty to servants.

But there cannot indeed live a more unhappy creature than an ill-natured old man, who is neither capable of receiving pleasures, nor sensible of doing them to others; and, in such a condition, it is time to leave them.

Thus have I traced, in this essay, whatever has fallen in my way or thoughts to observe concerning life and health, and which I conceived might be of any public use to be known or considered: the plainness wherewith it is written easily shews, there could be no other intention: and it may at least pass like a *Derbyshire* charm, which is used among sick cattle, with these words; if it does thee no good, it will do thee no harm.

To sum up all, the first principle of health and long life is derived from the strength of our race or our birth; which gave occasion to that saying, *gaudeant bene nati:* let them rejoice that are happily born. Accidents are not in our power to govern: so that the best cares or provisions for life and health, that are left us, consist in the discreet and temperate government of diet and exercise: in both which all excess is to be avoided, especially in the common use of wine; whereof the first glass may pass for health, the second for good humour, the third for our friends; but the fourth is for our enemies.

For temperance in other kinds, or in general, I have given its character and virtues in the essay of *moxa,* so as to need no more upon that subject here.

When, in default or despite of all these cares, or by effect of ill airs and seasons, acute or strong diseases may arise, recourse must be had to the best physicians that are in reach, whose success will depend upon thought and care, as much as skill. In all diseases of body or mind, it is happy to have an able physician for a friend, or a discreet friend for a physician; which is so great a blessing, that the wise man will have it to proceed only from God, where he says, *A faithful friend is the medicine of life, and he that fears the Lord shall find him.*

John Dryden

1631–1700

FRENCH AND ENGLISH TRAGIC WRITERS

(From *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, 1668)

Now what, I beseech you, is more easy than to write a regular French play, or more difficult than write an irregular English one, like those of Fletcher, or of Shakespeare?

'If they content themselves, as Corneille did, with some flat design, which, like an ill riddle, is found out ere it be half proposed, such plots we can make every way regular, as easily as they; but whene'er they endeavour to rise to any quick turns and counterturns of plot, as some of them have attempted, since Corneille's plays have been less in vogue, you see they write as irregularly as we, though they cover it more speciously. Hence the reason is perspicuous, why no French plays, when translated, have, or ever can succeed on the English stage. For, if you consider the plots, our own are fuller of variety; if the writing, ours are more quick and fuller of spirit; and therefore 'tis a strange mistake in those who decry the way of writing plays in verse, as if the English therein imitated the French. We have borrowed nothing from them; our plots are weaved in English looms: we endeavour therein to follow the variety and greatness of characters which are derived to us from Shakespeare and Fletcher; the copiousness and well-knitting of the intrigues we have from Johnson; and for the verse itself we have English precedents of elder date than any of Corneille's plays. Not to

name our old comedies before Shakespeare, which were all writ in verse of six feet, or Alexandrines, such as the French now use, I can show in Shakespeare, many scenes of rhyme together, and the like in Ben Jonson's tragedies: in *Catiline* and *Sejanus* sometimes thirty or forty lines, I mean besides the Chorus, or the monologues; which, by the way, showed Ben no enemy to this way of writing, especially if you look upon his *Sad Shepherd*, which goes sometimes on rhyme, sometimes on blank verse, like an horse who eases himself on trot and amble. You find him likewise commending Fletcher's pastoral of *The Faithful Shepherdess*, which is for the most part rhyme, though not refined to that purity to which it hath since been brought. And these examples are enough to clear us from a servile imitation of the French.

'But to return from whence I have digressed: I dare boldly affirm these two things of the English drama;—First, that we have many plays of ours as regular as any of theirs, and which, besides, have more variety of plot and characters; and secondly, that in most of the irregular plays of Shakespeare or Fletcher (for Ben Jonson's are for the most part regular) there is a more masculine fancy and greater spirit in the writing, than there is in any of the French. I could produce, even in Shakespeare's and Fletcher's works, some plays which are almost exactly formed; as *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *The Scornful Lady:* but because (generally speaking) Shakespeare, who writ first, did not perfectly observe the laws of Comedy, and Fletcher, who came nearer to perfection, yet through carelessness made many faults; I will take the pattern of a perfect play from Ben Jonson, who was a careful and learned observer of the dramatic laws, and from all his comedies I shall select *The Silent Woman;* of which I will make a short examen, according to those rules which the French observe.'

As Neander was beginning to examine *The Silent Woman*, Eugenius, looking earnestly upon him; 'I beseech you, Neander,' said he, 'gratify the company, and me in particular, so far, as before you speak of the play, to give us a character of the author; and tell us frankly your opinion, whether you

do not think all writers, both French and English, ought to give place to him.'

'I fear,' replied Neander, 'that in obeying your commands I shall draw a little envy on myself. Besides, in performing them, it will be first necessary to speak somewhat of Shakespeare and Fletcher, his rivals in poesy; and one of them, in my opinion, at least his equal, perhaps his superior.

'To begin then, with Shakespeare. He was the man who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of Nature were still present to him, and he drew them, not laboriously, but luckily; when he describes anything, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read Nature; he looked inwards and found her there. I cannot say he is every where alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of peots,

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eaton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better treated of in Shakespeare; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem: and in the last King's court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakespeare far above him.

'Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage of Shakespeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study: Beaumont especially being so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jon-

son, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and, 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him, appears by the verses he writ to him; and therefore I need speak no farther of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their *Philaster:* for before that, they had written two or three very unsuccessfully, as the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he writ *Every Man in his Humour.* Their plots were generally more regular than Shakespeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet can ever paint as they have done. Humour, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe: they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection: what words have since been taken in, are rather superfluous than ornamental. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's; the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men's humours. Shakespeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.

'As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit, and language, and humour also in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the Drama, till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the passions; his genius

was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such an height. Humour was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the Ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them: there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in *Sejanus* and *Catiline*. But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, 'twas that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his serious plays: Perhaps too he did a little too much Romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them: wherein, though he learnedly followed the idiom of their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakespeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakespeare the greater wit. Shakespeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets; Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him but I love Shakespeare. To conclude of him; as he has given us the most correct plays, so in the precepts which he has laid down in his *Discoveries*, we have as many and profitable rules for perfecting the stage, as any wherewith the French can furnish us.'

SHAKESPEARE

(From *Preface to Troilus and Cressida*, 1679)

If Shakespeare be allowed, as I think he must, to have made his characters distinct, it will easily be inferred that he understood the nature of the passions: because it has been proved already that confused passions make undistinguish-

able characters: yet I cannot deny that he has his failings; but they are not so much in the passions themselves, as in his manner of expression: he often obscures his meaning by his words, and sometimes makes it unintelligible. I will not say of so great a poet, that he distinguished not the blown puffy style from true sublimity; but I may venture to mantain, that the fury of his fancy often transported him beyond the bounds of judgment, either in coining of new words and phrases, or racking words which were in use, into the violence of a catachresis. It is not that I would explode the use of metaphors from passion, for Longinus thinks 'em necessary to raise it: but to use 'em at every word, to say nothing without a metaphor, a simile, an image, or description, is, I doubt, to smell a little too strongly of the buskin. I must be forced to give an example of expressing passion figuratively; but that I may do it with respect to Shakespeare, it shall not be taken from anything of his: 'tis an exclamation against Fortune, quoted in his *Hamlet* but written by some other poet—

> Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! all you gods,
> In general synod, take away her power;
> Break all the spokes and felleys from her wheel,
> And bowl the round nave down the hill of Heav'n,
> As low as to the fiends.

And immediately after, speaking of Hecuba, when Priam was killed before her eyes—

> The mobbled queen
> Threatening the flame, ran up and down
> With bisson rheum; a clout about that head
> Where late the diadem stood; and for a robe,
> About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
> A blanket in th' alarm of fear caught up.
> Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd
> 'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounced;
> But if the gods themselves did see her then,
> When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
> In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
> The instant burst of clamour that she made
> (Unless things mortal move them not at all)
> Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
> And passion in the gods.

What a pudder is here kept in raising the expression of trifling thoughts! Would not a man have thought that the poet had been bound prentice to a wheelwright, for his first rant? and had followed a ragman, for the clout and blanket in the second? Fortune is painted on a wheel, and therefore the writer, in a rage, will have poetical justice done upon every member of that engine: after this execution, he bowls the nave down-hill, from Heaven, to the fiends (an unreasonable long mark, a man would think); 'tis well there are no solid orbs to stop it in the way, or no element of fire to consume it: but when it came to the earth, it must be monstrous heavy, to break ground as low as the centre. His making milch the burning eyes of heaven was a pretty tolerable flight too: and I think no man ever drew milk out of eyes before him: yet, to make the wonder greater, these eyes were burning. Such a sight indeed were enough to have raised passion in the gods; but to excuse the effects of it, he tells you, perhaps they did not see it. Wise men would be glad to find a little sense couched under all these pompous words; for bombast is commonly the delight of that audience which loves Poetry, but understands it not: and as commonly has been the practice of those writers, who, not being able to infuse a natural passion into the mind, have made it their business to ply the ears, and to stun their judges by the noise. But Shakespeare does not often thus; for the passions in his scene between Brutus and Cassius are extremely natural, the thoughts are such as arise from the matter, the expression of 'em not viciously figurative. I cannot leave this subject, before I do justice to that divine poet, by giving you one of his passionate descriptions: 'tis of Richard the Second when he was deposed, and led in triumph through the streets of London by Henry of Bullingbrook: the painting of it is so lively, and the words so moving, that I have scarce read anything comparable to it in any other language. Suppose you have seen already the fortunate usurper passing through the crowd, and followed by the shouts and acclamations of the people; and now behold King Richard entering upon the

scene: consider the wretchedness of his condition, and his carriage in it; and refrain from pity, if you can—

> As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
> After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
> Are idly bent on him that enters next,
> Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
> Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
> Did scowl on Richard: no man cried, God save him:
> No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home,
> But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,
> Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
> His face still combating with tears and smiles
> (The badges of his grief and patience),
> That had not God (for some strong purpose) steel'd
> The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
> And barbarism itself have pitied him.

To speak justly of this whole matter: 'tis neither height of thought that is discommended, nor pathetic vehemence, nor any nobleness of expression in its proper place; but 'tis a false measure of all these, something which is like them, and is not them; 'tis the Bristol-stone which appears like a diamond; 'tis an extravagant thought, instead of a sublime one; 'tis roaring madness, instead of vehemence; and a sound of words, instead of sense. If Shakespeare were stripped of all the bombasts in his passions, and dressed in the most vulgar words, we should find the beauties of his thoughts remaining; if his embroideries were burnt down, there would still be silver at the bottom of the melting-pot: but I fear (at least let me fear it for myself) that we, who ape his sounding words, have nothing of his thought, but are all outside; there is not so much as a dwarf within our giant's clothes. Therefore, let not Shakespeare suffer for our sakes; 'tis our fault, who succeed him in an age which is more refined, if we imitate him so ill, that we copy his failings only, and make a virtue of that in our writings which in his was an imperfection.

For what remains, the excellency of that poet was, as I have said, in the more manly passions; Fletcher's in the softer: Shakespeare writ better betwixt man and man;

Fletcher, betwixt man and woman: consequently, the one described friendship better; the other love: yet Shakespeare taught Fletcher to write love: and Juliet and Desdemona are originals. 'Tis true, the scholar had the softer soul; but the master had the kinder. Friendship is both a virtue and a passion essentially; love is a passion only in its nature, and is not a virtue but by accident: good nature makes friendship; but effeminacy love. Shakespeare had an universal mind, which comprehended all characters and passions; Fletcher a more confined and limited: for though he treated love in perfection, yet honour, ambition, revenge, and generally all the stronger passions, he either touched not, or not masterly. To conclude all, he was a limb of Shakespeare.

I had intended to have proceeded to the last property of manners, which is, that they must be constant, and the characters maintained the same from the beginning to the end; and from thence to have proceeded to the thoughts and expressions suitable to a tragedy: but I will first see how this will relish with the age. It is, I confess, but cursorily written; yet the judgment, which is given here, is generally founded upon experience: but because many men are shocked at the name of rules, as if they were a kind of magisterial prescription upon poets, I will conclude with the words of Rapin, in his *Reflections* on Aristotle's work *Of Poetry*: 'If the rules be well considered, we shall find them to be made only to reduce Nature into method, to trace her step by step, and not to suffer the least mark of her to escape us: 'tis only by these, that probability in fiction is maintained, which is the soul of poetry. They are founded upon good sense, and sound reason, rather than on authority; for though Aristotle and Horace are produced, yet no man must argue, that what they write is true, because they writ it; but 'tis evident, by the ridiculous mistakes and gross absurdities which have been made by those poets who have taken their fancy only for their guide, that if this fancy be not regulated, it is a mere caprice, and utterly incapable to produce a reasonable and judicious poem.'

POSTSCRIPT TO THE READER

(From *Dedication of the Æneis*, 1697)

What Virgil wrote in the vigour of his age, in plenty and at ease, I have undertaken to translate in my declining years; struggling with wants, oppressed with sickness, curbed in my genius, liable to be misconstrued in all I write; and my judges, if they are not very equitable, already prejudiced against me, by the lying character which has been given them of my morals. Yet steady to my principles, and not dispirited with my afflictions, I have, by the blessing of God on my endeavours, overcome all difficulties, and, in some measure, acquitted myself of the debt which I owed the public when I undertook this work. In the first place, therefore, I thankfully acknowledge to the Almighty Power the assistance He has given me in the beginning, the prosecution, and conclusion of my present studies, which are more happily performed than I could have promised to myself, when I laboured under such discouragements. For, what I have done, imperfect as it is for want of health and leisure to correct it, will be judged in after-ages, and possibly in the present, to be no dishonour to my native country, whose language and poetry would be more esteemed abroad, if they were better understood. Somewhat (give me leave to say) I have added to both of them in the choice of words, and harmony of numbers, which were wanting, especially the last, in all our poets, even in those who, being endued with genius, yet have not cultivated their mother-tongue with sufficient care; or, relying on the beauty of their thoughts, have judged the ornament of words, and sweetness of sound, unnecessary. One is for raking in Chaucer (our English Ennius) for antiquated words, which are never to be revived, but when sound or significancy is wanting in the present language. But many of his deserve not this redemption, any more than the crowds of men who daily die, or are slain for sixpence in a battle, merit to be restored to life, if a wish could revive them. Others have no ear for verse, nor choice of words, nor distinction of thoughts; but mingle

farthings with their gold, to make up the sum. Here is a field of satire opened to me: but, since the Revolution, I have wholly renounced that talent. For who would give physic to the great, when he is uncalled?—to do his patient no good, and endanger himself for his prescription? Neither am I ignorant, but I may justly be condemned for many of those faults of which I have too liberally arraigned others.

. . . Cynthius aurem
Vellit, et admonuit . . .

'Tis enough for me, if the Government will let me pass unquestioned. In the meantime, I am obliged, in gratitude, to return my thanks to many of them, who have not only distinguished me from others of the same party, by a particular exception of grace, but, without considering the man, have been bountiful to the poet: have encouraged Virgil to speak such English as I could teach him, and rewarded his interpreter for the pains he has taken in bringing him over into Britain, by defraying the charges of his voyage. Even Cerberus, when he had received the sop, permitted Æneas to pass freely to Elysium. Had it been offered me, and I had refused it, yet still some gratitude is due to such who were willing to oblige me; but how much more to those from whom I have received the favours which they have offered to one of a different persuasion! Amongst whom I cannot omit naming the Earls of Derby and of Peterborough. To the first of these I have not the honour to be known; and therefore his liberality was as much unexpected as it was undeserved. The present Earl of Peterborough has been pleased long since to accept the tenders of my service: his favours are so frequent to me, that I receive them almost by prescription. No difference of interest or opinion has been able to withdraw his protection from me; and I might justly be condemned for the most unthankful of mankind, if I did not always preserve for him a most profound respect and inviolable gratitude. I must also add, that, if the last *Æneid* shine amongst its fellows, 'tis owing to the commands of Sir William Trumball, one of the prin-

cipal Secretaries of State, who recommended it, as his favourite, to my care; and for his sake particularly, I have made it mine. For who would confess weariness, when he enjoined a fresh labour? I could not but invoke the assistance of a Muse, for this last office.

Extremum hunc, Arethusa . . .
. . . Negat quis carmina Gallo?

Neither am I to forget the noble present which was made me by Gilbert Dolben, Esq., the worthy son of the late Archbishop of York, who, when I began this work, enriched me with all the several editions of Virgil, and all the commentaries of those editions in Latin; amongst which, I could not but prefer the Dauphin's, as the last, the shortest, and the most judicious. Fabrini I had also sent me from Italy; but either he understands Virgil very imperfectly, or I have no knowledge of my author.

Being invited by that worthy gentleman, Sir William Bowyer, to Denham Court, I translated the first *Georgic* at his house, and the greatest part of the last *Æneid*. A more friendly entertainment no man ever found. No wonder, therefore, if both those versions surpass the rest, and own the satisfaction I received in his converse, with whom I had the honour to be bred in Cambridge, and in the same college. The Seventh *Æneid* was made English at Burleigh, the magnificent abode of the Earl of Exeter. In a village belonging to his family I was born; and under his roof I endeavoured to make that *Æneid* appear in English with as much lustre as I could; though my author has not given the finishing strokes either to it, or to the Eleventh, as I perhaps could prove in both, if I durst presume to criticise my master.

By a letter from William Walsh, of Abberley, Esq. (who has so long honoured me with his friendship, and who, without flattery, is the best critic of our nation), I have been informed, that his Grace the Duke of Shrewsbury has procured a printed copy of the *Pastorals*, *Georgics*, and first six *Æneids*, from my bookseller, and has read them in the

country, together with my friend. This noble person having been pleased to give them a commendation, which I presume not to insert, has made me vain enough to boast of so great a favour, and to think I have succeeded beyond my hopes; the character of his excellent judgment, the acuteness of his wit, and his general knowledge of good letters, being known as well to all the world, as the sweetness of his disposition, his humanity, his easiness of access, and desire of obliging those who stand in need of his protection, are known to all who have approached him, and to me in particular, who have formerly had the honour of his conversation. Whoever has given the world the translation of part of the Third *Georgic*, which he calls *The Power of Love*, has put me to sufficient pains to make my own not inferior to his; as my Lord Roscommon's *Silenus* had formerly given me the same trouble. The most ingenious Mr. Addison of Oxford has also been as troublesome to me as the other two, and on the same account. After his *Bees*, my latter swarm is hardly worth the hiving. Mr. Cowley's *Praise of a Country Life* is excellent, but is rather an imitation of Virgil than a version. That I have recovered, in some measure, the health which I had lost by too much application to this work, is owing, next to God's mercy, to the skill and care of Dr. Guibbons and Dr. Hobbs, the two ornaments of their profession, whom I can only pay by this acknowledgement. The whole Faculty has always been ready to oblige me; and the only one of them, who endeavoured to defame me, had it not in his power. I desire pardon from my readers for saying so much in relation to myself, which concerns not them; and, with my acknowledgements to all my subscribers, have only to add, that the few Notes which follow are *par manière d'acquit*, because I had obliged myself by articles to do somewhat of that kind. These scattering observations are rather guesses at my author's meaning in some passages, than proofs that so he meant. The unlearned may have recourse to any poetical dictionary in English, for the names of persons, places, or fables, which the learned need not: but that little which I say is either new or necessary; and

the first of these qualifications never fails to invite a reader, if not to please him.

Daniel Defoe

1661–1731

A True Relation
of
The Apparition
of

MRS. VEAL,

The Next Day After Her Death,
to

MRS. BARGRAVE,

at

Canterbury, The Eighth Of September, 1705,
which apparition recommends the perusal of Drelincourt's Book of Consolations Against the Fears of Death.

THE PREFACE.

This relation is matter of fact, and attended with such circumstances as may induce any reasonable man to believe it. It was sent by a gentleman, a justice of peace at Maidstone, in Kent, and a very intelligent person, to his friend in London, as it is here worded; which discourse is attested by a very sober and understanding gentleman, who had it from his kinswoman, who lives in Canterbury, within a few doors of the house in which the within-named Mrs. Bargrave lived; and who he believes to be of so discerning a spirit, as not to be put upon by any fallacy, and who positively assured him that the whole matter as it is related and laid down is really true, and what she herself had in the same words, as near as may be, from Mrs. Bargrave's own mouth, who, she knows, had no reason to invent and publish such a story, or any design to forge and tell a lie, being a woman of much honesty and virtue, and her whole life a course, as it were, of piety.

The use which we ought to make of it is to consider that there is a life to come after this, and a just God who will retribute to every one according to the deeds done in the body, and therefore to reflect upon our past course of life we have led in the world; that our time is short and uncertain; and that if we would escape the punishment of the ungodly and receive the reward of the righteous, which is the laying hold of eternal life, we ought, for the time to come to return to God by a speedy repentance, ceasing to do evil, and learning to do well; to seek after God early, if haply He may be found of us, and lead such lives for the future as may be well pleasing in His sight.

A RELATION, &C.

This thing is so rare in all its circumstances, and on so good authority, that my reading and conversation have not given me anything like it. It is fit to gratify the most ingenious and serious inquirer. Mrs. Bargrave is the person to whom Mrs. Veal appeared after her death; she is my intimate friend, and I can avouch for her reputation for these last fifteen or sixteen years, on my own knowledge; and I can confirm the good character she had from her youth to the time of my acquaintance; though since this relation she is calumniated by some people that are friends to the brother of Mrs. Veal who appeared, who think the relation of this appearance to be a reflection, and endeavour what they can to blast Mrs. Bargrave's reputation, and to laugh the story out of countenance. But by the circumstances thereof, and the cheerful disposition of Mrs. Bargrave, notwithstanding the ill-usage of a very wicked husband, there is not the least sign of dejection in her face; nor did I ever hear her let fall a desponding or murmuring expression; nay, not when actually under her husband's barbarity, which I have been witness to, and several other persons of undoubted reputation.

Now you must know Mrs. Veal was a maiden gentlewoman of about thirty years of age, and for some years last past had been troubled with fits, which were perceived coming on by

her going off from her discourses very abruptly to some impertinence. She was maintained by an only brother, and kept his house in Dover. She was a very pious woman, and her brother a very sober man, to all appearance; but now he does all he can to null or quash the story. Mrs. Veal was intimately acquainted with Mrs. Bargrave from her childhood. Mrs. Veal's circumstances were then mean; her father did not take care of his children as he ought, so that they were exposed to hardships; and Mrs. Bargrave in those days had as unkind a father, though she wanted neither for food nor clothing, whilst Mrs. Veal wanted for both, insomuch that she would often say, "Mrs. Bargrave, you are not only the best, but the only friend I have in the world; and no circumstance in life shall ever dissolve my friendship." They would often condole each other's adverse fortunes, and read together, "Drelincourt upon Death," and other good books; and so, like two Christian friends, they comforted each other under their sorrow.

Some time after Mr. Veal's friends got him a place in the custom-house at Dover, which occasioned Mrs. Veal, by little and little, to fall off from her intimacy with Mrs. Bargrave, though there never was any such thing as a quarrel; but an indifferency came on by degrees, till at last Mrs. Bargrave had not seen her in two years and a half; though about a twelvemonth of the time Mrs. Bargrave had been absent from Dover, and this last half-year had been in Canterbury about two months of the time, dwelling in a house of her own.

In this house, on the 8th of September 1705, she was sitting alone, in the forenoon, thinking over her unfortunate life, and arguing herself into a due resignation to Providence, though her condition seemed hard. "And," said she, "I have been provided for hitherto, and doubt not but I shall be still; and am well satisfied that my afflictions shall end when it is most fit for me;" and then took up her sewing-work, which she had no sooner done but she hears a knocking at the door. She went to see who was there, and this proved to be Mrs. Veal, her old friend, who was in a riding-habit; at that moment of time the clock struck twelve at noon.

"Madam," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I am surprised to see you, you have been so long a stranger;" but told her she was glad to see her, and offered to salute her, which Mrs. Veal complied with, till their lips almost touched; and then Mrs. Veal drew her hand across her own eyes and said, "I am not very well," and so waived it. She told Mrs. Bargrave she was going a journey, and had a great mind to see her first. "But," says Mrs. Bargrave, "how came you to take a journey alone? I am amazed at it, because I know you have a good brother." "Oh," says Mrs. Veal, "I gave my brother the slip, and came away, because I had so great a desire to see you before I took my journey." So Mrs. Bargrave went in with her into another room within the first, and Mrs. Veal set her down in an elbow-chair, in which Mrs. Bargrave was sitting when she heard Mrs. Veal knock. Then says Mrs. Veal, "My dear friend, I am come to renew our old friendship again, and beg your pardon for my breach of it; and if you can forgive me, you are the best of women." "Oh," says Mrs. Bargrave, "do not mention such a thing. I have not had an uneasy thought about it; I can easily forgive it." "What did you think of me?" said Mrs. Veal. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "I thought you were like the rest of the world, and that prosperity had made you forget yourself and me." Then Mrs. Veal reminded Mrs. Bargrave of the many friendly offices she did in her former days, and much of the conversation they had with each other in the times of their adversity; what books they read, and what comfort in particular they received from "Drelincourt's Book of Death," which was the best, she said, on that subject ever written. She also mentioned Dr. Sherlock, the two Dutch books which were translated, written upon Death, and several others; but Drelincourt, she said, had the clearest notions of death and of the future state of any who had handled that subject. Then she asked Mrs. Bargrave whether she had Drelincourt. She said, "Yes." Says Mrs. Veal, "Fetch it." And so Mrs. Bargrave goes up stairs and brings it down. Says Mrs. Veal, "Dear Mrs. Bargrave, if the eyes of our faith were as open as the eyes of our body, we should see numbers of angels about us for our guard. The

notions we have of heaven now are nothing like to what it is, as Drelincourt says. Therefore be comforted under your afflictions, and believe that the Almighty has a particular regard to you, and that your afflictions are marks of God's favour; and when they have done the business they are sent for, they shall be removed from you. And believe me, my dear friend, believe what I say to you, one minute of future happiness will infinitely reward you for all your sufferings; for I can never believe" (and claps her hands upon her knees with great earnestness, which indeed ran through most of her discourse) "that ever God will suffer you to spend all your days in this afflicted state; but be assured that your afflictions shall leave you, or you them, in a short time." She spake in that pathetical and heavenly manner that Mrs. Bargrave wept several times, she was so deeply affected with it.

Then Mrs. Veal mentioned Dr. Horneck's "Ascetick," at the end of which he gives an account of the lives of the primitive Christians. Their pattern she recommended to our imitation, and said, "Their conversation was not like this of our age; for now," says she, "there is nothing but frothy, vain discourse, which is far different from theirs. Theirs was to edification, and to build one another up in faith; so that they were not as we are, nor are we as they were; but," said she, "we ought to do as they did. There was a hearty friendship among them; but where is it now to be found?" Says Mrs. Bargrave, "It is hard indeed to find a true friend in these days." Says Mrs. Veal, "Mr. Norris has a fine copy of verses, called 'Friendship in Perfection,' which I wonderfully admire. Have you seen the book?" Says Mrs. Veal. "No," says Mrs. Bargrave, "but I have the verses of my own writing out." "Have you?" says Mrs. Veal; "then fetch them." Which she did from above-stairs, and offered them to Mrs. Veal to read, who refused, and waived the thing, saying holding down her head would make it ache; and then desired Mrs. Bargrave to read them to her, which she did. As they were admiring "Friendship" Mrs. Veal said, "Dear Mrs. Bargrave, I shall love you for ever." In these verses there is twice used the word Elysian. "Ah!" says Mrs. Veal,

"these poets have such names for heaven!" She would often draw her hand across her own eyes and say, "Mrs. Bargrave, do not you think I am mightily impaired by my fits?" "No," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I think you look as well as ever I knew you."

After all this discourse, which the apparition put in much finer words than Mrs. Bargrave said she could pretend to, and as much more than she can remember, for it cannot be thought that an hour and three-quarters' conversation could be retained, though the main of it she thinks she does, she said to Mrs. Bargrave she would have her write a letter to her brother, and tell him she would have him give rings to such and such, and that there was a purse of gold in her cabinet, and that she would have two broad pieces given to her cousin Watson.

Talking at this rate, Mrs. Bargrave thought that a fit was coming upon her, and so placed herself in a chair just before her knees, to keep her from falling to the ground, if her fits should occasion it (for the elbow-chair, she thought, would keep her from falling on either side); and to divert Mrs. Veal, as she thought, took hold of her gown-sleeve several times and commended it. Mrs. Veal told her it was a scoured silk, and newly made up. But for all this, Mrs. Veal persisted in her request, and told Mrs. Bargrave that she must not deny her, and she would have her tell her brother all their conversation when she had an opportunity. "Dear Mrs. Veal," said Mrs. Bargrave, "this seems so impertinent that I cannot tell how to comply with it; and what a mortifying story will our conversation be to a young gentleman? Why," says Mrs. Bargrave, "it is much better, methinks, to do it yourself." "No," says Mrs. Veal, "though it seems impertinent to you now, you will see more reason for it hereafter." Mrs. Bargrave then, to satisfy her importunity, was going to fetch a pen and ink, but Mrs. Veal said, "Let it alone now, but do it when I am gone; but you must be sure to do it;" which was one of the last things she enjoined her at parting. So she promised her.

Then Mrs. Veal asked for Mrs. Bargrave's daughter. She

said she was not at home, "but if you have a mind to see her," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I'll send for her." "Do," says Mrs. Veal. On which she left her, and went to a neighbour's to see for her; and by the time Mrs. Bargrave was returning, Mrs. Veal was got without the door into the street, in the face of the beast-market, on a Saturday (which is market-day), and stood ready to part. As soon as Mrs. Bargrave came to her, she asked her why she was in such haste. She said she must be going, though perhaps she might not go her journey until Monday; and told Mrs. Bargrave she hoped she should see her again at her cousin Watson's before she went whither she was going. Then she said she would take her leave of her, and walked from Mrs. Bargrave in her view, till a turning interrupted the sight of her, which was three-quarters after one in the afternoon.

Mrs. Veal died the 7th of September, at twelve o'clock at noon, of her fits, and had not above four hours' sense before death, in which time she received the sacrament. The next day after Mrs. Veal's appearing, being Sunday, Mrs. Bargrave was so mightily indisposed with a cold and a sore throat, that she could not go out that day; but on Monday morning she sent a person to Captain Watson's to know if Mrs. Veal was there. They wondered at Mrs. Bargrave's inquiry, and sent her word that she was not there, nor was expected. At this answer, Mrs. Bargrave told the maid she had certainly mistook the name or made some blunder. And though she was ill, she put on her hood, and went herself to Captain Watson's, though she knew none of the family, to see if Mrs. Veal was there or not. They said they wondered at her asking, for that she had not been in town; they were sure, if she had, she would have been there. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "I am sure she was with me on Saturday almost two hours." They said it was impossible; for they must have seen her, if she had. In comes Captain Watson while they are in dispute, and said that Mrs. Veal was certainly dead, and her escutcheons were making. This strangely surprised Mrs. Bargrave, when she sent to the person immediately who had the care of them, and found it true. Then she related

the whole story to Captain Watson's family, and what gown she had on, and how striped, and that Mrs. Veal told her it was scoured. Then Mrs. Watson cried out, "You have seen her indeed, for none knew but Mrs. Veal and myself that the gown was scoured." And Mrs. Watson owned that she described the gown exactly; "for," said she, "I helped her to make it up." This Mrs. Watson blazed all about the town, and avouched the demonstration of the truth of Mrs. Bargrave's seeing Mrs. Veal's apparition; and Captain Watson carried two gentlemen immediately to Mrs. Bargrave's house to hear the relation from her own mouth. And when it spread so fast that gentlemen and persons of quality, the judicious and sceptical part of the world, flocked in upon her, it at last became such a task that she was forced to go out of the way; for they were in general extremely well satisfied of the truth of the thing, and plainly saw that Mrs. Bargrave was no hypochondriac, for she always appears with such a cheerful air and pleasing mien, that she has gained the favour and esteem of all the gentry, and it is thought a great favour if they can but get the relation from her own mouth. I should have told you before that Mrs. Veal told Mrs. Bargrave that her sister and brother-in-law were just come down from London to see her. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "How came you to order matters so strangely?" "It could not be helped," said Mrs. Veal. And her brother and sister did come to see her, and entered the town of Dover just as Mrs. Veal was expiring. Mrs. Bargrave asked her whether she would drink some tea. Says Mrs. Veal, "I do not care if I do; but I'll warrant you this mad fellow" (meaning Mrs. Bargrave's husband) "has broken all your trinkets." "But," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I'll get something to drink in for all that." But Mrs. Veal waived it, and said, "It is no matter; let it alone;" and so it passed.

All the time I sat with Mrs. Bargrave, which was some hours, she recollected fresh sayings of Mrs. Veal. And one material thing more she told Mrs. Bargrave—that old Mr. Breton allowed Mrs. Veal ten pounds a year, which was a secret, and unknown to Mrs. Bargrave till Mrs. Veal told it

her. Mrs. Bargrave never varies in her story, which puzzles those who doubt of the truth or are unwilling to believe it. A servant in the neighbour's yard adjoining to Mrs. Bargrave's house heard her talking to somebody an hour of the time Mrs. Veal was with her. Mrs. Bargrave went out to her next neighbour's the very moment she parted with Mrs. Veal, and told her what ravishing conversation she had with an old friend, and told the whole of it. Drelincourt's "Book of Death" is, since this happened, bought up strangely. And it is to be observed that, notwithstanding all the trouble and fatigue Mrs. Bargrave has undergone upon this account, she never took the value of a farthing, nor suffered her daughter to take anything of anybody, and therefore can have no interest in telling the story.

But Mr. Veal does what he can to stifle the matter, and said he would see Mrs. Bargrave; but yet it is certain matter of fact that he has been at Captain Watson's since the death of his sister, and yet never went near Mrs. Bargrave; and some of his friends report her to be a liar, and that she knew of Mr. Breton's ten pounds a year. But the person who pretends to say so has the reputation of a notorious liar among persons whom I know to be of undoubted credit. Now, Mr. Veal is more of a gentleman than to say she lies, but says a bad husband has crazed her. But she needs only present herself and it will effectually confute that pretence. Mr. Veal says he asked his sister on her death-bed whether she had a mind to dispose of anything, and she said no. Now, the things that Mrs. Veal's apparition would have disposed of were so trifling, and nothing of justice aimed at in their disposal, that the design of it appears to me to be only in order to make Mrs. Bargrave so to demonstrate the truth of her appearance, as to satisfy the world of the reality thereof as to what she had seen and heard, and to secure her reputation among the reasonable and understanding part of mankind. And then again Mr. Veal owns that there was a purse of gold; but it was not found in her cabinet, but in a comb-box. This looks improbable; for that Mrs. Watson owned that Mrs. Veal was so very careful of the key of the cabinet that

she would trust nobody with it; and if so, no doubt she would not trust her gold out of it. And Mrs. Veal's often drawing her hand over her eyes, and asking Mrs. Bargrave whether her fits had not impaired her, looks to me as if she did it on purpose to remind Mrs. Bargrave of her fits, to prepare her not to think it strange that she should put her upon writing to her brother to dispose of rings and gold, which looks so much like a dying person's request; and it took accordingly with Mrs. Bargrave, as the effects of her fits coming upon her; and was one of the many instances of her wonderful love to her and care of her that she should not be affrighted, which indeed appears in her whole management, particularly in her coming to her in the daytime, waiving the salutation, and when she was alone, and then the manner of her parting to prevent a second attempt to salute her.

Now, why Mr. Veal should think this relation a reflection, as it is plain he does by his endeavouring to stifle it, I cannot imagine, because the generality believe her to be a good spirit, her discourse was so heavenly. Her two great errands were to comfort Mrs. Bargrave in her affliction, and to ask her forgiveness for the breach of friendship, and with a pious discourse to encourage her. So that after all to suppose that Mrs. Bargrave could hatch such an invention as this from Friday noon to Saturday noon, supposing that she knew of Mrs. Veal's death the very first moment, without jumbling circumstances, and without any interest too, she must be more witty, fortunate, and wicked too than any indifferent person, I dare say, will allow. I asked Mrs. Bargrave several times if she was sure she felt the gown. She answered modestly "If my senses are to be relied on, I am sure of it." I asked her if she heard a sound when she clapped her hands upon her knees. She said she did not remember she did, but said she appeared to be as much a substance as I did, who talked with her. "And I may," said she, "be as soon persuaded that your apparition is talking to me now as that I did not really see her; for I was under no manner of fear, and received her as a friend, and parted with her as such. I would not," says she, "give one farthing to make any one

believe it; I have no interest in it. Nothing but trouble is entailed upon me for a long time, for aught I know; and had it not come to light by accident, it would never have been made public." But now she says she will make her own private use of it, and keep herself out of the way as much as she can; and so she has done since. She says she had a gentleman who came thirty miles to her to hear the relation, and that she told it to a room full of people at a time. Several particular gentlemen have had the story from Mrs. Bargrave's own mouth.

This thing has very much affected me, and I am as well satisfied as I am of the best grounded matter of fact. And why we should dispute matter of fact because we cannot solve things of which we have no certain or demonstrative notions, seems strange to me. Mrs. Bargrave's authority and sincerity alone would have been undoubted in any other case.

Jonathan Swift

1667–1745

MEDITATION UPON A BROOMSTICK

(1704)

This single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest: it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs; but now, in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk; it is now, at best, but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air; it is now, handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make other things clean, and be nasty itself; at length, worn to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use, of kindling a fire. When I beheld this, I sighed, and said within myself, Surely mortal Man is a

Broomstick! Nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk; he then flies to art, and puts on a perriwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs (all covered with powder) that never grew on his head; but now, should this our broomstick pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellencies, and other men's defaults!

But a broomstick, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head; and pray what is a man but a topsy-turvey creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be, grovelling on the earth! And yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances, rakes into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruptions to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before; sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away: his last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving; till worn to the stumps, like his brother besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

An Argument to Prove that the

ABOLISHING OF CHRISTIANITY IN ENGLAND

May, as Things now Stand, be Attended with some Inconveniences, and perhaps not Produce those many Good Effects proposed thereby.

(*Written in the year 1708*)

I am very sensible what a weakness and presumption it is, to reason against the general humour and disposition of the world. I remember it was with great justice, and a due regard to the freedom both of the public and the press, for-

bidden upon several penalties to write, or discourse, or lay wagers against the Union, even before it was confirmed by parliament, because that was looked upon as a design to oppose the current of the people, which, besides the folly of it, is a manifest breach of the fundamental law that makes this majority of opinion the voice of God. In like manner, and for the very same reasons, it may perhaps be neither safe nor prudent to argue against the abolishing of Christianity, at a juncture when all parties appear so unanimously determined upon the point, as we cannot but allow from their actions, their discourses and their writings. However, I know not how, whether from the affectation of singularity, or the perverseness of human nature, but so it unhappily falls out, that I cannot be entirely of this opinion. Nay, though I were sure an order were issued for my immediate prosecution by the Attorney-General, I should still confess that in the present posture of our affairs at home or abroad, I do not yet see the absolute necessity of extirpating the Christian religion from among us.

This perhaps may appear too great a paradox even for our wise and paradoxical age to endure; therefore I shall handle it with all tenderness, and with the utmost deference to that great and profound majority which is of another sentiment.

And yet the curious may please to observe, how much the genius of a nation is liable to alter in half an age. I have heard it affirmed for certain by some very old people, that the contrary opinion was even in their memories as much in vogue as the other is now; and that a project for the abolishing of Christianity would then have appeared as singular, and been thought as absurd, as it would be at this time to write or discourse in its defence.

Therefore I freely own that all appearances are against me. The system of the Gospel, after the fate of other systems, is generally antiquated and exploded; and the mass or body of the common people, among whom it seems to have had its latest credit, are now grown as much ashamed of it as their betters; opinions, like fashions, always descending

from those of quality to the middle sort, and thence to the vulgar, where at length they are dropped and vanish.

But here I would not be mistaken, and must therefore be so bold as to borrow a distinction from the writers on the other side, when they make a difference betwixt nominal and real Trinitarians. I hope no reader imagines me so weak to stand up in the defence of real Christianity, such as used in primitive times (if we may believe the authors of those ages) to have an influence upon men's belief and actions; to offer at the restoring of that would indeed be a wild project; it would be to dig up foundations; to destroy at one blow all the wit, and half the learning of the kingdom; to break the entire frame and constitution of things; to ruin trade, extinguish arts and sciences with the professors of them; in short, to turn our courts, exchanges, and shops into deserts; and would be full as absurd as the proposal of Horace, where he advises the Romans all in a body to leave their city, and seek a new seat in some remote part of the world, by way of cure for the corruption of their manners.

Therefore I think this caution was in itself altogether unnecessary, (which I have inserted only to prevent all possibility of cavilling) since every candid reader will easily understand my discourse to be intended only in defence of nominal Christianity; the other having been for some time wholly laid aside by general consent, as utterly inconsistent with our present schemes of wealth and power.

But why we should therefore cast off the name and title of Christians, although the general opinion and resolution be so violent for it, I confess I cannot (with submission) apprehend, nor is the consequence necessary. However, since the undertakers propose such wonderful advantages to the nation by this project, and advance many plausible objections against the system of Christianity, I shall briefly consider the strength of both, fairly allow them their greatest weight, and offer such answers as I think most reasonable. After which I will beg leave to show what inconveniences may possibly happen by such an innovation, in the present posture of our affairs.

First, One great advantage proposed by the abolishing of Christianity is, that it would very much enlarge and establish liberty of conscience, that great bulwark of our nation, and of the Protestant Religion, which is still too much limited by priestcraft, notwithstanding all the good intentions of the legislature, as we have lately found by a severe instance. For it is confidently reported, that two young gentlemen of real hopes, bright wit, and profound judgment, who upon a thorough examination of causes and effects, and by the mere force of natural abilities, without the least tincture of learning, having made a discovery, that there was no God, and generously communicating their thoughts for the good of the public, were some time ago, by an unparalleled severity, and upon I know not what obsolete law, broke for blasphemy. And as it has been wisely observed, if persecution once begins, no man alive knows how far it may reach, or where it will end.

In answer to all which, with deference to wiser judgments, I think this rather shows the necessity of a nominal religion among us. Great wits love to be free with the highest objects; and if they cannot be allowed a God to revile or renounce, they will speak evil of dignities, abuse the government, and reflect upon the ministry; which I am sure few will deny to be of much more pernicious consequence, according to the saying of Tiberius, *deorum offensa diis curæ.* As to the particular fact related, I think it is not fair to argue from one instance, perhaps another cannot be produced; yet (to the comfort of all those who may be apprehensive of persecution) blasphemy we know is freely spoke a million of times in every coffee-house and tavern, or where-ever else good company meet. It must be allowed indeed, that to break an English free-born officer only for blasphemy, was, to speak the gentlest of such an action, a very high strain of absolute power. Little can be said in excuse for the general; perhaps he was afraid it might give offence to the allies, among whom, for aught we know, it may be the custom of the country to believe a God. But if he argued, as some have done, upon a mistaken principle,

that an officer who is guilty of speaking blasphemy, may some time or other proceed so far as to raise a mutiny, the consequence is by no means to be admitted; for, surely the commander of an English army is likely to be but ill obeyed, whose soldiers fear and reverence him as little as they do a Deity.

It is further objected against the Gospel System, that it obliges men to the belief of things too difficult for Free-thinkers, and such who have shaken off the prejudices that usually cling to a confined education. To which I answer, that men should be cautious how they raise objections which reflect upon the wisdom of the nation. Is not everybody freely allowed to believe whatever he pleases, and to publish his belief to the world whenever he thinks fit, especially if it serves to strengthen the party which is in the right? Would any indifferent foreigner, who should read the trumpery lately written by Asgil, Tindal, Toland, Coward, and forty more, imagine the Gospel to be our rule of faith, and confirmed by parliaments? Does any man either believe, or say he believes, or desire to have it thought that he says he believes, one syllable of the matter? And is any man worse received upon that score, or does he find his want of nominal faith a disadvantage to him in the prusuit of any civil or military employment? What if there be an old dormant statute or two against him, are they not now obsolete, to a degree, that Empson and Dudley themselves if they were now alive, would find it impossible to put them in execution?

It is likewise urged, that there are, by computation, in this kingdom, above ten thousand parsons, whose revenues, added to those of my lords the bishops, would suffice to maintain at least two hundred young gentlemen of wit and pleasure, and free-thinking, enemies to priestcraft, narrow principles, pedantry, and prejudices; who might be an ornament to the Court and Town: and then, again, so great a number of able [bodied] divines might be a recruit to our fleet and armies. This indeed appears to be a consideration of some weight; but then, on the other side, several things deserve

to be considered likewise: as, first, whether it may not be thought necessary that in certain tracts of country, like what we call parishes, there shall be one man at least of abilities to read and write. Then it seems a wrong computation, that the revenues of the Church throughout this island would be large enough to maintain two hundred young gentlemen, or even half that number, after the present refined way of living; that is, to allow each of them such a rent as, in the modern form of speech, would make them easy. But still there is in this project a greater mischief behind; and we ought to beware of the woman's folly, who killed the hen that every morning laid her a golden egg. For, pray what would become of the race of men in the next age, if we had nothing to trust to beside the scrofulous, consumptive productions furnished by our men of wit and pleasure, when, having squandered away their vigour, health, and estates, they are forced by some disagreeable marriage to piece up their broken fortunes, and entail rottenness and politeness on their posterity? Now, here are ten thousand persons reduced by the wise regulations of Henry VIII., to the necessity of a low diet, and moderate exercise, who are the only great restorers of our breed, without which the nation would in an age or two become one great hospital.

Another advantage proposed by the abolishing of Christianity, is the clear gain of one day in seven, which is now entirely lost, and consequently the kingdom one seventh less considerable in trade, business, and pleasure; besides the loss to the public of so many stately structures now in the hands of the Clergy, which might be converted into play-houses, exchanges, market-houses, common dormitories, and other public edifices.

I hope I shall be forgiven a hard word, if I call this a perfect *cavil*. I readily own there has been an old custom time out of mind, for people to assemble in the churches every Sunday, and that shops are still frequently shut, in order as it is conceived, to preserve the memory of that ancient practice, but how this can prove a hindrance to business or pleasure, is hard to imagine. What if the men of

pleasure are forced one day in the week, to game at home instead of the chocolate-houses? Are not the taverns and coffee-houses open? Can there be a more convenient season for taking a dose of physic? Is not that the chief day for traders to sum up the accounts of the week, and for lawyers to prepare their briefs? But I would fain know how it can be pretended that the churches are misapplied. Where are more appointments and rendezvouses of gallantry? Where more care to appear in the foremost box with greater advantage of dress? Where more meetings for business? Where more bargains driven of all sorts? And where so many conveniences or enticements to sleep?

There is one advantage greater than any of the foregoing, proposed by the abolishing of Christianity: that it will utterly extinguish parties among us, by removing those factious distinctions of High and Low Church, of Whig and Tory, Presbyterian and Church of England, which are now so many mutual clogs upon public proceedings, and are apt to prefer the gratifying themselves, or depressing their adversaries, before the most important interest of the State.

I confess, if it were certain that so great an advantage would redound to the nation by this expedient, I would submit and be silent; but will any man say, that if the words, *whoring, drinking, cheating, lying, stealing,* were by act of parliament ejected out of the English tongue and dictionaries, we should all awake next morning chaste and temperate, honest and just, and lovers of truth? Is this a fair consequence? Or, if the physicians would forbid us to pronounce the words *pox, gout, rheumatism,* and *stone,* would that expedient serve like so many talismans to destroy the diseases themselves? Are party and faction rooted in men's hearts no deeper than phrases borrowed from religion, or founded upon no firmer principles? And is our language so poor that we cannot find other terms to express them? Are *envy, pride, avarice,* and *ambition* such ill nomenclators, that they cannot furnish appellations for their owners? Will not *heydukes* and *mamalukes, mandarins* and *patshaws,* or any other words formed at pleasure, serve to distinguish those

who are in the ministry from others who would be in it if they could? What, for instance, is easier than to vary the form of speech, and instead of the word church, make it a question in politics, whether the Monument be in danger? Because religion was nearest at hand to furnish a few convenient phrases, is our invention so barren, we can find no other? Suppose, for argument sake, that the Tories favoured Margarita, the Whigs, Mrs. Tofts, and the Trimmers, Valentini, would not *Margaritians*, *Toftians*, and *Valentinians* be very tolerable marks of distinction? The *Prasini* and *Veniti*, two most virulent factions in Italy, began (if I remember right) by a distinction of colours in ribbons, which we might do with as good a grace about the dignity of the blue and the green, and would serve as properly to divide the Court, the Parliament, and the Kingdom between them, as any terms of art whatsoever, borrowed from religion. And therefore I think, there is little force in this objection against Christianity, or prospect of so great an advantage as is proposed in the abolishing of it.

'Tis again objected, as a very absurd ridiculous custom, that a set of men should be suffered, much less employed and hired, to bawl one day in seven against the lawfulness of those methods most in use towards the pursuit of greatness, riches, and pleasure, which are the constant practice of all men alive on the other six. But this objection is, I think, a little unworthy so refined an age as ours. Let us argue this matter calmly. I appeal to the breast of any polite free-thinker, whether in the pursuit of gratifying a predominant passion, he hath not always felt a wonderful incitement, by reflecting it was a thing forbidden; and therefore we see, in order to cultivate this taste, the wisdom of the nation hath taken special care, that the ladies should be furnished with prohibited silks, and the men with prohibited wine. And indeed it were to be wished that some other prohibitions were promoted, in order to improve the pleasures of the town; which, for want of such expedients, begin already, as I am told, to flag and grow languid, giving way daily to cruel inroads from the spleen.

'Tis likewise proposed as a great advantage to the public, that if we once discard the system of the Gospel, all religion will of course be banished for ever; and consequently along with it those grievous prejudices of education, which, under the names of *virtue, conscience, honour, justice,* and the like, are so apt to disturb the peace of human minds, and the notions whereof are so hard to be eradicated by right reason or free-thinking, sometimes during the whole course of our lives.

Here first, I observe how difficult it is to get rid of a phrase which the world has once grown fond of, though the occasion that first produced it, be entirely taken away. For some years past, if a man had but an ill-favoured nose, the deep thinkers of the age would some way or other contrive to impute the cause to the prejudice of his education. From this fountain were said to be derived all our foolish notions of justice, piety, love of our country; all our opinions of God or a future state, heaven, hell, and the like; and there might formerly perhaps have been some pretence for this charge. But so effectual care has been taken to remove those prejudices, by an entire change in the methods of education, that (with honour I mention it to our polite innovators) the young gentlemen who are now on the scene, seem to have not the least tincture of those infusions, or string of those weeds; and, by consequence, the reason for abolishing nominal Christianity upon that pretext, is wholly ceased.

For the rest, it may perhaps admit a controversy, whether the banishing all notions of religion whatsoever, would be convenient for the vulgar. Not that I am in the least of opinion with those who hold religion to have been the invention of politicians, to keep the lower part of the world in awe by the fear of invisible powers; unless mankind were then very different from what it is now; for I look upon the mass or body of our people here in England, to be as free-thinkers, that is to say, as staunch unbelievers, as any of the highest rank. But I conceive some scattered notions about a superior power to be of singular use for the common peo-

ple, as furnishing excellent materials to keep children quiet when they grow peevish, and providing topics of amusement in a tedious winter-night.

Lastly, 'tis proposed as a singular advantage, that the abolishing of Christianity will very much contribute to the uniting of Protestants, by enlarging the terms of communion so as to take in all sorts of Dissenters, who are now shut out of the pale upon account of a few ceremonies which all sides confess to be things indifferent. That this alone will effectually answer the great ends of a scheme for comprehension, by opening a large noble gate, at which all bodies may enter; whereas the chaffering with Dissenters, and dodging about this or t'other ceremony, is but like opening a few wickets, and leaving them at jar, by which no more than one can get in at a time, and that, not without stooping, and sideling, and squeezing his body.

To all this I answer, that there is one darling inclination of mankind, which usually affects to be a retainer to religion, though she be neither its parent, its godmother, or its friend. I mean the spirit of opposition; that lived long before Christianity, and can easily subsist without it. Let us, for instance, examine wherein the opposition of sectaries among us consists. We shall find Christianity to have no share in it at all. Does the Gospel anywhere prescribe a starched, squeezed countenance, a stiff, formal gait, a singularity of manners and habit, or any affected modes of speech different from the reasonable part of mankind? Yet, if Christianity did not lend its name to stand in the gap, and to employ or divert these humours, they must of necessity be spent in contraventions to the laws of the land, and disturbance of the public peace. There is a portion of enthusiasm assigned to every nation, which, if it hath not proper objects to work on, will burst out, and set all into a flame. If the quiet of a State can be bought by only flinging men a few ceremonies to devour, it is a purchase no wise man would refuse. Let the mastiffs amuse themselves about a sheep's skin stuffed with hay, provided it will keep them from worrying the flock. The institution of convents

abroad, seems in one point a strain of great wisdom, there being few irregularities in human passions which may not have recourse to vent themselves in some of those orders, which are so many retreats for the speculative, the melancholy, the proud, the silent, the politic, and the morose, to spend themselves, and evaporate the noxious particles; for each of whom we in this island are forced to provide a several sect of religion, to keep them quiet: and whenever Christianity shall be abolished, the legislature must find some other expedient to employ and entertain them. For what imports it how large a gate you open, if there will be always left a number who place a pride and a merit in not coming in?

Having thus considered the most important objections against Christianity, and the chief advantages proposed by the abolishing thereof, I shall now, with equal deference and submission to wiser judgments, as before, proceed to mention a few inconveniences that may happen if the Gospel should be repealed; which perhaps the projectors may not have sufficiently considered.

And first, I am very sensible how much the gentlemen of wit and pleasure are apt to murmur, and be choqued at the sight of so many draggled-tailed parsons that happen to fall in their way, and offend their eyes; but at the same time, these wise reformers do not consider what an advantage and felicity it is for great wits to be always provided with objects of scorn and contempt, in order to exercise and improve their talents, and divert their spleen from falling on each other, or on themselves, especially when all this may be done without the least imaginable danger to their persons.

And to urge another argument of a parallel nature: if Christianity were once abolished, how could the free-thinkers, the strong reasoners, and the men of profound learning be able to find another subject so calculated in all points whereon to display their abilities? What wonderful productions of wit should we be deprived of, from those whose genius by continual practice, hath been wholly turned upon raillery and invectives against religion, and would therefore

never be able to shine or distinguish themselves upon any other subject! We are daily complaining of the great decline of wit among us, and would we take away the greatest, perhaps the only topic we have left? Who would ever have suspected Asgil for a wit, or Toland for a philosopher, if the inexhaustible stock of Christianity had not been at hand to provide them with materials? What other subject through all art or nature could have produced Tindal for a profound author, or furnished him with readers? It is the wise choice of the subject that alone adorns and distinguishes the writer. For had a hundred such pens as these been employed on the side of religion, they would have immediately sunk into silence and oblivion.

Nor do I think it wholly groundless, or my fears altogether imaginary, that the abolishing of Christianity may perhaps bring the Church into danger, or at least put the Senate to the trouble of another securing vote. I desire I may not be mistaken; I am far from presuming to affirm or think that the Church is in danger at present, or as things now stand; but we know not how soon it may be so when the Christian religion is repealed. As plausible as this project seems, there may a dangerous design lurk under it. Nothing can be more notorious than that the Atheists, Deists, Socinians, Anti-Trinitarians, and other sub-divisions of Freethinkers, are persons of little zeal for the present ecclesiastical establishment: their declared opinion is for repealing the Sacramental Test; they are very indifferent with regard to ceremonies; nor do they hold the *Jus Divinum* of Episcopacy: therefore this may be intended as one politic step toward altering the constitution of the Church established, and setting up Presbytery in the stead, which I leave to be further considered by those at the helm.

In the last place, I think nothing can be more plain, than that by this expedient we shall run into the evil we chiefly pretend to avoid; and that the abolishment of the Christian religion will be the readiest course we can take to introduce Popery. And I am the more inclined to this opinion because we know it has been the constant practice of the Jesuits to

send over emissaries, with instructions to personate themselves members of the several prevailing sects among us. So it is recorded that they have at sundry times appeared in the guise of Presbyterians, Anabaptists, Independents, and Quakers, according as any of these were most in credit; so, since the fashion hath been taken up of exploding religion, the Popish missionaries have not been wanting to mix with the Freethinkers; among whom Toland, the great oracle of the Anti-Christians, is an Irish priest, the son of an Irish priest; and the most learned and ingenious author of a book called the "Rights of the Christian Church," was in a proper juncture reconciled to the Romish faith, whose true son, as appears by a hundred passages in his treatise, he still continues. Perhaps I could add some others to the number; but the fact is beyond dispute, and the reasoning they proceed by is right: for supposing Christianity to be extinguished, the people will never be at ease till they find out some other method of worship, which will as infallibly produce superstition as this will end in Popery.

And therefore, if, notwithstanding all I have said, it still be thought necessary to have a Bill brought in for repealing Christianity, I would humbly offer an amendment, that instead of the word Christianity may be put religion in general, which I conceive will much better answer all the good ends proposed by the projectors of it. For as long as we leave in being a God and His providence, with all the necessary consequences which curious and inquisitive men will be apt to draw from such premises, we do not strike at the root of the evil, though we should ever so effectually annihilate the present scheme of the Gospel; for of what use is freedom of thought if it will not produce freedom of action, which is the sole end, how remote soever in appearance, of all objections against Christianity? and therefore, the free-thinkers consider it as a sort of edifice, wherein all the parts have such a mutual dependence on each other, that if you happen to pull out one single nail, the whole fabric must fall to the ground. This was happily expressed by him who had heard of a text brought for proof of the Trinity, which in an ancient

manuscript was differently read; he thereupon immediately took the hint, and by a sudden deduction of a long *Sorites*, most logically concluded: "Why, if it be as you say, I may safely drink on, and defy the parson." From which, and many the like instances easy to be produced, I think nothing can be more manifest than that the quarrel is not against any particular points of hard digestion in the Christian system, but against religion in general, which, by laying restraints on human nature, is supposed the great enemy to the freedom of thought and action.

Upon the whole, if it shall still be thought for the benefit of Church and State that Christianity be abolished, I conceive, however, it may be more convenient to defer the execution to a time of peace, and not venture in this conjuncture to disoblige our allies, who, as it falls out, are all Christians, and many of them, by the prejudices of their education, so bigoted, as to place a sort of pride in the appellation. If, upon being rejected by them, we are to trust to an alliance with the Turk, we shall find ourselves much deceived; for, as he is too remote, and generally engaged in war with the Persian emperor, so his people would be more scandalized at our infidelity than our Christian neighbours. For they are not only strict observers of religious worship, but what is worse, believe a God; which is more than required of us, even while we preserve the name of Christians.

To conclude: whatever some may think of the great advantages to trade by this favourite scheme, I do very much apprehend that in six months' time after the Act is passed for the extirpation of the Gospel, the Bank and East-India Stock may fall at least one *per cent.* And since that is fifty times more than ever the wisdom of our age thought fit to venture for the preservation of Christianity, there is no reason we should be at so great a loss, merely for the sake of destroying it.

PREDICTIONS FOR THE YEAR 1708:

Wherein The Month, And The Day Of The Month,
Are Set Down, The Persons Named, And The
Great Actions And Events Of Next Year
Particularly Related, As They Will
Come To Pass.
Written To Prevent The People Of England From
Being Further Imposed On By Vulgar
Almanac-Makers.
By Isaak Bickerstaff, Esq.

I have considered the gross abuse of astrology in this kingdom, and upon debating the matter with myself, I could not possibly lay the fault upon the art, but upon those gross impostors who set up to be the artists. I know several learned men have contended that the whole is a cheat; that it is absurd and ridiculous to imagine the stars can have any influence at all upon human actions, thoughts, or inclinations; and whoever has not bent his studies that way may be excused for thinking so, when he sees in how wretched a manner that noble art is treated by a few mean, illiterate traders between us and the stars, who import a yearly stock of nonsense, lies, folly, and impertinence, which they offer to the world as genuine from the planets, though they descend from no greater a height than their own brains.

I intend in a short time to publish a large and rational defence of this art, and therefore shall say no more in its justification at present than that it has been in all ages defended by many learned men, and among the rest by Socrates himself, whom I look upon as undoubtedly the wisest of uninspired mortals; to which if we add that those who have condemned this art, though otherwise learned, having been such as either did not apply their studies this way, or at least did not succeed in their applications, their testimony will not be of much weight to its disadvantage, since they are liable to the common objection of condemning what they did not understand.

Nor am I at all offended, or do I think it an injury to the art, when I see the common dealers in it, the students in

astrology, the Philomaths, and the rest of that tribe, treated by wise men with the utmost scorn and contempt, but rather wonder, when I observe gentlemen in the country, rich enough to serve the nation in Parliament, poring in Partridge's Almanac to find out the events of the year at home and abroad, not daring to propose a hunting-match till Gadbury or he have fixed the weather.

I will allow either of the two I have mentioned, or any other of the fraternity, to be not only astrologers, but conjurers too, if I do not produce a hundred instances in all their almanacs to convince any reasonable man that they do not so much as understand common grammar and syntax; that they are not able to spell any word out of the usual road, nor, even in their prefaces to write common sense or intelligible English. Then for their observations and predictions, they are such as will equally suit any age or country in the world. "This month a certain great person will be threatened with death or sickness." This the newspapers will tell them; for there we find at the end of the year that no month passes without the death of some person of note; and it would be hard if it should be otherwise, when there are at least two thousand persons of note in this kingdom, many of them old, and the almanac-maker has the liberty of choosing the sickliest season of the year where he may fix his prediction. Again, "This month an eminent clergyman will be preferred;" of which there may be many hundreds, half of them with one foot in the grave. Then "Such a planet in such a house shows great machinations, plots, and conspiracies, that may in time be brought to light:" after which, if we hear of any discovery, the astrologer gets the honour; if not, his predictions still stand good. And at last, "God preserve King William from all his open and secret enemies, Amen;" when if the King should happen to have died, the astrologer plainly foretold it; otherwise it passes but for the pious ejaculation of a loyal subject; though it unluckily happened in some of their almanacs that poor King William was prayed for many months after he was dead, because it fell out that he died about the beginning of the year.

To mention no more of their impertinent predictions, what have we to do with their advertisements about "pills and drinks for disease," or their mutual quarrels in verse and prose of Whig and Tory, wherewith the stars have little to do?

Having long observed and lamented these, and a hundred other abuses of this art, too tedious to repeat, I resolved to proceed in a new way, which I doubt not will be to the general satisfaction of the kingdom. I can this year produce but a specimen of what I design for the future, having employed most part of my time in adjusting and correcting the calculations I made for some years past, because I would offer nothing to the world of which I am not as fully satisfied as that I am now alive. For these two last years I have not failed in above one or two particulars, and those of no very great moment. I exactly foretold the miscarriage at Toulon, with all its particulars, and the loss of Admiral Shovel, though I was mistaken as to the day, placing that article about thirty-six hours sooner than it happened; but upon reviewing my schemes, I quickly found the cause of that error. I likewise foretold the Battle of Almanza to the very day and hour, with the loss on both sides, and the consequences thereof, all which I showed to some friends many months before they happened—that is, I gave them papers sealed up, to open at such a time, after which they were at liberty to read them; and there they found my predictions true in every article, except one or two very minute.

As for the few following predictions I now offer the world, I forbore to publish them till I had perused the several almanacs for the year we are now entered upon. I found them all in the usual strain, and I beg the reader will compare their manner with mine. And here I make bold to tell the world that I lay the whole credit of my art upon the truth of these predictions; and I will be content that Partridge, and the rest of his clan, may hoot me for a cheat and impostor if I fail in any single particular of moment. I believe any man who reads this paper will look upon me to be at least a person of as much honesty and understanding as a

common maker of almanacs. I do not lurk in the dark; I am not wholly unknown in the world; I have set my name at length, to be a mark of infamy to mankind, if they shall find I deceive them.

In one thing I must desire to be forgiven, that I talk more sparingly of home affairs; as it will be imprudence to discover secrets of State, so it might be dangerous to my person; but in smaller matters, and such as are not of public consequence, I shall be very free; and the truth of my conjectures will as much appear from these as the other. As for the most signal events abroad, in France, Flanders, Italy, and Spain, I shall make no scruple to predict them in plain terms: some of them are of importance, and I hope I shall seldom mistake the day they will happen; therefore I think good to inform the reader that I shall all along make use of the Old Style observed in England, which I desire he will compare with that of the newspapers at the time they relate the actions I mention.

I must add one word more. I know it has been the opinion of several learned persons, who think well enough of the true art of astrology, that the stars do only incline, and not force the actions or wills of men; and therefore, however I may proceed by right rules, yet I cannot in prudence so confidently assure the events will follow exactly as I predict them.

I hope I have maturely considered this objection, which in some cases is of no little weight. For example: a man may, by the influence of an overruling planet, be disposed or inclined to lust, rage, or avarice, and yet by the force of reason overcome that evil influence; and this was the case of Socrates: but as the great events of the world usually depend upon numbers of men, it cannot be expected they should all unite to cross their inclinations for pursuing a general design wherein they unanimously agree. Besides, the influence of the stars reaches to many actions and events which are not any way in the power of reason, as sickness, death, and what we commonly call accidents, with many more, needless to repeat.

But now it is time to proceed to my predictions, which I have begun to calculate from the time that the sun enters into Aries; and this I take to be properly the beginning of the natural year. I pursue them to the time that he enters Libra, or somewhat more, which is the busy period of the year. The remainder I have not yet adjusted, upon account of several impediments needless here to mention; besides, I must remind the reader again that this is but a specimen of what I design in succeeding years to treat more at large, if I may have liberty and encouragement.

My first prediction is but a trifle, yet I will mention it, to show how ignorant those sottish pretenders to astrology are in their own concerns. It relates to Partridge, the almanac-maker. I have consulted the star of his nativity by my own rules, and find he will infallibly die upon the 29th of *March* next, about eleven at night, of a raging fever; therefore I advise him to consider of it, and settle his affairs in time.

The month of *April* will be observable for the death of many great persons. On the 4th will die the Cardinal de Noailles, Archbishop of Paris; on the 11th, the young Prince of Asturias, son to the Duke of Anjou; on the 14th, a great peer of this realm will die at his country house; on the 19th, an old layman of great fame for learning; and on the 23rd, an eminent goldsmith in Lombard Street. I could mention others, both at home and abroad, if I did not consider such events of very little use or instruction to the reader, or to the world.

As to public affairs: On the 7th of this month there will be an insurrection in Dauphiné, occasioned by the oppressions of the people, which will not be quieted in some months.

On the 15th will be a violent storm on the south-east coast of France, which will destroy many of their ships, and some in the very harbour.

The 19th will be famous for the revolt of a whole province or kingdom, excepting one city, by which the affairs of a certain prince in the Alliance will take a better face.

May, against common conjectures, will be no very busy month in Europe, but very signal for the death of the

Dauphin, which will happen on the 7th, after a short fit of sickness, and grievous torments with the strangury. He dies less lamented by the Court than the kingdom.

. . . . . .

I shall add but one prediction more, and that in mystical terms, which shall be included in a verse out of Virgil—

> "*Alter erit jam Tethys, et altera quæ vehat Argo*
> *Delectos Heroas.*"

Upon the 25th day of this month, the fulfilling of this prediction will be manifest to everybody.

This is the furthest I have proceeded in my calculations for the present year. I do not pretend that these are all the great events which will happen in this period, but that those I have set down will infallibly come to pass. It will perhaps still be objected why I have not spoke more particularly of affairs at home, or of the success of our armies abroad, which I might, and could very largely have done; but those in power have wisely discouraged men from meddling in public concerns, and I was resolved by no means to give the least offence. This I will venture to say, that it will be a glorious campaign for the Allies, wherein the English forces, both by sea and land, will have their full share of honour; that Her Majesty Queen Anne will continue in health and prosperity; and that no ill accident will arrive to any in the chief Ministry.

As to the particular events I have mentioned, the reader may judge by the fulfilling of them, whether I am on the level with common astrologers, who, with an old paltry cant, and a few pothooks for planets, to amuse the vulgar, have, in my opinion, too long been suffered to abuse the world; but an honest physician ought not to be despised because there are such things as mountebanks. I hope I have some share of reputation, which I would not willingly forfeit for a frolic or humour, and I believe no gentleman who reads this paper will look upon it to be of the same cast or mould with the common scribbles that are every day hawked about. My fortune has placed me above the little regard of writing for a

few pence, which I neither value nor want; therefore, let not wise men too hastily condemn this essay, intended for a good design, to cultivate and improve an ancient art, long in disgrace, by having fallen into mean, unskilful hands. A little time will determine whether I have deceived others or myself; and I think it is no very unreasonable request that men would please to suspend their judgments till then. I was once of the opinion with those who despise all predictions from the stars, till the year 1686 a man of quality showed me, written in his album, that the most learned astronomer, Captain Halley, assured him, he would never believe anything of the stars' influence if there were not a great revolution in England in the year 1688. Since that time I began to have other thoughts, and after eighteen years' diligent study and application, I think I have no reason to repent of my pains. I shall detain the reader no longer than to let him know that the account I design to give of next year's events shall take in the principal affairs that happened in Europe; and if I be denied the liberty of offering it to my own country, I shall appeal to the learned world, by publishing it in Latin, and giving order to have it printed in Holland.

THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THE FIRST OF MR. BICKERSTAFF'S PREDICTIONS:

Being an Account of the Death of Mr. Partridge the Almanac-Maker, upon the 29th instant, In a Letter to a Person of Honour, Written in the Year 1708.

My Lord,—In obedience to your lordship's commands, as well as to satisfy my own curiosity, I have for some days past inquired constantly after Partridge the almanac-maker, of whom it was foretold in Mr. Bickerstaff's Predictions, published about a month ago, that he should die the 29th instant, about eleven at night, of a raging fever. I had some sort of knowledge of him when I was employed in the Revenue, because he used every year to present me with his almanac, as he did other gentlemen, upon the score of some little gratuity we gave him. I saw him accidentally once or

twice about ten days before he died, and observed he began very much to droop and languish, though I hear his friends did not seem to apprehend him in any danger. About two or three days ago he grew ill, was confined first to his chamber, and in a few hours after to his bed, where Dr. Case and Mrs. Kirleus were sent for, to visit and to prescribe to him. Upon this intelligence I sent thrice every day one servant or other to inquire after his health, and yesterday, about four in the afternoon, word was brought me "that he was past hopes"; upon which, I prevailed with myself to go and see him, partly out of commiseration, and I confess, partly out of curiosity. He knew me very well, seemed surprised at my condescension, and made me compliments upon it as well as he could in the condition he was. The people about him said he had been for some time delirious; but when I saw him, he had his understanding as well as ever I knew, and spoke strong and hearty, without any seeming uneasiness or constraint. After I had told him how sorry I was to see him in those melancholy circumstances, and said some other civilities suitable to the occasion, I desired him to tell me freely and ingenuously, whether the predictions Mr. Bickerstaff had published relating to his death had not too much affected and worked on his imagination. He confessed he had often had it in his head, but never with much apprehension, till about a fortnight before; since which time it had the perpetual possession of his mind and thoughts, and he did verily believe was the true natural cause of his present distemper: "For," said he, "I am thoroughly persuaded, and I think I have very good reasons, that Mr. Bickerstaff spoke altogether by guess, and knew no more what will happen this year than I did myself."

I told him his discourse surprised me, and I would be glad he were in a state of health to be able to tell me what reason he had to be convinced of Mr. Bickerstaff's ignorance. He replied, "I am a poor, ignorant fellow, bred to a mean trade, yet I have sense enough to know that all pretences of foretelling by astrology are deceits, for this manifest reason, because the wise and the learned, who can only judge whether

there be any truth in this science, do all unanimously agree to laugh at and despise it; and none but the poor ignorant vulgar give it any credit, and that only upon the word of such silly wretches as I and my fellows, who can hardly write or read." I then asked him why he had not calculated his own nativity, to see whether it agreed with Bickerstaff's prediction, at which he shook his head and said, "Oh, sir, this is no time for jesting, but for repenting those fooleries, as I do now from the very bottom of my heart." "By what I can gather from you," said I, "the observations and predictions you printed with your almanacs were mere impositions on the people." He replied, "If it were otherwise, I should have the less to answer for. We have a common form for all those things; as to foretelling the weather, we never meddle with that, but leave it to the printer, who takes it out of any old almanac as he thinks fit; the rest was my own invention, to make my almanac sell, having a wife to maintain, and no other way to get my bread; for mending old shoes is a poor livelihood; and," added he, sighing, "I wish I may not have done more mischief by my physic than my astrology; though I had some good receipts from my grandmother, and my own compositions were such as I thought could at least do no hurt."

I had some other discourse with him, which now I cannot call to mind; and I fear I have already tired your lordship. I shall only add one circumstance, that on his death-bed he declared himself a Nonconformist, and had a fanatic preacher to be his spiritual guide. After half an hour's conversation I took my leave, being almost stifled by the closeness of the room. I imagined he could not hold out long, and therefore withdrew to a little coffee-house hard by, leaving a servant at the house with orders to come immediately and tell me, as near as he could, the minute when Partridge should expire, which was not above two hours after, when, looking upon my watch, I found it to be above five minutes after seven; by which it is clear that Mr. Bickerstaff was mistaken almost four hours in his calculation. In the other circumstances he was exact enough. But whether he

has not been the cause of this poor man's death, as well as the predictor, may be very reasonably disputed. However, it must be confessed the matter is odd enough, whether we should endeavour to account for it by chance, or the effect of imagination. For my own part, though I believe no man has less faith in these matters, yet I shall wait with some impatience, and not without some expectation, the fulfilling of Mr. Bickerstaff's second prediction, that the Cardinal de Noailles is to die upon the 4th of April, and if that should be verified as exactly as this of poor Partridge, I must own I should be wholly surprised, and at a loss, and should infallibly expect the accomplishment of all the rest.

Joseph Addison

1672–1719

NED SOFTLY, THE POET

(*The Tatler*, No. 163, 1709–1711)

Idem inficeto est inficetior rure,
Simul poemata attigit; neque idem unquam
Æque est beatus, ac poema quum scribit:
Tam gaudet in se, tamque se ipse miratur.
Nimirum idem omnes fallimur; neque est quisquam
Quem non in aliqua re videre Suffenum
Possis—— *Catul. de Suffeno*, xx. 14.

(Suffenus has no more wit than a mere clown when he attempts to write verses; and yet he is never happier than when he is scribbling: so much does he admire himself and his compositions. And, indeed, this is the foible of every one of us; for there is no man living who is not a Suffenus in one thing or other.)

Will's Coffee-house, April 24.

I yesterday came hither about two hours before the company generally make their appearance, with a design to read over all the newspapers; but upon my sitting down, I was accosted by Ned Softly, who saw me from a corner in the other end of the room, where I found he had been writing something. "Mr. Bickerstaff," says he, "I observe by a

late paper of yours, that you and I are just of a humour; for you must know, of all impertinences, there is nothing which I so much hate as news. I never read a gazette in my life; and never trouble my head about our armies, whether they win or lose; or in what part of the world they lie encamped." Without giving me time to reply, he drew a paper of verses out of his pocket, telling me, "That he had something which would entertain me more agreeably; and that he would desire my judgment upon every line, for that we had time enough before us until the company came in."

Ned Softly is a very pretty poet, and a great admirer of easy lines. Waller is his favourite: and as that admirable writer has the best and worst verses of any among our great English poets, Ned Softly has got all the bad ones without book; which he repeats upon occasion, to show his reading, and garnish his conversation. Ned is indeed a true English reader, incapable of relishing the great and masterly strokes of this art; but wonderfully pleased with the little Gothic ornaments of epigrammatical conceits, turns, points, and quibbles, which are so frequent in the most admired of our English poets, and practised by those who want genius and strength to represent, after the manner of the ancients, simplicity in its natural beauty and perfection.

Finding myself unavoidably engaged in such a conversation, I was resolved to turn my pain into a pleasure, and to divert myself as well as I could with so very odd a fellow. "You must understand," says Ned, "that the sonnet I am going to read to you was written upon a lady who showed me some verses of her own making, and is, perhaps, the best poet of our age. But you shall hear it."

Upon which he began to read as follows:

TO MIRA, ON HER INCOMPARABLE POEMS

1.

When dressed in laurel wreaths you shine,
And tune your soft melodious notes,
You seem a sister of the Nine,
Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

2.

I fancy, when your song you sing,
Your song you sing with so much art,
Your pen was plucked from Cupid's wing;
For, ah! it wounds me like his dart.

"Why," says I, "this is a little nosegay of conceits, a very lump of salt: every verse hath something in it that piques; and then the dart in the last line is certainly as pretty a sting in the tail of an epigram (for so I think you critics call it) as ever entered into the thought of a poet." "Dear Mr. Bickerstaff," says he, shaking me by the hand, "everybody knows you to be a judge of these things; and, to tell you truly, I read over Roscommon's translation of Horace's 'Art of Poetry' three several times before I sat down to write the sonnet which I have shown you. But you shall hear it again, and pray observe every line of it, for not one of them shall pass without your approbation.

When dressed in laurel wreaths you shine.

"This is," says he, "when you have your garland on; when you are writing verses." To which I replied, "I know your meaning: a metaphor!" "The same," said he, and went on.

And tune your soft melodious notes.

"Pray observe the gliding of that verse; there is scarce a consonant in it: I took care to make it run upon liquids. Give me your opinion of it." "Truly," said I, "I think it as good as the former." "I am very glad to hear you say so," says he; "but mind the next.

You seem a sister of the Nine.

"That is," says he, "you seem a sister of the Muses; for, if you look into ancient authors, you will find it was their opinion, that there were nine of them." "I remember it very well," said I; "but pray proceed."

Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

"Phœbus," says he, "was the god of Poetry. These little instances, Mr. Bickerstaff, show a gentleman's reading.

Then to take off from the air of learning, which Phœbus and the Muses have given to this first stanza, you may observe, how it falls all of a sudden into the familiar—'in petticoats!'

Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

"Let us now," says I, "enter upon the second stanza; I find the first line is still a continuation of the metaphor.

I fancy when your song you sing.

"It is very right," says he; "but pray observe the turn of words in those two lines. I was a whole hour in adjusting of them, and have still a doubt upon me whether, in the second line it should be—'Your song you sing; or, You sing your song?' You shall hear them both:—

I fancy, when your song you sing,
(Your song you sing with so much art);

or,

I fancy, when your song you sing,
(You sing your song with so much art).

"Truly," said I, "the turn is so natural either way, that you have made me almost giddy with it." "Dear sir," said he, grasping me by the hand, "you have a great deal of patience; but pray what do you think of the next verse?

Your pen was pluck'd from Cupid's wing.

"Think!" says I; "I think you have made Cupid look like a little goose." "That was my meaning," says he: "I think the ridicule is well enough hit off. But we come now to the last, which sums up the whole matter.

For, ah! it wounds me like his dart.

"Pray how do you like that *Ah!* doth it not make a pretty figure in that place? *Ah!*——it looks as if I felt the dart, and cried out at being pricked with it.

For, ah! it wounds me like his dart.

"My friend Dick Easy," continued he, "assured me he would rather have written that *Ah!* than to have been the author of the Æneid. He indeed objected, that I made

Mira's pen like a quill in one of the lines, and like a dart in the other. But as to that——" "Oh! as to that," says I, "it is but supposing Cupid to be like a porcupine, and his quills and darts will be the same thing." He was going to embrace me for the hint; but half a dozen critics coming into the room, whose faces he did not like, he conveyed the sonnet into his pocket, and whispered me in the ear, he would show it me again as soon as his man had written it over fair.

THE OBJECT OF THE SPECTATOR

(*The Spectator*, No. 10, 1711–1714)

Non aliter quam qui adverso vix flumine lembum
Remigiis subigit: si brachia forte remisit,
Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni. VIRG.

So the boat's brawny crew the current stem,
And, slow advancing, struggle with the stream:
But if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,
Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive. DRYDEN.

It is with much satisfaction that I hear this great city inquiring day by day after these my papers, and receiving my morning lectures with a becoming seriousness and attention. My publisher tells me that there are already three thousand of them distributed every day; so that if I allow twenty readers to every paper, which I look upon as a modest computation, I may reckon about threescore thousand disciples in London and Westminster, who I hope will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless herd of their ignorant and unattentive brethren. Since I have raised to myself so great an audience, I shall spare no pains to make their instruction agreeable, and their diversion useful. For which reasons I shall endeavour to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality, that my readers may, if possible, both ways find their account in the speculation of the day. And to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short, transient, intermitting starts of thought, I

have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of vice and folly into which the age is fallen. The mind that lies fallow but a single day, sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture. It was said of Socrates that he brought philosophy down from heaven, to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables, and in coffee-houses.

I would, therefore, in a very particular manner, recommend these my speculations to all well-regulated families, that set apart an hour in every morning for tea and bread and butter; and would earnestly advise them for their good, to order this paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a part of the tea-equipage.

Sir Francis Bacon observes, that a well written book, compared with its rivals and antagonists, is like Moses's serpent, that immediately swallowed up and devoured those of the Egyptians. I shall not be so vain as to think, that where the *Spectator* appears, the other public prints will vanish; but shall leave it to my reader's consideration, whether it is not much better to be let into the knowledge of one's self, than to hear what passes in Muscovy or Poland; and to amuse ourselves with such writings as tend to the wearing out of ignorance, passion, and prejudice, than such as naturally conduce to inflame hatreds, and make enmities irreconcilable.

In the next place, I would recommend this paper to the daily perusal of those gentlemen whom I cannot but consider as my good brothers and allies, I mean the fraternity of spectators, who live in the world without having anything to do in it; and either by the affluence of their fortunes, or laziness of their dispositions, have no other business with the rest of mankind but to look upon them. Under this class of men are comprehended all contemplative tradesmen, titular physicians, Fellows of the Royal Society, Templars that are not given to be contentious, and statesmen that are out of business; in short, every one that considers the world as a

theatre, and desires to form a right judgment of those who are the actors on it.

There is another set of men that I must likewise lay a claim to, whom I have lately called the blanks of society, as being altogether unfurnished with ideas, till the business and conversation of the day has supplied them. I have often considered these poor souls with an eye of great commiseration, when I have heard them asking the first man they have met with, whether there was any news stirring, and, by that means, gathering together materials for thinking. These needy persons do not know what to talk of till about twelve o'clock in the morning; for, by that time, they are pretty good judges of the weather, know which way the wind sits, and whether the Dutch mail be come in. As they lie at the mercy of the first man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the day long, according to the notions which they have imbibed in the morning, I would earnestly entreat them not to stir out of their chambers till they have read this paper, and do promise them that I will daily instil into them such sound and wholesome sentiments, as shall have a good effect on their conversation for the ensuing twelve hours.

But there are none to whom this paper will be more useful than to the female world. I have often thought there has not been sufficient pains taken in finding out proper employments and diversions for the fair ones. Their amusements seem contrived for them, rather as they are women, than as they are reasonable creatures, and are more adapted to the sex than to the species. The toilet is their great scene of business, and the right adjusting of their hair the principal employment of their lives. The sorting of a suit of ribbons is reckoned a very good morning's work; and if they make an excursion to a mercer's or a toy-shop, so great a fatigue makes them unfit for anything else all the day after. Their more serious occupations are sewing and embroidery, and their greatest drudgery the preparation of jellies and sweet-meats. This I say, is the state of ordinary women; though I know there are multitudes of those of a more elevated life and conversation, that move in an exalted sphere of knowledge and

virtue, that join all the beauties of the mind to the ornaments of dress, and inspire a kind of awe and respect, as well as love, into their male beholders. I hope to increase the number of these by publishing this daily paper, which I shall always endeavour to make an innocent, if not an improving entertainment, and by that means at least divert the minds of my female readers from greater trifles. At the same time, as I would fain give some finishing touches to those which are already the most beautiful pieces in human nature, I shall endeavour to point out all those imperfections that are the blemishes, as well as those virtues which are the embellishments of the sex. In the meanwhile I hope these my gentle readers, who have so much time on their hands, will not grudge throwing away a quarter of an hour in a day on this paper, since they may do it without any hindrance to business.

I know several of my friends and well-wishers are in great pain for me, lest I should not be able to keep up the spirit of a paper which I oblige myself to furnish every day: but to make them easy in this particular, I will promise them faithfully to give it over as soon as I grow dull. This I know will be a matter of great raillery to the small wits; who will frequently put me in mind of my promise, desire me to keep my word, assure me that it is high time to give over, with many other little pleasantries of the like nature, which men of a little smart genius cannot forbear throwing out against their best friends, when they have such a handle given them of being witty. But let them remember that I do hereby enter my caveat against this piece of raillery.

THOUGHTS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

(*The Spectator*, No. 26, March 30, 1711)

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres. O beate sexti,
Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia—— HOR.

With equal foot, rich friend, impartial fate
Knocks at the cottage, and the palace gate:
Life's span forbids thee to extend thy cares,
And stretch thy hopes beyond thy years:
Night soon will seize, and you must quickly go
To story'd ghosts, and Pluto's house below. CREECH.

When I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another: the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head. The life of these men is finely described in holy writ by "the path of an arrow," which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovelful of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth, that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were

crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were in the lump, I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that, if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed indeed, that the present war had filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honour to the living as well as to the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or the politeness of a nation, from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius, before they are put in execution. Sir Cloudesly Shovel's monument has very often given me great offence: instead of the brave rough English Admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it

was impossible for him to reap any honour. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, show an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expense, represent them like themselves; and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of sea-weed, shells, and coral.

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates on the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

THE FINE LADY'S JOURNAL

(*The Spectator*, No. 322, March 10, 1712)

. . . Modo vir, modo fœmina. VIRG.
Sometimes a man, sometimes a woman.

The journal with which I presented my reader on Tuesday last, has brought me in several letters, with accounts of many private lives cast into that form. I have the Rake's Journal, the Sot's Journal, and among several others a very curious piece, entitled—'The Journal of a Mohock.' By these instances I find that the intention of my last Tuesday's paper has been mistaken by many of my readers. I did not design so much to expose vice as idleness, and aimed at those persons who pass away their time rather in trifle and impertinence, than in crimes and immoralities. Offences of this latter kind are not to be dallied with, or treated in so ludicrous a manner. In short, my journal only holds up folly to the light, and shews the disagreeableness of such actions as are indifferent in themselves, and blamable only as they proceed from creatures endowed with reason.

My following correspondent, who calls herself *Clarinda*, is such a journalist as I require: she seems by her letter to be placed in a modish state of indifference between vice and virtue, and to be susceptible of either, were there proper pains taken with her. Had her journal been filled with gallantries, or such occurrences as had shewn her wholly divested of her natural innocence, notwithstanding it might have been more pleasing to the generality of readers, I should not have published it; but as it is only the picture of a life filled with a fashionable kind of gaiety and laziness, I shall set down five days of it, as I have received it from the hand of my fair correspondent.

Dear Mr. Spectator,

You having set your readers an exercise in one of your last week's papers, I have performed mine according to your orders, and herewith send it you enclosed. You must know, Mr. Spectator, that I am a maiden lady of a good fortune,

who have had several matches offered me for these ten years last past, and have at present warm applications made to me by a very pretty fellow. As I am at my own disposal, I come up to town every winter, and pass my time in it after the manner you will find in the following journal, which I begun to write upon the very day after your Spectator upon that subject.

Tuesday night. Could not go to sleep till one in the morning for thinking of my journal.

Wednesday. From eight till ten. Drank two dishes of chocolate in bed, and fell asleep after them.

From ten to eleven. Eat a slice of bread and butter, drank a dish of bohea, read the Spectator.

From eleven to one. At my toilette, tried a new head. Gave orders for Veny to be combed and washed. *Mem.* I look best in blue.

From one till half an hour after two. Drove to the Change. Cheapened a couple of fans.

Till four. At dinner. *Mem.* Mr. Froth passed by in his new liveries.

From four to six. Dressed, paid a visit to old Lady Blithe and her sister, having before heard they were gone out of town that day.

From six to eleven. At Basset. *Mem.* Never set again upon the ace of diamonds.

Thursday. From eleven at night to eight in the morning. Dreamed that I punted to Mr. Froth.

From eight to ten. Chocolate. Read two acts in Aurengzebe a-bed.

From ten to eleven. Tea-table. Read the playbills. Received a letter from Mr. Froth. *Mem.* Locked it up in my strong box.

Rest of the morning. Fontange, the tire-woman, her account of my Lady Blithe's wash. Broke a tooth in my little tortoise shell comb. Sent Frank to know how my Lady Hectic rested after her monkey's leaping out at window. Looked pale. Fontange tells me my glass is not true. Dressed by three.

From three to four. Dinner cold before I sat down.

From four to eleven. Saw company. Mr. Froth's opinion of Milton. His account of the Mohocks. His fancy for a pin-cushion. Picture in the lid of his snuff-box. Old Lady Faddle promises me her woman to cut my hair. Lost five guineas at crimp.

Twelve o'clock at night. Went to bed.

Friday. Eight in the morning. A-bed. Read over all Mr. Froth's letters.

Ten o'clock. Staid within all day, not at home.

From ten to twelve. In conference with my mantua-maker. Sorted a suit of ribbons. Broke my blue china cup.

From twelve to one. Shut myself up in my chamber, practised Lady Betty Modely's skuttle.

One in the afternoon. Called for my flowered handkerchief. Worked half a violet-leaf in it. Eyes ached and head out of order. Threw by my work, and read over the remaining part of Aurengzebe.

From three to four. Dined.

From four to twelve. Changed my mind, dressed, went abroad, and played at crimp till midnight. Found Mrs. Spitely at home. Conversation: Mrs. Brilliant's necklace false stones. Old Lady Loveday going to be married to a young fellow that is not worth a groat. Miss Prue gone into the country. Tom Townley has red hair. *Mem.* Mrs. Spitely whispered in my ear that she had something to tell me about Mr. Froth, I am sure it is not true.

Between twelve and one. Dreamed that Mr. Froth lay at my feet, and called me Indamora.

Saturday. Rose at eight o'clock in the morning. Sat down to my toilette.

From eight to nine. Shifted a patch for half an hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left eyebrow.

From nine to twelve. Drank my tea, and dressed.

From twelve to two. At chapel. A great deal of good company. *Mem.* The third air in the new opera. Lady Blithe dressed frightfully.

From three to four. Dined. Miss Kitty called upon me to go to the opera, before I was risen from table.

From dinner to six. Drank tea. Turned off a footman for being rude to Veny.

Six o'clock. Went to the opera. I did not see Mr. Froth till the beginning of the second act. Mr. Froth talked to a gentleman in a black wig. Bowed to a lady in the front box. Mr. Froth and his friend clapped Nicolini in the third act. Mr. Froth cried out Ancora. Mr. Froth led me to my chair. I think he squeezed my hand.

Eleven at night. Went to bed. Melancholy dreams. Methought Nicolini said he was Mr. Froth.

Sunday. Indisposed.

Monday. Eight o'clock. Waked by Miss Kitty. Aurengzebe lay upon the chair by me. Kitty repeated without book the eight best lines in the play. Went in our mobs to the dumb man according to appointment. Told me that my lover's name began with a G. *Mem.* The conjurer was within a letter of Mr. Froth's name, &c.

Upon looking back into this my journal, I find that I am at a loss to know whether I pass my time well or ill; and indeed never thought of considering how I did it before I perused your speculation upon that subject. I scarce find a single action in these five days that I can thoroughly approve of, except the working upon the violet-leaf, which I am resolved to finish the first day I am at leisure. As for Mr. Froth and Veny, I did not think they took up so much of my time and thoughts as I find they do upon my journal. The latter of them I will turn off, if you insist upon it; and if Mr. Froth does not bring matters to a conclusion very suddenly, I will not let my life run away in a dream. Your humble servant,

CLARINDA.

To resume one of the morals of my first paper, and to confirm Clarinda in her good inclinations, I would have her consider what a pretty figure she would make among posterity, were the history of her whole life published like these five days of it. I shall conclude my paper with an epitaph

written by an uncertain author on Sir Philip Sidney's sister, a lady who seems to have been of a temper very much different from that of Clarinda. The last thought of it is so very noble, that I dare say my reader will pardon me the quotation.

ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE

Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
Fair and learned and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Sir Richard Steele

1671–1729

ON TRUE DISTINCTION

(*The Tatler*, No. 69, September 17, 1709)

. . . Quid oportet
Nos facere, à vulgo longe lateque remotos?
HOR. 1 *Sat.* vi, 17.

But how shall we, who differ far and wide,
From the mere vulgar, this great point decide.
FRANCIS.

It is, as far as it relates to our present being, the great end of education to raise ourselves above the vulgar; but what is intended by the vulgar, is not, methinks, enough understood. In me, indeed, that word raises a quite different idea from what it usually does in others; but perhaps that proceeds from my being old, and beginning to want the relish of such satisfactions as are the ordinary entertainment of men. However, such as my opinion is in this case, I will speak it; because it is possible that turn of thought may be received by others, who may reap as much satisfaction from it as I do myself.

It is to me a very great meanness, and something much

below a philosopher, which is what I mean by a gentleman, to rank a man among the vulgar for the condition of life he is in, and not according to his behaviour, his thoughts, and sentiments, in that condition. For if a man be loaded with riches and honours, and in that state of life has thoughts and inclinations below the meanest artificer; is not such an artificer, who, within his power, is good to his friends, moderate in his demands for his labour, and cheerful in his occupation, very much superior to him who lives for no other end but to serve himself, and assumes a preference in all his words and actions to those who act their part with much more grace than himself? Epictetus has made use of the similitude of a stage-play to human life with much spirit. 'It is not,' says he, 'to be considered among the actors, who is prince, or who is beggar, but who acts prince or beggar best.' The circumstance of life should not be that which gives us place, but our behaviour in that circumstance is what should be our solid distinction. Thus a wise man should think no man above him or below him, any further than it regards the outward order or discipline of the world: for, if we conceive too great an idea of the eminence of our superiors, or subordination of our inferiors, it will have an ill effect upon our behaviour to both. He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place; but will frequently emulate men in rank below him, and pity those above him.

This sense of mankind is so far from a levelling principle, that it only sets us upon a true basis of distinction, and doubles the merit of such as become their condition. A man in power, who can, without the ordinary prepossessions which stop the way to the true knowledge and service of mankind, overlook the little distinctions of fortune, raise obscure merit, and discountenance successful indesert, has, in the minds of knowing men, the figure of an angel rather than a man; and is above the rest of men in the highest character he can be, even that of their benefactor.

. . . . . .

ON THE FUNERAL OF BETTERTON

(*The Tatler*, No. 167, May 4, 1710)

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis submissa fidelibus. HOR.

. . . What we hear,
With weaker passion will affect the heart,
Than when the faithful eye beholds the part. FRANCIS.

Having received notice, that the famous actor, Mr. Betterton, was to be interred this evening in the cloisters near Westminster-abbey, I was resolved to walk thither; and see the last office done to a man whom I had always very much admired, and from whose action I had received more strong impressions of what is great and noble in human nature, than from the arguments of the most solid philosophers, or the descriptions of the most charming poets I had ever read. As the rude and untaught multitude are no way wrought upon more effectually, than by seeing public punishments and executions; so men of letters and education feel their humanity most forcibly exercised, when they attend the obsequies of men who had arrived at any perfection in liberal accomplishments. Theatrical action is to be esteemed as such, except it be objected that we cannot call that an art which cannot be attained by art. Voice, stature, motion, and other gifts, must be very bountifully bestowed by nature, or labour and industry will but push the unhappy endeavourer in that way the further off his wishes.

Such an actor as Mr. Betterton ought to be recorded with the same respect as Roscius among the Romans. The greatest orator has thought fit to quote his judgment, and celebrate his life. Roscius was the example to all that would form themselves into proper and winning behaviour. His action was so well adapted to the sentiments he expressed, that the youth of Rome thought they wanted only to be virtuous, to be as graceful in their appearance as Roscius. The imagination took a lovely impression of what was great and

good; and they, who never thought of setting up for the art of imitation, became themselves inimitable characters.

There is no human invention so aptly calculated for the forming a freeborn people as that of a theatre. Tully reports, that the celebrated player of whom I am speaking, used frequently to say, 'The perfection of an actor is only to become what he is doing.' Young men, who are too unattentive to receive lectures, are irresistibly taken with performances. Hence it is, that I extremely lament the little relish the gentry of this nation have, at present, for the just and noble representations in some of our tragedies. The operas, which are of late introduced, can leave no trace behind them that can be of service beyond the present moment. To sing and to dance, are accomplishments very few have any thoughts of practising; but to speak justly, and move gracefully, is what every man thinks he does perform, or wishes he did.

I have hardly a notion, that any performer of antiquity could surpass the action of Mr. Betterton in any of the occasions in which he has appeared on our stage. The wonderful agony which he appeared in, when he examined the circumstance of the handkerchief in Othello; the mixture of love that intruded upon his mind, upon the innocent answers Desdemona makes, betrayed in his gesture such a variety and vicissitude of passions, as would admonish a man to be afraid of his own heart; and perfectly convince him, that it is to stab it, to admit that worst of daggers, jealousy. Whoever reads in his closet this admirable scene, will find that he cannot, except he has as warm an imagination as Shakespeare himself, find any but dry, incoherent, and broken sentences: but a reader that has seen Betterton act it, observes, there could not be a word added; that longer speeches had been unnatural, nay, impossible, in Othello's circumstances. The charming passage in the same tragedy, where he tells the manner of winning the affection of his mistress, was urged with so moving and graceful an energy, that, while I walked in the cloisters, I thought of him with the same concern as if I waited for the remains of a person who had in real life

done all that I had seen him represent. The gloom of the place, and faint lights before the ceremony appeared, contributed to the melancholy disposition I was in; and I began to be extremely afflicted that Brutus and Cassius had any difference; that Hotspur's gallantry was so unfortunate; and that the mirth and good humour of Falstaff could not exempt him from the grave. Nay, this occasion, in me who look upon the distinctions amongst men to be merely scenical, raised reflections upon the emptiness of all human perfection and greatness in general; and I could not but regret, that the sacred heads which lie buried in the neighbourhood of this little portion of earth, in which my poor old friend is deposited, are returned to dust as well as he, and that there is no difference in the grave between the imaginary and the real monarch. This made me say of human life itself, with Macbeth,

> To-morrow, to-morrow, and to-morrow,
> Creeps in a stealing pace from day to day
> To the last moment of recorded time!
> And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> To their eternal night! Out, out, short candle,
> Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
> And then is heard no more.

. . . . . .

RECOLLECTIONS

(*The Tatler*, No. 181, June 6, 1710)

> *. . . Dies, ni fallor, adest, quem semper acerbum*
> *Semper honoratum, sic dii volnistis, habebo.* VIRG. *Æn.* v. 49.
>
> *And now the rising day renews the year,*
> *A day for ever sad, for ever dear.* DRYDEN.

There are those among mankind, who can enjoy no relish of their being, except the world is made acquainted with all that relates to them, and think everything lost that passes unobserved; but others find a solid delight in stealing by the crowd, and modelling their life after such a manner, as is as much above the approbation as the practice of the vulgar. Life being too short to give instances great enough of true

friendship or good-will, some sages have thought it pious to preserve a certain reverence for the *manes* of their deceased friends; and have withdrawn themselves from the rest of the world at certain seasons, to commemorate in their own thoughts such of their acquaintance who have gone before them out of this life. And indeed, when we are advanced in years, there is not a more pleasing entertainment, than to recollect in a gloomy moment the many we have parted with, that have been dear and agreeable to us, and to cast a melancholy thought or two after those, with whom, perhaps, we have indulged ourselves in whole nights of mirth and jollity. With such inclinations in my heart I went to my closet yesterday in the evening, and resolved to be sorrowful; upon which occasion I could not but look with disdain upon myself, that though all the reasons which I had to lament the loss of many of my friends are now as forcible as at the moment of their departure, yet did not my heart swell with the same sorrow which I felt at the time; but I could, without tears, reflect upon many pleasing adventures I have had with some, who have long been blended with common earth. Though it is by the benefit of nature, that length of time thus blots out the violence of afflictions; yet, with tempers too much given to pleasure, it is almost necessary to revive the old places of grief in our memory; and ponder step by step on past life, to lead the mind into that sobriety of thought which poises the heart, and makes it beat with due time, without being quickened with desire, or retarded with despair, from its proper and equal motion. When we wind up a clock that is out of order, to make it go well for the future, we do not immediately set the hand to the present instant, but we make it strike the round of all its hours, before it can recover the regularity of its time. Such, thought I, shall be my method this evening; and since it is that day of the year which I dedicate to the memory of such in another life as I much delighted in when living, an hour or two shall be sacred to sorrow and their memory, while I run over all the melancholy circumstances of this kind which have occurred to me in my whole life.

The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling Papa; for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother catched me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces; and told me in a flood of tears, 'Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again.' She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport; which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, that, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo; and receives impressions so forcible, that they are as hard to be removed by reason, as any mark with which a child is born is to be taken away by any future application. Hence it is, that good-nature in me is no merit; but having been so frequently overwhelmed with her tears before I knew the cause of any affliction, or could draw defences from my own judgment, I imbibed commiseration, remorse, and an unmanly gentleness of mind, which has since insnared me into ten thousand calamities; and from whence I can reap no advantage, except it be, that, in such a humour as I am now in, I can the better indulge myself in the softness of humanity, and enjoy that sweet anxiety which arises from the memory of past afflictions.

We, that are very old, are better able to remember things which befel us in our distant youth, than the passages of later days. For this reason it is, that the companions of my strong and vigorous years present themselves more immediately to me in this office of sorrow. Untimely and

unhappy deaths are what we are most apt to lament; so little are we able to make it indifferent when a thing happens, though we know it must happen. Thus we groan under life, and bewail those who are relieved from it. Every object that returns to our imagination raises different passions, according to the circumstance of their departure. Who can have lived in an army, and in a serious hour reflect upon the many gay and agreeable men that might long have flourished in the arts of peace, and not join with the imprecations of the fatherless and widow on the tyrant to whose ambition they fell sacrifices? But gallant men, who are cut off by the sword, move rather our veneration than our pity; and we gather relief enough from their own contempt of death, to make that no evil, which was approached with so much cheerfulness, and attended with so much honour. But when we turn our thoughts from the great parts of life on such occasions, and instead of lamenting those who stood ready to give death to those from whom they had the fortune to receive it; I say, when we let our thoughts wander from such noble objects, and consider the havoc which is made among the tender and the innocent, pity enters with an unmixed softness, and possesses all our souls at once.

Here (were there words to express such sentiments with proper tenderness) I should record the beauty, innocence, and untimely death, of the first object my eyes ever beheld with love. The beauteous virgin! how ignorantly did she charm, how carelessly excel? Oh Death! thou hast right to the bold, to the ambitious, to the high, and to the haughty; but why this cruelty to the humble, to the meek, to the undiscerning, to the thoughtless? Nor age, nor business, nor distress, can erase the dear image from my imagination. In the same week, I saw her dressed for a ball, and in a shroud. How ill did the habit of death become the pretty trifler? I still behold the smiling earth——A large train of disasters were coming on to my memory, when my servant knocked at my closet-door, and interrupted me with a letter, attended with a hamper of wine, of the same sort with that which is to be put to sale on Thursday next, at

Garraway's coffee-house. Upon the receipt of it, I sent for three of my friends. We are so intimate, that we can be company in whatever state of mind we meet, and can entertain each other without expecting always to rejoice. The wine we found to be generous and warming, but with such a heat as moved us rather to be cheerful than frolicksome. It revived the spirits, without firing the blood. We commended it until two of the clock this morning; and having to-day met a little before dinner, we found, that though we drank two bottles a man, we had much more reason to recollect than forget what had passed the night before.

ON TESTIMONIALS

(*The Spectator*, No. 493, September 25, 1712)

Qualem commendes etiam atque etiam adspice, ne mox
Incutiant aliena tibi peccata pudorem. HOR.

Commend not, 'till a man is thoroughly known;
A rascal prais'd, you make his faults your own. ANON.

It is no unpleasant matter of speculation to consider the recommendatory epistles that pass round this town from hand to hand, and the abuse people put upon one another in that kind. It is indeed come to that pass, that, instead of being the testimony of merit in the person recommended, the true reading of a letter of this sort is, 'The bearer hereof is so uneasy to me, that it will be an act of charity in you to take him off my hands; whether you prefer him or not, it is all one; for I have no manner of kindness for him, or obligation to him or his; and do what you please as to that.' As negligent as men are in this respect, a point of honour is concerned in it; and there is nothing a man should be more ashamed of, than passing a worthless creature into the service or interests of a man who has never injured you. The women indeed are a little too keen in their resentments to trespass often this way: but you shall sometimes know, that the mistress and the maid shall quarrel, and give each other very free language, and at last the lady shall be pacified to turn her out of doors, and give her a very good word to any

body else. Hence it is that you see, in a year and a half's time, the same face a domestic in all parts of the town. Good-breeding and good-nature lead people in a great measure to this injustice: when suitors of no consideration will have confidence enough to press upon their superiors, those in power are tender of speaking the exceptions they have against them, and are mortgaged into promises out of their impatience of importunity. In this latter case, it would be a very useful inquiry to know the history of recommendations. There are, you must know, certain abettors of this way of torment, who make it a profession to manage the affairs of candidates. These gentlemen let out their impudence to their clients, and supply any defective recommendation, by informing how such and such a man is to be attacked. They will tell you, get the least scrap from Mr. Such-a-one, and leave the rest to them. When one of these undertakers has your business in hand, you may be sick, absent in town or country, and the patron shall be worried, or you prevail. I remember to have been shown a gentleman some years ago, who punished a whole people for their facility in giving their credentials. This person had belonged to a regiment which did duty in the West Indies, and, by the mortality of the place, happened to be commanding-officer in the colony. He oppressed his subjects with great frankness, till he became sensible that he was heartily hated by every man under his command. When he had carried his point to be thus detestable, in a pretended fit of dishumour, and feigned uneasiness of living where he found he was so universally unacceptable, he communicated to the chief inhabitants a design he had to return for England, provided they would give him ample testimonials of their approbation. The planters came into it to a man, and, in proportion to his deserving the quite contrary, the words justice, generosity, and courage, were inserted in his commission, not omitting the general good-liking of people of all conditions in the colony. The gentleman returns for England, and within a few months after came back to them their governor, on the strength of their own testimonials.

Such a rebuke as this cannot indeed happen to easy recommenders, in the ordinary course of things, from one hand to another; but how would a man bear to have it said to him, 'The person I took into confidence on the credit you gave him, has proved false, unjust, and has not answered any way, the character you gave me of him?'

I cannot but conceive very good hopes of that rake Jack Toper of the Temple, for an honest scrupulousness in this point. A friend of his meeting with a servant that had formerly lived with Jack, and having a mind to take him, sent to him to know what faults the fellow had, since he could not please such a careless fellow as he was. His answer was as follows:—

'Sir,

'Thomas that lived with me was turned away because he was too good for me. You know I live in taverns; he is an orderly sober rascal, and thinks much to sleep in an entry until two in the morning. He told me one day, when he was dressing me, that he wondered I was not dead before now, since I went to dinner in the evening, and went to supper at two in the morning. We were coming down Essex-street one night a little flustered, and I was giving him the word to alarm the watch; he had the impudence to tell me it was against the law. You that are married, and live one day after another the same way, and so on the whole week, I dare say will like him, and he will be glad to have his meat in due season. The fellow is certainly very honest. My service to your lady. Yours,

'J. T.'

Now this was very fair dealing. Jack knew very well, that though the love of order made a man very awkward in his equipage, it was a valuable quality among the queer people who live by rule; and had too much good sense and good-nature to let the fellow starve, because he was not fit to attend his vivacities.

I shall end this discourse with a letter of recommendation

from Horace to Claudius Nero. You will see in that letter a slowness to ask a favour, a strong reason for being unable to deny his good word any longer, and that it is a service to the person to whom he recommends, to comply with what is asked: all which are necessary circumstances, both in justice and good-breeding, if a man would ask so as to have reason to complain of a denial; and indeed a man should not in strictness ask otherwise. In hopes the authority of Horace, who perfectly understood how to live with great men, may have a good effect towards amending this facility in people of condition, and the confidence of those who apply to them without merit, I have translated the epistle.

TO CLAUDIUS NERO.

'Sir,

'Septimius, who waits upon you with this, is very well acquainted with the place you are pleased to allow me in your friendship. For when he beseeches me to recommend him to your notice, in such a manner as to be received by you, who are delicate in the choice of your friends and domestics, he knows our intimacy, and understands my ability to serve him better than I do myself. I have defended myself against his ambition to be yours, as long as I possibly could; but fearing the imputation of hiding my power in you out of mean and selfish considerations, I am at last prevailed upon to give you this trouble. Thus to avoid the appearance of a greater fault, I have put on this confidence. If you can forgive this transgression of modesty in behalf of a friend, receive this gentleman into your interests and friendship, and take it from me that he is an honest and a brave man.'

Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke

1678–1751

FROM REFLECTIONS UPON EXILE

(1716)

Dissipation of mind, and length of time, are the remedies to which the greatest part of mankind trust in their afflictions. But the first of these works a temporary, the second a slow, effect: and both are unworthy of a wise man. Are we to fly from ourselves that we may fly from our misfortunes, and fondly to imagine that the disease is cured, because we find means to get some moments of respite from pain? Or shall we expect from time, the physician of brutes, a lingering and uncertain deliverance? Shall we wait to be happy till we can forget that we are miserable, and owe to the weakness of our faculties a tranquillity which ought to be the effect of their strength? Far otherwise. Let us set all our past and our present afflictions at once before our eyes. Let us resolve to overcome them, instead of flying from them, or wearing out the sense of them by long and ignominious patience. Instead of palliating remedies, let us use the incision-knife and the caustic, search the wound to the bottom, and work an immediate and radical cure.

The recalling of former misfortunes serves to fortify the mind against latter. He must blush to sink under the anguish of one wound, who surveys a body seamed over with the scars of many, and who has come victorious out of all the conflicts wherein he received them. Let sighs and tears, and fainting under the lightest strokes of adverse fortune, be the portion of those unhappy people whose tender minds a long course of felicity has enervated: while such, as have passed through years of calamity, bear up, with a noble and immovable constancy, against the heaviest. Uninterrupted misery has this good effect, as it continually torments, it finally hardens.

Such is the language of philosophy: and happy is the man who acquires the right of holding it. But this right is not to be acquired by pathetic discourse. Our conduct can alone give it us: and therefore, instead of presuming on our strength, the surest method is to confess our weakness, and, without loss of time, to apply ourselves to the study of wisdom. This was the advice which the oracle gave to *Zeno*, and there is no other way of securing our tranquillity amidst all the accidents to which human life is exposed. Philosophy has, I know, her *Thrasos*, as well as war: and among her sons many there have been, who, while they aimed at being more than men, became something less. The means of preventing this danger are easy and sure. It is a good rule to examine well before we addict ourselves to any sect: but I think it is a better rule, to addict ourselves to none. Let us hear them all, with a perfect indifferency on which side the truth lies: and, when we come to determine, let nothing appear so venerable to us as our own understandings. Let us gratefully accept the help of every one who has endeavoured to correct the vices, and strengthen the minds of men; but let us chuse for ourselves, and yield universal assent to none. Thus, that I may instance the sect already mentioned, when we have laid aside the wonderful and surprising sentences, and all the paradoxes of the Portique, we shall find in that school such doctrines as our unprejudiced reason submits to with pleasure, as nature dictates, and as experience confirms. Without this precaution, we run the risque of becoming imaginary kings, and real slaves. With it we may learn to assert our native freedom, and live independent on fortune.

In order to which great end, it is necessary that we stand watchful, as centinels, to discover the secret wiles and open attacks of this capricious goddess, before they reach us. Where she falls upon us unexpected, it is hard to resist; but those who wait for her, will repel her with ease. The sudden invasion of an enemy overthrows such as are not on their guard; but they who foresee the war, and prepare themselves for it before it breaks out, stand, without diffi-

culty, the first and the fiercest onset. I learned this important lesson long ago, and never trusted to fortune even while she seemed to be at peace with me. The riches, the honours, the reputation, all the advantages which her treacherous indulgence poured upon me, I placed so, that she might snatch them away without giving me any disturbance. I kept a great interval between me and them. She took them, but she could not tear them from me. No man suffers by bad fortune, but he who has been deceived by good. If we grow fond of her gifts, fancy that they belong to us, and are perpetually to remain with us, if we lean upon them, and expect to be considered for them; we shall sink into all the bitterness of grief, as soon as these false and transitory benefits pass away, as soon as our vain and childish minds, unfraught with solid pleasures, become destitute even of those which are imaginary. But if we do not suffer ourselves to be transported by prosperity, neither shall we be reduced by adversity. Our souls will be of proof against the dangers of both these states: and, having explored our strength, we shall be sure of it; for in the midst of felicity, we shall have tried how we can bear misfortune.

It is much harder to examine and judge, than to take up opinions on trust; and therefore the far greatest part of the world borrow, from others, those which they entertain concerning all the affairs of life and death. Hence it proceeds that men are so unanimously eager in the pursuit of things, which, far from having any inherent real good, are varnished over with a specious and deceitful gloss, and contain nothing answerable to their appearances. Hence it proceeds, on the other hand, that, in those things which are called evils, there is nothing so hard and terrible as the general cry of the world threatens. The word *exile* comes indeed harsh to the ear, and strikes us like a melancholy and execrable sound, through a certain persuasion which men have habitually concurred in. Thus the multitude has ordained. But the greatest part of their ordinances are abrogated by the wise.

Rejecting therefore the judgment of those who determine according to popular opinions, or the first appearances of

things, let us examine what exile really is. It is then, a change of place; and, lest you should say that I diminish the object, and conceal the most shocking parts of it, I add, that this change of place is frequently accompanied by some or all of the following inconveniencies: by the loss of the estate which we enjoyed, and the rank which we held; by the loss of that consideration and power which we were in possession of; by a separation from our family and our friends; by the contempt which we may fall into; by the ignominy with which those who have driven us abroad, will endeavour to sully the innocence of our characters, and to justify the injustice of their own conduct.

. . . . . .

Banishment, with all its train of evils, is so far from being the cause of contempt, that he who bears up with an undaunted spirit against them, while so many are dejected by them, erects on his very misfortunes a trophy to his honour: for such is the frame and temper of our minds, that nothing strikes us with greater admiration than a man intrepid in the midst of misfortunes. Of all ignominies an ignominious death must be allowed to be the greatest; and yet where is the blasphemer who will presume to defame the death of *Socrates?* This saint entered the prison with the same countenance with which he reduced thirty tyrants, and he took off ignominy from the place: for how could it be deemed a prison when *Socrates* was there? *Phocion* was led to execution in the same city. All those who met the sad procession, cast their eyes to the ground, and with throbbing hearts bewailed, not the innocent man, but Justice herself, who was in him condemned. Yet there was a wretch found, for monsters are sometimes produced in contradiction to the ordinary rules of nature, who spit in his face as he passed along. *Phocion* wiped his cheek, smiled, turned to the magistrate, and said, "Admonish this man not to be so nasty for the future."

Ignominy then can take no hold on virtue; for virtue is in every condition the same, and challenges the same respect. We applaud the world when she prospers; and when

she falls into adversity we applaud her. Like the temples of the gods, she is venerable even in her ruins. After this must it not appear a degree of madness to defer one moment acquiring the only arms capable of defending us against attacks which at every moment we are exposed to? Our being miserable, or not miserable, when we fall into misfortunes, depends on the manner in which we have enjoyed prosperity. If we have applied ourselves betimes to the study of wisdom, and to the practice of virtue, these evils become indifferent; but if we have neglected to do so, they become necessary. In one case they are evils, in the other they are remedies for greater evils than themselves. *Zeno* rejoiced that a shipwreck had thrown him on the Athenian coast: and he owed to the loss of his fortune the acquisition which he made of virtue, of wisdom, of immortality. There are good and bad airs for the mind, as well as for the body. Prosperity often irritates our chronical distempers, and leaves no hopes of finding any specific but in adversity. In such cases banishment is like change of air, and the evils we suffer are like rough medicines applied to inveterate diseases. What *Anacharsis* said of the vine, may aptly enough be said of prosperity. She bears the three grapes of drunkenness, of pleasure, and of sorrow: and happy it is if the last can cure the mischief which the former work. When afflictions fail to have their due effect, the case is desperate. They are the last remedy which indulgent Providence uses: and if they fail, we must languish and die in misery and contempt. Vain men! how seldom do we know what to wish or to pray for? When we pray against misfortunes, and when we fear them most, we want them most. It was for this reason that *Pythagoras* forbid his disciples to ask anything in particular of God. The shortest and the best prayer which we can address to him, who knows our wants, and our ignorance in asking, is this: "Thy will be done."

Tully says, in some part of his works, that as happiness is the object of all philosophy, so the disputes among philosophers arise from their different notions of the sovereign good. Reconcile them in that point, you reconcile them in

the rest. The school of *Zeno* placed this sovereign good in naked virtue, and wound the principle up to an extreme beyond the pitch of nature and truth. A spirit of opposition to another doctrine, which grew into great vogue while *Zeno* flourished, might occasion this excess. *Epicurus* placed the sovereign good in pleasure. His terms were wilfully, or accidentally mistaken. His scholars might help to pervert his doctrine, but rivalship enflamed the dispute; for in truth there is not so much difference between stoicism reduced to reasonable intelligible terms, and genuine orthodox epicurism, as is imagined. The *felicis animi immota tranquillitas*, and the *voluptas* of the latter, are near enough a-kin: and I much doubt whether the firmest hero of the Portique would have borne a fit of the stone, on the principles of *Zeno*, with greater magnanimity and patience than *Epicurus* did on those of his own philosophy. However, *Aristotle* took a middle way, or explained himself better, and placed happiness in the joint advantages of the mind, of the body, and of fortune. They are reasonably joined; but certain it is, that they must not be placed on an equal foot. We can much better bear the privation of the last, than of the others; and poverty itself, which mankind is so afraid of, *per mare pauperiem fugiens, per saxa, per ignes*, is surely preferable to madness, or the stone, though *Chrysippus* thought it better to live mad, than not to live! If banishment therefore, by taking from us the advantages of fortune, cannot take from us the more valuable advantages of the mind and the body, when we have them; and if the same accident is able to restore them to us, when we have lost them, banishment is a very slight misfortune to those who are already under the dominion of reason, and a very great blessing to those who are still plunged in vices which ruin the health both of body and mind. It is to be wished for, in favour of such as these, and to be feared by none. If we are in this case, let us second the designs of Providence in our favour, and make some amends for neglecting former opportunities by not letting slip the last. *Si nolis sanus, curres hydropicus.* We may shorten the evils which we

might have prevented, and as we get the better of our disorderly passions, and vicious habits, we shall feel our anxiety diminish in proportion. All the approaches to virtue are comportable. With how much joy will the man, who improves his misfortunes in this manner, discover that those evils, which he attributed to his exile, sprung from his vanity and folly, and vanish with them! He will see that, in his former temper of mind, he resembled the effeminate prince who could drink no water but that of the river Choaspes; or the simple queen, in one of the tragedies of *Euripides*, who complained bitterly, that she had not lighted the nuptial torch, and that the river Ismenus had not furnished the water at her son's wedding. Seeing his former state in this ridiculous light, he will labour on with pleasure towards another as contrary as possible to it; and when he arrives there, he will be convinced by the strongest of all proofs, his own experience, that he was unfortunate because he was vicious, not because he was banished.

If I was not afraid of being thought to refine too much, I would venture to put some advantages of fortune, which are due to exile, into the scale against those which we lose by exile. One there is which has been neglected even by great and wise men. *Demetrius Phalareus*, after his expulsion from Athens, became first minister to the king of Egypt; and *Themistocles* found such a reception at the court of Persia, that he used to say his fortune had been lost if he had not been ruined. But *Demetrius* exposed himself, by his favour under the first *Ptolemy*, to a new disgrace under the second; and *Themistocles*, who had been the captain of a free people, became the vassal of the prince he had conquered. How much better is it to take hold of the proper advantage of exile, and to live for ourselves, when we are under no obligation of living for others? *Similis*, a captain of great reputation under *Trajan* and *Adrian*, having obtained leave to retire, passed seven years in his retreat, and then dying, ordered this inscription to be put on his tomb: That he had been many years on earth, but that he had lived only seven. If you are wise, your leisure will be worthily employed, and

your retreat will add new lustre to your character. Imitate *Thucydides* in Thracia, or *Xenophon* in his little farm at Scillus. In such a retreat you may sit down, like one of the inhabitants of Elis, who judged of the Olympic games, without taking any part in them. Far from the hurry of the world, and almost an unconcerned spectator of what passes in it, having paid in a public life what you owed to the present age, pay in a private life what you owe to posterity. Write as you live, without passion; and build your reputation, as you build your happiness, on the foundations of truth. If you want the talents, the inclination, or the necessary materials for such a work, fall not however into sloth. Endeavour to copy after the example of *Scipio* at Linturnum. Be able to say to yourself,

Innocuas amo delicias doctamque quietem.

Rural amusements, and philosophical meditations, will make your hours glide smoothly on; and if the indulgence of Heaven has given you a friend like *Lælius*, nothing is wanting to make you completely happy.

These are some of those reflections which may serve to fortify the mind under banishment, and under the other misfortunes of life, which it is every man's interest to prepare for, because they are common to all men: I say, they are common to all men; because even they who escape them are equally exposed to them. The darts of adverse fortune are always levelled at our heads. Some reach us, some graze against us, and fly to wound our neighbours. Let us therefore impose an equal temper on our minds, and pay without murmuring the tribute which we owe to humanity. The winter brings cold, and we must freeze. The summer returns with heat, and we must melt. The inclemency of the air disorders our health, and we must be sick. Here we are exposed to wild beasts, and there to men more savage than the beasts; and if we escape the inconveniencies and dangers of the air and the earth, there are perils by water and perils by fire. This established course of things it is not in our power to change; but it is in our power to assume

such a greatness of mind as becomes wise and virtuous men; as may enable us to encounter the accidents of life with fortitude, and to conform ourselves to the order of nature, who governs her great kingdom, the world, by continual mutations. Let us submit to this order, let us be persuaded that whatever does happen ought to happen, and never be so foolish as to expostulate with nature. The best resolution we can take is to suffer what we cannot alter, and to pursue, without repining, the road which Providence, who directs everything, has marked out to us: for it is not enough to follow; and he is but a bad soldier who sighs, and marches on with reluctancy. We must receive the orders with spirit and cheerfulness, and not endeavour to sink out of the post which is assigned us in this beautiful disposition of things, whereof even our sufferings make a necessary part. Let us address ourselves to God, who governs all, as *Cleanthes* did in those admirable verses, which are going to lose part of their grace and energy in my translation of them.

> Parent of nature! master of the world!
> Where'er thy Providence directs, behold
> My steps with cheerful resignation turn.
> Fate leads the willing, drags the backward on.
> Why should I grieve, when grieving I must bear?
> Or take with guilt, what guiltless I might share?

Thus let us speak, and thus let us act. Resignation to the will of God is true magnanimity. But the sure mark of a pusillanimous and base spirit, is to struggle against, to censure the order of Providence, and, instead of mending our own conduct, to set up for correcting that of our Maker.

Samuel Johnson

1709–1784

THE LADY'S MISERY IN A SUMMER RETIREMENT

(*The Rambler*, No. 124, Saturday, May 25, 1751)

The season of the year is now come, in which the theatres are shut, and the card-tables forsaken; the regions of luxury are for a while unpeopled, and pleasure leads out her votaries to groves and gardens, to still scenes and erratic gratifications. Those who have passed many months in a continual tumult of diversion; who have never opened their eyes in the morning but upon some new appointment; nor slept at night without a dream of dances, music, and good hands, or of soft sighs, and humble supplications; must now retire to distant provinces, where the syrens of flattery are scarcely to be heard, where beauty sparkles without praise or envy, and wit is repeated only by the echo.

As I think it one of the most important duties of social benevolence, to give warning of the approach of calamity, when, by timely prevention, it may be turned aside, or, by preparatory measures, be more easily endured, I cannot feel the increasing warmth, or observe the lengthening days, without considering the condition of my fair readers, who are now preparing to leave all that has so long filled up their hours, all from which they have been accustomed to hope for delight; and who, till fashion proclaims the liberty of returning to the seats of mirth and elegance, must endure the rugged 'squire, the sober housewife, the loud huntsman, or the formal parson, the roar of obstreperous jollity, or the dulness of prudential instruction; without any retreat, but to the gloom of solitude, where they will yet find greater inconveniences, and must learn, however unwillingly, to endure themselves.

In winter, the life of the polite and gay may be said to roll

on with a strong and rapid current; they float along from pleasure to pleasure, without the trouble of regulating their own motions, and pursue the course of the stream in all the felicity of inattention; content that they find themselves in progression, and careless whither they are going. But the months of summer are a kind of sleeping stagnation, without wind or tide, where they are left to force themselves forward by their own labour, and to direct their passage by their own skill; and where, if they have not some internal principle of activity, they must be stranded upon shallows, or lie torpid in a perpetual calm.

There are, indeed, some to whom this universal dissolution of gay societies affords a welcome opportunity of quitting, without disgrace, the post which they have found themselves unable to maintain; and of seeming to retreat only at the call of nature, from assemblies where, after a short triumph of uncontested superiority, they are overpowered by some new intruder of softer elegance, or sprightlier vivacity. By these, hopeless of victory, and yet ashamed to confess a conquest, the summer is regarded as a release from the fatiguing service of celebrity, a dismission to more certain joys, and a safer empire. They now solace themselves with the influence which they shall obtain, where they have no rival to fear; and with the lustre which they shall effuse, when nothing can be seen of brighter splendour. They imagine, while they are preparing for their journey, the admiration with which the rustics will crowd about them; plan the laws of a new assembly; or contrive to delude provincial ignorance with a fictitious mode. A thousand pleasing expectations swarm in the fancy; and all the approaching weeks are filled with distinctions, honours, and authority.

But others, who have lately entered the world, or have yet had no proofs of its inconstancy and desertion, are cut off, by this cruel interruption, from the enjoyment of their prerogatives, and doomed to lose four months in unactive obscurity. Many complaints do vexation and desire extort from those exiled tryants of the town, against the unexorable sun, who pursues his course without any regard to love or beauty; and

visits either tropic at the stated time, whether shunned or courted, deprecated or implored.

To them who leave the places of public resort in the full bloom of reputation, and withdraw from admiration, courtship, submission, and applause; a rural triumph can give nothing equivalent. The praise of ignorance, and the subjection of weakness, are little regarded by beauties who have been accustomed to more important conquests, and more valuable panegyrics. Nor indeed should the powers which have made havoc in the theatres, or borne down rivalry in courts, be degraded to a mean attack upon the untravelled heir, or ignoble contest with the ruddy milk-maid.

How then must four long months be worn away? Four months, in which there will be no routs, no shews, no ridottos; in which visits must be regulated by the weather, and assemblies will depend upon the moon! The Platonists imagine, that the future punishment of those who have in this life debased their reason by subjection to their senses, and have preferred the gross gratifications of lewdness and luxury, to the pure and sublime felicity of virtue and contemplation, will arise from the predominance and solicitations of the same appetites, in a state which can furnish no means of appeasing them. I cannot but suspect that this month, bright with sun-shine, and fragrant with perfumes; this month, which covers the meadow with verdure, and decks the gardens with all the mixtures of colorific radiance; this month, from which the man of fancy expects new infusions of imagery, and the naturalist new scenes of observation; this month will chain down multitudes to the Platonic penance of desire without enjoyment, and hurry them from the highest satisfactions, which they have yet learned to conceive, into a state of hopeless wishes, and pining recollection, where the eye of vanity will look round for admiration to no purpose, and the hand of avarice shuffle cards in a bower with ineffectual dexterity.

From the tediousness of this melancholy suspension of life, I would willingly preserve those who are exposed to it, only by inexperience; who want not inclination to wisdom or vir-

tue, though they have been dissipated by negligence, or misled by example; and who would gladly find the way to rational happiness, though it should be necessary to struggle with habit, and abandon fashion. To these many arts of spending time might be recommended, which would neither sadden the present hour with weariness, nor the future with repentance.

It would seem impossible to a solitary speculatist, that a human being can want employment. To be born in ignorance with a capacity of knowledge, and to be placed in the midst of a world filled with variety, perpetually pressing upon the senses, and irritating curiosity, is surely a sufficient security against the languishment of inattention. Novelty is indeed necessary to preserve eagerness and alacrity; but art and nature have stores inexhaustible by human intellects; and every moment produces something new to him, who has quickened his faculties by diligent observation.

Some studies, for which the country and the summer afford particular opportunities, I shall perhaps endeavour to recommend in a future essay; but if there be any apprehension not apt to admit unaccustomed ideas, or any attention so stubborn and inflexible, as not easily to comply with new directions, even these obstructions cannot exclude the pleasure of application; for there is a higher and nobler employment, to which all faculties are adapted by him who gave them. The duties of religion, sincerely and regularly performed, will always be sufficient to exalt the meanest, and to exercise the highest understanding. That mind will never be vacant, which is frequently recalled, by stated duties, to meditations on eternal interests; nor can any hour be long, which is spent in obtaining some new qualification for celestial happiness.

COLLINS

(*Lives of the Poets*, 1779–81)

William Collins was born at Chichester, on the twenty-fifth day of December, about 1720. His father was a hatter of good reputation. He was in 1733, as Dr. Warton has

kindly informed me, admitted scholar of Winchester College, where he was educated by Dr. Burton. His English exercises were better than his Latin.

He first courted the notice of the public by some verses to a 'Lady weeping,' published in 'The Gentleman's Magazine.'

In 1740, he stood first in the list of the scholars to be received in succession at New College, but unhappily there was no vacancy. He became a Commoner of Queen's College, probably with a scanty maintenance; but was, in about half a year, elected a *Demy* of Magdalen College, where he continued till he had taken a Bachelor's degree, and then suddenly left the University; for what reason I know not that he told.

He now (about 1744) came to London a literary adventurer, with many projects in his head, and very little money in his pocket. He designed many works; but his great fault was irresolution; or the frequent calls of immediate necessity broke his scheme, and suffered him to pursue no settled purpose. A man doubtful of his dinner, or trembling at a creditor, is not much disposed to abstracted meditation, or remote inquiries. He published proposals for a 'History Of The Revival Of Learning;' and I have heard him speak with great kindness of Leo the Tenth, and with keen resentment of his tasteless successor. But probably not a page of his history was ever written. He planned several tragedies, but he only planned them. He wrote now and then odes and other poems; and did something, however little.

About this time I fell into his company. His appearance was decent and manly; his knowledge considerable, his views extensive, his conversation elegant, and his disposition cheerful. By degrees I gained his confidence; and one day was admitted to him when he was immured by a bailiff, that was prowling in the street. On this occasion recourse was had to the booksellers, who, on the credit of a translation of Aristotle's 'Poetics,' which he engaged to write with a large commentary, advanced as much money as enabled him to escape into the country. He showed me the guineas safe in his

hand. Soon afterwards his uncle, Mr. Martin, a lieutenant-colonel, left him about two thousand pounds; a sum which Collins could scarce think exhaustible, and which he did not live to exhaust. The guineas were then repaid, and the translation neglected.

But man is not born for happiness. Collins, who, while he *studied to live*, felt no evil but poverty, no sooner *lived to study* than his life was assailed by more dreadful calamities, disease, and insanity.

Having formerly written his character, while perhaps it was yet more distinctly impressed upon my memory, I shall insert it here.

"Mr. Collins was a man of extensive literature, and of vigorous faculties. He was acquainted not only with the learned tongues, but with the Italian, French, and Spanish languages. He had employed his mind chiefly on the works of fiction, and subjects of fancy; and, by indulging some peculiar habits of thought, was eminently delighted with those flights of imagination which pass the bounds of nature, and to which the mind is reconciled only by a passive acquiescence in popular traditions. He loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens.

"This was however the character rather of his inclination than his genius; the grandeur of wildness, and the novelty of extravagance, were always desired by him, but not always attained. Yet, as diligence is never wholly lost, if his efforts sometimes caused harshness and obscurity, they likewise produced in happier moments sublimity and splendour. This idea which he had formed of excellence led him to oriental fictions and allegorical imagery, and perhaps, while he was intent upon description, he did not sufficiently cultivate sentiment. His poems are the productions of a mind not deficient in fire, nor unfurnished with knowledge either of books or life, but somewhat obstructed in its progress by deviation in quest of mistaken beauties.

"His morals were pure, and his opinions pious; in a long

continuance of poverty, and long habits of dissipation, it cannot be expected that any character should be exactly uniform. There is a degree of want by which the freedom of agency is almost destroyed; and long association with fortuitous companions will at last relax the strictness of truth, and abate the fervour of sincerity. That this man, wise and virtuous as he was, passed always unentangled through the snares of life, it would be prejudice and temerity to affirm; but it may be said that at least he preserved the source of action unpolluted, that his principles were never shaken, that his distinctions of right and wrong were never confounded, and that his faults had nothing of malignity or design, but proceeded from some unexpected pressure, or casual temptation.

"The latter part of his life cannot be remembered but with pity and sadness. He languished some years under that depression of mind which enchains the faculties without destroying them, and leaves reason the knowledge of right without the power of pursuing it. These clouds which he perceived gathering on his intellects, he endeavoured to disperse by travel, and passed into France; but found himself constrained to yield to his malady, and returned. He was for some time confined in a house of lunatics, and afterwards retired to the care of his sister in Chichester, where death, in 1756, came to his relief.

"After his return from France, the writer of this character paid him a visit at Islington, where he was waiting for his sister, whom he had directed to meet him: there was then nothing of disorder discernible in his mind by any but himself: but he had withdrawn from study, and travelled with no other book than an English Testament, such as children carry to the school: when his friend took it into his hand, out of curiosity to see what companion a Man of Letters had chosen, 'I have but one book,' said Collins, 'but that is the best.'"

Such was the fate of Collins, with whom I once delighted to converse, and whom I yet remember with tenderness.

He was visited at Chichester, in his last illness, by his

learned friends, Dr. Warton and his brother; to whom he spoke with disapprobation of his Oriental Eclogues, as not sufficiently expressive of Asiatic manners, and called them his Irish Eclogues. He showed them at the same time, an ode inscribed to Mr. John Home, on the superstitions of the Highlands; which they thought superior to his other works, but which no search has yet found.

His disorder was no alienation of mind, but general laxity and feebleness, a deficiency rather of his vital than his intellectual powers. What he spoke wanted neither judgment nor spirit; but a few minutes exhausted him, so that he was forced to rest upon the couch, till a short cessation restored his powers, and he was again able to talk with his former vigour.

The approaches of this dreadful malady he began to feel soon after his uncle's death; and, with the usual weakness of men so diseased, eagerly snatched that temporary relief with which the table and the bottle flatter and seduce. But his health continually declined, and he grew more and more burthensome to himself.

To what I have formerly said of his writings may be added, that his diction was often harsh, unskilfully laboured, and injudiciously selected. He affected the obsolete when it was not worthy of revival; and he puts his words out of the common order, seeming to think, with some later candidates for fame, that not to write prose is certainly to write poetry. His lines commonly are of slow motion, clogged and impeded with clusters of consonants. As men are often esteemed who cannot be loved, so the poetry of Collins may sometimes extort praise when it gives little pleasure.

Mr. Collins's *first* production is added here from the 'Poetical Calendar.'

TO MISS AURELIA C——R, ON HER WEEPING AT HER SISTER'S WEDDING.

Cease, fair Aurelia, cease to mourn;
Lament not Hannah's happy state;
You may be happy in your turn,
And seize the treasure you regret.

With Love united Hymen stands,
And softly whispers to your charms,—
"Meet but your lover in my bands,
You'll find your sister in his arms."

LETTER TO LORD CHESTERFIELD.

"February 7, 1755.

"My Lord,

"I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of the World, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

"When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre;*—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

"Seven years, my Lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before.

"The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

"Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern

on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind, but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

"Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my Lord,

"Your Lordship's most humble

"Most obedient servant,

"SAMUEL JOHNSON."

THE CHARACTER OF POPE

(From "The Life of Pope," in *Lives of the Poets*, 1779–81)

The person of Pope is well known not to have been formed by the nicest model. He has, in his account of the 'Little Club,' compared himself to a spider, and by another is described as protuberant behind and before. He is said to have been beautiful in his infancy; but he was of a constitution originally feeble and weak; and, as bodies of a tender frame are easily distorted, his deformity was probably in part the effect of his application. His stature was so low, that, to bring him to a level with common tables, it was necessary to raise his seat. But his face was not displeasing, and his eyes were animated and vivid.

By natural deformity, or accidental distortion, his vital functions were so much disordered, that his life was "long disease." His most frequent assailment was the headache,

which he used to relieve by inhaling the steam of coffee, which he very frequently required.

Most of what can be told concerning his petty peculiarities was communicated by a female domestic of the Earl of Oxford, who knew him perhaps after the middle of life. He was then so weak as to stand in perpetual need of female attendance; extremely sensible of cold, so that he wore a kind of fur doublet, under a shirt of very coarse warm linen with fine sleeves. When he rose, he was invested in bodice made of stiff canvas, being scarcely able to hold himself erect till they were laced, and he then put on a flannel waistcoat. One side was contracted. His legs were so slender, that he enlarged their bulk with three pair of stockings, which were drawn on and off by the maid; for he was not able to dress or undress himself, and neither went to bed nor rose without help. His weakness made it very difficult for him to be clean.

His hair had fallen almost all away; and he used to dine sometimes with Lord Oxford, privately, in a velvet cap. His dress of ceremony was black, with a tie-wig, and a little sword.

The indulgence and accommodation which his sickness required, had taught him all the unpleasing and unsocial qualities of a valetudinary man. He expected that every thing should give way to his ease or humour; as a child, whose parent will not hear her cry, has an unresisted dominion in the nursery.

C'est que l'enfant toujours est homme,
C'est que l'homme est toujour enfant.

When he wanted to sleep he "nodded in company;" and once slumbered at his own table while the Prince of Wales was talking of poetry.

The reputation which his friendship gave procured him many invitations; but he was a very troublesome inmate. He brought no servant, and had so many wants, that a numerous attendance was scarcely able to supply them. Wherever he was he left no room for another, because, he exacted the

attention, and employed the activity, of the whole family. His errands were so frequent and frivolous, that the footmen in time avoided and neglected him; and the Earl of Oxford discharged some of the servants for their resolute refusal of his messages. The maids, when they had neglected their business, alleged that they had been employed by Mr. Pope. One of his constant demands was of coffee in the night, and to the woman that waited on him in his chamber he was very burthensome: but he was careful to recompense her want of sleep; and Lord Oxford's servant declared, that in the house where her business was to answer his call, she would not ask for wages.

He had another fault, easily incident to those who, suffering much pain, think themselves entitled to what pleasures they can snatch. He was too indulgent to his appetite: he loved meat highly seasoned and of strong taste; and, at the intervals of the table, amused himself with biscuits and dry conserves. If he sat down to a variety of dishes, he would oppress his stomach with repletion; and though he seemed angry when a dram was offered him, did not forbear to drink it. His friends, who knew the avenues to his heart, pampered him with presents of luxury, which he did not suffer to stand neglected. The death of great men is not always proportioned to the lustre of their lives. Hannibal, says Juvenal, did not perish by the javelin or the sword; the slaughters of Cannæ were revenged by a ring. The death of Pope was imputed by some of his friends to a silver saucepan, in which it was his delight to heat potted lampreys.

That he loved too well to eat, is certain; but that his sensuality shortened his life will not be hastily concluded, when it is remembered that a conformation so irregular lasted six and fifty years, notwithstanding such pertinacious diligence of study and meditation.

In all his intercourse with mankind, he had great delight in artifice, and endeavoured to attain all his purposes by indirect and unsuspected methods, "He hardly drank tea without a stratagem." If, at the house of friends, he wanted any accommodation, he was not willing to ask for it in plain terms,

but would mention it remotely as something convenient; though, when it was procured, he soon made it appear for whose sake it had been recommended. Thus he teased Lord Orrery till he obtained a screen. He practised his arts on such small occasions, that Lady Bolingbroke used to say, in a French phrase, that "he played the politician about cabbages and turnips." His unjustifiable impression of the 'Patriot King,' as it can be imputed to no particular motive, must have proceeded from his general habit of secrecy and cunning; he caught an opportunity of a sly trick, and pleased himself with the thought of outwitting Bolingbroke.

In familiar or convivial conversation, it does not appear that he excelled. He may be said to have resembled Dryden, as being not one that was distinguished by vivacity in company. It is remarkable, that so near his time, so much should be known of what he has written, and so little of what he has said: traditional memory retains no sallies of raillery, nor sentences of observation; nothing either pointed or solid, either wise or merry. One apothegm only stands upon record. When an objection, raised against his inscription for Shakespeare, was defended by the authority of 'Patrick,' he replied—*horresco referens*—that "he would allow the publisher of a Dictionary to know the meaning of a single word, but not of two words put together."

He was fretful and easily displeased, and allowed himself to be capriciously resentful. He would sometimes leave Lord Oxford silently, no one could tell why, and was to be courted back by more letters and messages than the footmen were willing to carry. The table was indeed *infested* by Lady Mary Wortley, who was the friend of Lady Oxford, and who, knowing his peevishness, could by no intreaties be restrained from contradicting him, till their disputes were sharpened to such asperity, that one or the other quitted the house.

He sometimes condescended to be jocular with servants or inferiors; but by no merriment, either of others or his own, was he ever seen excited to laughter.

Of his domestic character, frugality was a part eminently remarkable. Having determined not to be dependent, he

determined not to be in want, and therefore wisely and magnanimously rejected all temptations to expense unsuitable to his fortune. This general care must be universally approved; but it sometimes appeared in petty artifices of parsimony, such as the practice of writing his compositions on the back of letters, as may be seen in the remaining copy of the 'Iliad,' by which perhaps in five years five shillings were saved; or in a niggardly reception of his friends, and scantiness of entertainment, as, when he had two guests in his house, he would set at supper a single pint upon the table; and, having himself taken two small glasses, would retire; and say, "Gentlemen, I leave you to your wine." Yet he tells his friends, that "he has a heart for all, a house for all, and whatever they may think, a fortune for all."

He sometimes, however, made a splendid dinner, and is said to have wanted no part of the skill or elegance which such performances require. That this magnificence should be often displayed, that obstinate prudence with which he conducted his affairs would not permit: for his revenue, certain and casual, amounted only to about eight hundred pounds a year, of which however he declares himself able to assign one hundred to charity.

Of this fortune, which, as it arose from public approbation, was very honourably obtained, his imagination seems to have been too full; it would be hard to find a man, so well entitled to notice by his wit, that ever delighted so much in talking of his money. In his letters, and in his poems, his garden and his grotto, his quincunx and his vines, or some hints of his opulence, are always to be found. The great topic of his ridicule is poverty; the crimes with which he reproaches his antagonists are their debts, their habitation in the Mint, and their want of a dinner. He seems to be of an opinion not very uncommon in the world, that to want money is to want every thing.

Next to the pleasure of contemplating his possessions, seems to be that of enumerating the men of high rank with whom he was acquainted, and whose notice he loudly proclaims not to have been obtained by any practices of mean-

ness or severity; a boast which was never denied to be true, and to which very few poets have ever aspired. Pope never set genius to sale, he never flattered those whom he did not love, nor praised those whom he did not esteem. Savage however remarked, that he began a little to relax his dignity when he wrote a distich for his 'Highness's dog.'

His admiration of the great seems to have increased in the advance of life. He passed over peers and statesmen to inscribe his 'Iliad' to Congreve, with a magnanimity of which the praise had been complete, had his friend's virtue been equal to his wit. Why he was chosen for so great an honour, it is not now possible to know; there is no trace in literary history of any particular intimacy between them. The name of Congreve appears in the Letters among those of his other friends, but without any observable distinction or consequence.

To his latter works, however, he took care to annex names dignified with titles, but was not very happy in his choice: for, except Lord Bathurst, none of his noble friends were such as that a good man would wish to have his intimacy with them known to posterity; he can derive little honour from the notice of Cobham, Burlington, or Bolingbroke.

Of his social qualities, if an estimate be made from his Letters, an opinion too favourable cannot easily be formed; they exhibit a perpetual and unclouded effulgence of general benevolence, and particular fondness. There is nothing but liberality, gratitude, constancy, and tenderness. It has been so long said as to be commonly believed, that the true characters of men may be found in their Letters, and that he who writes to his friend lays his heart open before him. But the truth is, that such were the simple friendships of the Golden Age, and are now the friendships only of children. Very few can boast of hearts which they dare lay open to themselves, and of which, by whatever accident exposed, they do not shun a distinct and continued view; and, certainly, what we hide from ourselves we do not show to our friends. There is, indeed, no transaction which offers stronger temptation to fallacy and sophistication than epis-

tolary intercourse. In the eagerness of conversation the first emotions of the mind often burst out before they are considered; in the tumult of business, interest and passion have their genuine effect; but a friendly Letter is a calm and deliberate performance in the cool of leisure, in the stillness of solitude, and surely no man sits down to depreciate by design his own character.

Friendship has no tendency to secure veracity; for by whom can a man so much wish to be thought better than he is, as by him whose kindness he desires to gain or keep? Even in writing to the world there is less constraint; the author is not confronted with his reader, and takes his chance of approbation among the different dispositions of mankind; but a Letter is addressed to a single mind, of which the prejudices and partialities are known; and must therefore please, if not by favouring them, by forbearing to oppose them.

To charge those favourable representations, which men give of their own minds, with the guilt of hypocritical falsehood, would show more severity than knowledge. The writer commonly believes himself. Almost every man's thoughts, while they are general, are right; and most hearts are pure, while temptation is away. It is easy to awaken generous sentiments in privacy; to despise death when there is no danger; to glow with benevolence when there is nothing to be given. While such ideas are formed they are felt; and self-love does not suspect the gleam of virtue to be the meteor of fancy.

If the letters of Pope are considered merely as compositions, they seem to be premeditated and artificial. It is one thing to write, because there is something which the mind wishes to discharge; and another to solicit the imagination, because ceremony or vanity require something to be written. Pope confesses his early Letters to be vitiated *with affectation and ambition:* to know whether he disentangled himself from those perverters of epistolatory integrity, his book and his life must be set in comparison.

One of his favourite topics is contempt of his own poetry.

For this, if it had been real, he would deserve no commendation; and in this he was certainly not sincere, for his high value of himself was sufficiently observed; and of what could he be proud but of his poetry? He writes, he says, when he has "just nothing else to do;" yet Swift complains that he was never at leisure for conversation because he had "always some poetical scheme in his head." It was punctually required that his writing-box should be set upon his bed before he rose; and Lord Oxford's domestic related, that, in the dreadful winter of 1740, she was called from her bed by him four times in one night, to supply him with paper, lest he should lose a thought.

He pretends insensibility to censure and criticism, though it was observed by all who knew him that every pamphlet disturbed his quiet, that his extreme irritability laid him open to perpetual vexation; but he wished to despise his critics, and therefore hoped that he did despise them.

As he happened to live in two reigns when the Court paid little attention to poetry, he nursed in his mind a foolish disesteem of King, and proclaims that "he never sees Courts." Yet a little regard shown him by the Prince of Wales melted his obduracy; and he had not much to say when he was asked by his Royal Highness, "How he could love a Prince while he disliked Kings?"

He very frequently professes contempt of the world, and represents himself as looking on mankind sometimes with gay indifference, as on emmets of a hillock, below his serious attention; and sometimes with gloomy indignation, as on monsters more worthy of hatred than of pity. These were dispositions apparently counterfeited. How could he despise those whom he lived by pleasing, and on whose approbation his esteem of himself was superstructed? Why should he hate those to whose favour he owed his honour and his ease? Of things that terminate in human life, the world is the proper judge; to despise its sentence, if it were possible, is not just; and if it were just, is not possible. Pope was far enough from this unreasonable temper: he was sufficiently *a fool to Fame*, and his fault was, that he pre-

tended to neglect it. His levity and his sullenness were only in his Letters; he passed through common life sometimes vexed, and sometimes pleased with the natural emotions of common men.

His scorn of the Great is repeated too often to be real; no man thinks much of that which he despises; and as falsehood is always in danger of inconsistency, he makes it his boast at another time that he lives among them.

It is evident that his own importance swells often in his mind. He is afraid of writing, lest the clerks of the Post-office should know his secrets; he has many enemies; he considers himself as surrounded by universal jealousy: "after many deaths, and many dispersions, two or three of us," says he, "may still be brought together, not to plot, but to divert ourselves, and the world too, if it pleases;" and they can live together, and "show what friends wits may be, in spite of all the fools in the world." All this while it was likely that the clerks did not know his hand: he certainly had nó more enemies than a public character like his inevitably excites; and with what degree of friendship the wits might live, very few were so much fools as ever to enquire.

Some part of this pretended discontent he learned from Swift, and expresses it, I think, most frequently in his correspondence with him. Swift's resentment was unreasonable, but it was sincere; Pope's was the mere mimickry of his friend, a fictitious part which he began to play before it became him. When he was only twenty-five years old, he related that "a glut of study and retirement had thrown him on the world," and that there was danger lest "a glut of the world should throw him back upon study and retirement." To this Swift answered, with great propriety, that Pope had not yet acted or suffered enough in the world, to have become weary of it. And, indeed, it must have been some very powerful reason that can drive back to solitude him who has once enjoyed the pleasures of society.

In the letters both of Swift and Pope there appears such narrowness of mind, as makes them insensible of any excel-

lence that has not some affinity with their own, and confines their esteem and approbation to so small a number, that whoever should form his opinion of their age from their representation, would suppose them to have lived among ignorance and barbarity, unable to find among their contemporaries either virtue or intelligence, and persecuted by those that could not understand them.

When Pope murmurs at the world, when he professes contempt of fame, when he speaks of riches and poverty, of success and disappointment, with negligent indifference, he certainly does not express his habitual and settled resentments, but either wilfully disguises his own character, or, what is more likely, invests himself with temporary qualities, and sallies out in the colours of the present moment. His hopes and fears, his joys and sorrows, acted strongly upon his mind; and, if he differed from others, it was not by carelessness; he was irritable and resentful; his malignity to Phillips, whom he had first made ridiculous, and then hated for being angry, continued too long. Of his vain desire to make Bentley contemptible, I never heard any adequate reason. He was sometimes wanton in his attacks; and, before Chandos, Lady Wortley, and Hill, was mean in his retreat.

The virtues which seem to have had most of his affection were liberality and fidelity of friendship, in which it does not appear that he was other than he describes himself. His fortune did not suffer his charity to be splendid and conspicuous; but he assisted Dodsley with a hundred pounds, that he might open a shop; and, of the subscription of forty pounds a year that he raised for Savage, twenty were paid by himself. He was accused of loving money; but his love was eagerness to gain, not solicitude to keep it.

In the duties of friendship he was zealous and constant; his early maturity of mind commonly united him with men older than himself, and therefore, without attaining any considerable length of life, he saw many companions of his youth sink into the grave; but it does not appear that he lost a single friend by coldness or by injury; those who loved him once, continued their kindness. His ungrateful men-

tion of Allen in his will, was the effect of his adherence to one whom he had known much longer, and whom he naturally loved with greater fondness. His violation of the trust reposed in him by Bolingbroke could have no motive inconsistent with the warmest affection; he either thought the action so near to indifferent that he forgot it, or so laudable that he expected his friend to approve it.

It was reported, with such confidence as almost to enforce belief, that in the papers entrusted to his executors was found a defamatory Life of Swift, which he had prepared as an instrument of vengeance, to be used if any provocation should be ever given. About this I enquired of the Earl of Marchmont, who assured me that no such piece was among his remains.

The religion in which he lived and died was that of the Church of Rome, to which in his correspondence with Racine he professes himself a sincere adherent. That he was not scrupulously pious in some part of his life, is known by many idle and indecent applications of sentences taken from the Scriptures; a mode of merriment which a good man dreads for its profaneness; and a witty man disdains for its easiness and vulgarity. But to whatever levities he has been betrayed, it does not appear that his principles were ever corrupted, or that he ever lost his belief of Revelation. The positions which he transmitted from Bolingbroke he seems not to have understood, and was pleased with an interpretation that made them orthodox.

A man of such exalted superiority, and so little moderation, would naturally have all his delinquencies observed and aggravated; those who could not deny that he was excellent, would rejoice to find that he was not perfect.

Perhaps it may be imputed to the unwillingness with which the same man is allowed to possess many advantages, that his learning has been depreciated. He certainly was, in his early life, a man of great literary curiosity; and, when he wrote his 'Essay on Criticism,' had, for his age, a very wide acquaintance with books. When he entered into the living world, it seems to have happened to him as to many

others, that he was less attentive to dead masters; he studied in the academy of Paracelsus, and made the universe his favourite volume. He gathered his notions fresh from reality, not from the copies of authors, but the originals of nature. Yet there is no reason to believe that literature ever lost his esteem; he always professed to love reading; and Dobson, who spent some time at his house translating his 'Essay on Man,' when I asked him what learning he found him to possess, answered, "More than I expected." His frequent references to history, his allusions to various kinds of knowledge, and his images selected from art and nature, with his observations on the operations of the mind and the modes of life, show an intelligence perpetually on the wing, excursive, vigorous, and diligent, eager to pursue knowledge, and attentive to retain it.

From this curiosity arose the desire of travelling, to which he alludes in his verse to Jervas, and which, though he never found an opportunity to gratify it, did not leave him till his life declined.

Of his intellectual character, the constituent and fundamental principle was good sense, a prompt and intuitive perception of consonance and propriety. He saw immediately, of his own conceptions, what was to be chosen, and what to be rejected; and, in the works of others, what was to be shunned, and what was to be copied.

But good sense alone is a sedate and quiescent quality, which manages its possessions well, but does not increase them; it collects few materials for its own operations, and preserves safety, but never gains supremacy. Pope had likewise genius; a mind active, ambitious, and adventurous, always investigating, always aspiring; in its widest searches still longing to go forward, in its highest flights still wishing to be higher; always imagining something greater than it knows, always endeavouring more than it can do.

To assist these powers, he is said to have had great strength and exactness of memory. That which he had heard or read was not easily lost; and he had before him not only what his own meditations suggested, but what he had

found in other writers that might be accommodated to his present purpose.

These benefits of nature he improved by incessant and unwearied diligence; he had recourse to every source of intelligence, and lost no opportunity of information; he consulted the living as well as the dead; he read his compositions to his friends, and was never content with mediocrity, when excellence could be attained. He considered poetry as the business of his life; and, however he might seem to lament his occupation, he followed it with constancy; to make verses was his first labour, and to mend them was his last.

From his attention to poetry he was never diverted. If conversation offered anything that could be improved, he committed it to paper; if a thought, or perhaps an expression more happy than was common, rose to his mind, he was careful to write it; an independent distich was preserved for an opportunity of insertion; and some little fragments have been found containing lines, or parts of lines, to be wrought upon at some other time.

He was one of those few whose labour is their pleasure: he was never elevated to negligence, nor wearied to impatience; he never passed a fault unamended by indifference, nor quitted it by despair. He laboured his works first to gain reputation, and afterwards to keep it.

Of composition there are different methods. Some employ at once memory and invention, and, with little intermediate use of the pen, form and polish large masses by continued meditation, and write their productions only when, in their own opinion, they have completed them. It is related of Virgil, that his custom was to pour out a great number of verses in the morning, and pass the day in retrenching exuberances, and correcting inaccuracies. The method of Pope, as may be collected from his translation, was to write his first thoughts in his first words, and gradually to amplify, decorate, rectify, and refine them.

With such faculties, and such dispositions, he excelled every other writer in poetical prudence: he wrote in such a

manner as might expose him to few hazards. He used almost always the same fabric of verse; and, indeed, by those few essays which he made of any other, he did not enlarge his reputation. Of this uniformity the certain consequence was readiness and dexterity. By perpetual practice, language had, in his mind, a systematical arrangement; having always the same use for words, he had words so selected and combined as to be ready at his call. This increase of facility he confessed himself to have perceived in the progress of his translation.

But what was yet of more importance, his effusions were always voluntary, and his subjects chosen by himself. His independence secured him from drudging at a task, and labouring upon a barren topic; he never exchanged praise for money, nor opened a shop of condolence or congratulation. His poems, therefore, were scarcely ever temporary. He suffered coronations and royal marriages to pass without a song; and derived no opportunities from recent events, nor any popularity from the accidental disposition of his readers. He was never reduced to the necessity of soliciting the sun to shine upon a birth-day, of calling the Graces and Virtues to a wedding, or of saying what multitudes have said before him. When he could produce nothing new, he was at liberty to be silent.

His publications were for the same reason never hasty. He is said to have sent nothing to the press till it had lain two years under his inspection; it is at least certain, that he ventured nothing without nice examination. He suffered the tumult of imagination to subside, and the novelties of invention to grow familiar. He knew that the mind is always enamoured of its own productions, and did not trust his first fondness. He consulted his friends, and listened with great willingness to criticism; and, what was of more importance, he consulted himself, and let nothing pass against his own judgment.

He professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried liberality; and perhaps

his character may receive some illustration, if he be compared with his master.

Integrity of understanding and nicety of discernment were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shown by the dismission of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never deserved to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others, he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often, to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration; when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for, when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude.

Pope was not content to satisfy; he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavoured to do his best; he did not court the candour, but dared the judgment of his reader, and expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he considered and reconsidered them. The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times as might hasten their publication, were the two satires of 'Thirty-eight;' of which Dodsley told me that they were brought to him by the author, that they might be fairly copied. "Almost every line," he said, "was then written twice over; I gave him a clean transcript, which he sent some time afterwards to me for the press, with almost every line written twice over a second time."

His declaration, that his care for his works ceased at their publication, was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them; what he found amiss in the first edi-

tion, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the 'Iliad,' and freed it from some of its imperfections; and the 'Essay on Criticism' received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigour. Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden; but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation; and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden observes the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet; that quality without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates; the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that, if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's perform-

ances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden therefore are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

This parallel will, I hope, when it is well considered, be found just; and if the reader should suspect me, as I suspect myself, of some partial fondness for the memory of Dryden, let him not too hastily condemn me; for meditation and inquiry may, perhaps, show him the reasonableness of my determination.

Oliver Goldsmith

1728–1774

A VISIT TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY

(*The Citizen of the World*, Letter XIII., 1760–61)

I am just returned from Westminster Abbey, the place of sepulture for the philosophers, heroes, and kings of England. What a gloom do monumental inscriptions and all the venerable names of deceased merit inspire! Imagine a temple marked with the hand of antiquity, solemn as religious awe, adorned with all the magnificence of barbarous profusion, dim windows, fretted pillars, long colonnades, and dark ceilings. Think then, what were my sensations at being introduced to such a scene. I stood in the midst of the temple,

and threw my eyes round on the walls filled with the statues, the inscriptions, and the monuments of the dead.

Alas, I said to myself, how does pride attend the puny child of dust even to the grave! Even humble as I am, I possess more consequence in the present scene than the greatest hero of them all; they have toiled for an hour to gain a transient immortality, and are at length retired to the grave, where they have no attendant but the worm, none to flatter but the epitaph.

As I was indulging such reflections, a gentleman dressed in black, perceiving me to be a stranger, came up, entered into conversation, and politely offered to be my instructor and guide through the temple. If any monument, said he, should particularly excite your curiosity, I shall endeavour to satisfy your demands. I accepted with thanks the gentleman's offer, adding, that "I was come to observe the policy, the wisdom, and the justice of the English, in conferring rewards upon deceased merit. If adulation like this, continued I, be properly conducted, as it can in no ways injure those who are flattered, so it may be a glorious incentive to those who are now capable of enjoying it. It is the duty of every good government to turn this mounmental pride to its own advantage, to become strong in the aggregate from the weakness of the individual. If none but the truly great have a place in this awful repository, a temple like this will give the finest lessons of morality, and be a strong incentive to true ambition. I am told, that none have a place here but characters of the most distinguished merit." The man in black seemed impatient at my observations, so I discontinued my remarks, and we walked on together to take a view of every particular monument in order as it lay.

As the eye is naturally caught by the finest objects, I could not avoid being particularly curious about one monument which appeared more beautiful than the rest; that, said I to my guide, I take to be the tomb of some very great man. By the peculiar excellence of the workmanship, and the magnificence of the design, this must be a trophy raised to the

memory of some king who has saved his country from ruin, or lawgiver, who has reduced his fellow-citizens from anarchy into just subjection.—It is not requisite, replied my companion smiling, to have such qualifications in order to have a very fine monument here. More humble abilities will suffice. *What, I suppose then, the gaining two or three battles, or the taking half a score towns, is thought a sufficient qualification?* Gaining battles, or taking towns, replied the man in black, may be of service; but a gentleman may have a very fine monument here without ever seeing a battle or a siege. *This then is the monument of some poet, I presume, of one whose wit has gained him immortality?* No, sir, replied my guide, the gentleman who lies here never made verses; and as for wit, he despised it in others, because he had none himself. *Pray tell me then in a word,* said I peevishly, *what is the great man who lies here particularly remarkable for?* Remarkable, sir! said my companion; why, sir, the gentleman that lies here is remarkable, very remarkable—for a tomb in Westminster Abbey. *But, head of my Ancestors! how has he got here? I fancy he could never bribe the guardians of the temple to give him a place. Should he not be ashamed to be seen among company, where even moderate merit would look like infamy?* I suppose, replied the man in black, the gentleman was rich, and his friends, as is usual in such a case, told him he was great. He readily believed them; the guardians of the temple, as they got by the self-delusion, were ready to believe him too; so he paid his money for a fine monument; and the workman, as you see, has made him one the most beautiful. Think not, however, that this gentleman is singular in his desire of being buried among the great; there are several others in the temple, who, hated and shunned by the great while alive, have come here, fully resolved to keep them company now they are dead.

As we walked along to a particular part of the temple, there, says the gentleman, pointing with his finger, that is the poet's corner; there you see the monuments of Shakespeare, and Milton, and Prior, and Drayton. Drayton, I replied, I never heard of him before, but I have been told of

one Pope, is he there? It is time enough, replied my guide, these hundred years, he is not long dead, people have not done hating him yet. Strange, cried I, Can any be found to hate a man, whose life was wholly spent in entertaining and instructing his fellow creatures? Yes, says my guide, they hate him for that very reason. There are a set of men called answerers of books, who take upon them to watch the republic of letters, and distribute reputation by the sheet; they are incapable of giving pleasure themselves, and hinder those that would. These answerers have no other employment but to cry out Dunce, and Scribbler, to praise the dead, and revile the living, to grant a man of confessed abilities some small share of merit, to applaud twenty blockheads in order to gain the reputation of candour, and to revile the moral character of the man whose writings they cannot injure. Such wretches are kept in pay by some mercenary bookseller, or more frequently, the bookseller himself takes this dirty work off their hands, as all that is required is to be very abusive and very dull; every Poet of any genius is sure to find such enemies, he feels, though he seems to despise their malice, they make him miserable here, and in the pursuit of empty fame, at last he gains solid anxiety.

Has this been the case with every poet I see here? cried I.—Yes, with every mother's son of them, replied he, except he happened to be born a mandarine. If he has much money, he may buy reputation from your book-answerers, as well as a monument from the guardians of the temple. *But are there not some men of distinguished taste, as in China, who are willing to patronise men of merit and soften the rancour of malevolent dulness?*

I own there are many, replied the man in black, but, alas! sir, the book-answerers crowd about them, and call themselves the writers of books; and the patron is too indolent to distinguish; thus poets are kept at a distance, while their enemies eat up all their rewards at the mandarine's table.

Leaving this part of the temple, we made up to an iron gate, through which my companion told me we were to pass

in order to see the monuments of the kings. Accordingly I marched up without further ceremony, and was going to enter, when a person who held the gate in his hand, told me I must pay first. I was surprised at such a demand; and asked the man whether the people of England kept a *show?* whether the paltry sum he demanded was not a national reproach? whether it was not more to the honour of the country to let their magnificence or their antiquities be openly seen, than thus meanly to tax a curiosity which tended to their own honour? As for your questions, replied the gate-keeper, to be sure they may be very right, because I don't understand them, but, as for that there three-pence, I farm it from one, who rents it from another, who hires it from a third, who leases it from the guardians of the temple, and we all must live. I expected upon paying here to see something extraordinary, since what I had seen for nothing filled me with so much surprise; but in this I was disappointed; there was little more within than black coffins, rusty armour, tattered standards, and some few slovenly figures in wax. I was sorry I had paid, but I comforted myself by considering it would be my last payment. A person attended us, who, without once blushing, told an hundred lies; he talked of a lady who died by pricking her finger, of a king with a golden head, and twenty such pieces of absurdity; Look ye there, gentlemen, says he, pointing to an old oak chair, there's a curiosity for ye; in that chair the kings of England were crowned, you see also a stone underneath, and that stone is Jacob's pillow. I could see no curiosity either in the oak chair or the stone; could I, indeed, behold one of the old kings of England seated in this, or Jacob's head laid upon the other, there might be something curious in the sight; but in the present case, there was no more reason for my surprise, than if I should pick a stone from their streets, and call it a curiosity, merely because one of the kings happened to tread upon it as he passed in a procession.

From hence our conductor led us through several dark walks and winding ways, uttering lies, talking to himself, and flourishing a wand which he held in his hand. He re-

minded me of the black magicians of Kobi. After we had been almost fatigued with a variety of objects, he, at last, desired me to consider attentively a certain suit of armour, which seemed to show nothing remarkable. This armour, said he, belonged to General Monk. *Very surprising, that a general should wear armour.* And pray, added he, observe this cap, this is General Monk's cap. *Very strange indeed, very strange, that a general should have a cap also! Pray friend, what might this cap have cost originally?* That, sir, says he, I don't know, but this cap is all the wages I have for my trouble. *A very small recompense truly,* said I. Not so very small, replied he, for every gentleman puts some money into it, and I spend the money. *What, more money! still more money!* Every gentleman gives something, sir. I'll give thee nothing, returned I; the guardians of the temple should pay you your wages, friend, and not permit you to squeeze thus from every spectator. When we pay our money at the door to see a show, we never give more as we are going out. Sure the guardians of the temple can never think they get enough. Show me the gate; if I stay longer, I may probably meet with more of those ecclesiastical beggars.

Thus leaving the temple precipitately, I returned to my lodgings, in order to ruminate over what was great, and to despise what was mean in the occurrences of the day.

THE MAN IN BLACK

(Letter XXVI. from the same)

Though fond of many acquaintances, I desire an intimacy only with a few. The man in black whom I have often mentioned, is one whose friendship I could wish to acquire, because he possesses my esteem. His manners, it is true, are tinctured with some strange inconsistencies; and he may be justly termed an humourist in a nation of humourists. Though he is generous even to profusion, he affects to be thought a prodigy of parsimony and prudence; though his

conversation be replete with the most sordid and selfish maxims, his heart is dilated with the most unbounded love. I have known him profess himself a man-hater, while his cheek was glowing with compassion; and while his looks were softened into pity, I have heard him use the language of the most unbounded ill-nature. Some affect humanity and tenderness, others boast of having such dispositions from Nature; but he is the only man I ever knew who seemed ashamed of his natural benevolence. He takes as much pains to hide his feelings as any hypocrite would to conceal his indifference; but on every unguarded moment the mask drops off, and reveals him to the most superficial observer.

In one of our late excursions into the country, happening to discourse upon the provision that was made for the poor in England, he seemed amazed how any of his countrymen could be so foolishly weak as to relieve occasional objects of charity, when the laws had made such ample provision for their support. In every parish house, says he, the poor are supplied with food, clothes, fire, and a bed to lie on; they want no more, I desire no more myself; yet still they seem discontented. I'm surprised at the inactivity of our magistrates, in not taking up such vagrants who are only a weight upon the industrious; I'm surprised that the people are found to relieve them, when they must be at the same time sensible that it, in some measure encourages idleness, extravagance, and imposture. Were I to advise any man for whom I had the least regard, I would caution him by all means not to be imposed upon by their false pretences: let me assure you, sir, they are impostors, every one of them; and rather merit a prison than relief.

He was proceeding in this strain earnestly, to dissaude me from an imprudence of which I am seldom guilty; when an old man who still had about him the remnants of tattered finery, implored our compassion. He assured us that he was no common beggar, but forced into the shameful profession, to support a dying wife and five hungry children. Being prepossessed against such falsehoods, his story had not the least influence upon me; but it was quite otherwise with the

man in black; I could see it visibly operate upon his countenance, and effectually interrupt his harangue. I could easily perceive that his heart burned to relieve the five starving children, but he seemed ashamed to discover his weakness to me. While he thus hesitated between compassion and pride, I pretended to look another way, and he seized this opportunity of giving the poor petitioner a piece of silver, bidding him at the same time, in order that I should not hear, go work for his bread, and not tease passengers with such impertinent falsehoods for the future.

As he had fancied himself quite unperceived, he continued, as we proceeded, to rail against beggars with as much animosity as before; he threw in some episodes on his own amazing prudence and economy, with his profound skill in discovering impostors; he explained the manner in which he would deal with beggars were he a magistrate, hinted at enlarging some of the prisons for their reception, and told two stories of ladies that were robbed by beggar-men. He was beginning a third to the same purpose, when a sailor with a wooden leg once more crossed our walks, desiring our pity, and blessing our limbs. I was for going on without taking any notice, but my friend looking wistfully upon the poor petitioner, bid me stop, and he would show me with how much ease he could at any time detect an impostor.

He now therefore assumed an air of importance, and in an angry tone began to examine the sailor, demanding in what engagement he was thus disabled and rendered unfit for service. The sailor replied in a tone as angrily as he, that he had been an officer on board a private ship of war, and that he had lost his leg abroad in defence of those who did nothing at home. At this reply, all my friend's importance vanished in a moment; he had not a single question more to ask; he now only studied what method he should take to relieve him unobserved. He had however no easy part to act, as he was obliged to preserve the appearance of ill-nature before me, and yet relieve himself by relieving the sailor. Casting therefore a furious look upon some bundles of chips which the fellow carried in a string at his back, my

friend demanded how he sold his matches; but not waiting for a reply, desired in a surly tone to have a shilling's worth. The sailor seemed at first surprised at his demand, but soon recollected himself, and presenting his whole bundle, "Here master," says he, "take all my cargo, and a blessing into the bargain."

It is impossible to describe with what an air of triumph my friend marched off with his new purchase: he assured me that he was firmly of opinion that those fellows must have stolen their goods, who could thus afford to sell them for half value: he informed me of several different uses to which those chips might be applied; he expatiated largely upon the savings that would result from lighting candles with a match instead of thrusting them into the fire. He averred, that he would as soon have parted with a tooth as his money to those vagabonds, unless for some valuable consideration. I cannot tell how long this panegyric upon frugality and matches might have continued, had not his attention been called off by another object more distressful than either of the former. A woman in rags, with one child in her arms, and another on her back, was attempting to sing ballads, but with such a mournful voice that it was difficult to determine whether she was singing or crying. A wretch, who in the deepest distress still aimed at good-humour, was an object my friend was by no means capable of withstanding: his vivacity and his discourse were instantly interrupted; upon this occasion his very dissimulation had forsaken him. Even in my presence he immediately applied his hands to his pockets, in order to relieve her; but guess his confusion when he found he had already given away all the money he carried about him to former objects. The misery painted in the woman's visage, was not half so strongly expressed as the agony in his. He continued to search for some time, but to no purpose, till, at length recollecting himself, with a face of ineffable good-nature, as he had no money, he put into her hands his shilling's worth of matches.

BEAU TIBBS

(Letter LIV. from the same)

Though naturally pensive, yet I am fond of gay company, and take every opportunity of thus dismissing the mind from duty. From this motive I am often found in the centre of a crowd; and wherever pleasure is to be sold, am always a purchaser. In those places, without being remarked by any, I join in whatever goes forward, work my passions into a similitude of frivolous earnestness, shout as they shout, and condemn as they happen to disapprove. A mind thus sunk for a while below its natural standard, is qualified for stronger flights, as those first retire who would spring forward with greater vigour.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, my friend and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when stopping on a sudden, my friend caught me by the elbow, and led me out of the public walk. I could perceive by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed; we now turned to the right, then to the left; as we went forward he still went faster, but in vain; the person whom he attempted to escape, hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment; so that at last we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. "My dear Drybone," cries he, shaking my friend's hand, "where have you been hiding this half a century? Positively I had fancied you were gone down to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country." During the reply, I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion; his hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness; his looks were pale, thin,

and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad black ribbon and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt, and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress, that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply, in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs on the taste of his clothes, and the bloom in his countenance: "Pshaw, pshaw, Will," cried the figure, "no more of that if you love me: you know I hate flattery, on my soul I do; and yet, to be sure, an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance, and a course of venison will fatten; and yet, faith, I despise the great as much as you do: but there are a great many damn'd honest fellows among them; and we must not quarrel with one half, because the other wants weeding. If they were all such as my Lord Mudler, one of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly's. My lord was there. Ned, says he to me, Ned, says he, I'll hold gold to silver I can tell where you were poaching last night. Poaching, my lord, says I; faith you have missed already; for I staid at home, and let the girls poach for me. That's my way; I take a fine woman as some animals do their prey; stand still, and swoop, they fall into my mouth."

"Ah, Tibbs, thou art an happy fellow," cried my companion with looks of infinite pity, "I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding in such company?" "Improved," replied the other; "you shall know,—but let it go no farther,—a great secret—five hundred a-year to begin with.—My lord's word of honour for it—his lordship took me down in his own Chariot yesterday, and we had a tête-à-tête dinner in the country; where we talked of nothing else." "I fancy you forget, sir," cried I, "you told us but this moment of your dining yesterday in town!" "Did I say so?" replied he coolly, "to be sure, if I said so, it was so—dined in town; egad, now I do remember, I did dine in town;

but I dined in the country too; for you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners. By the by, I am grown as nice as the Devil in my eating. I'll tell you a pleasant affair about that: we were a select party of us to dine at Lady Grogram's, an affected piece, but let it go no further; a secret: well, there happened to be no Assafœtida in the sauce to a turkey, upon which, says I, I'll hold a thousand guineas and say done, first, that—But dear Drybone, you are an honest creature, lend me half-a-crown for a minute or two, or so, just till—But hearkee, ask me for it the next time we meet, or it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you."

When he left us, our conversation naturally turned upon so extraordinary a character. His very dress, cries my friend, is not less extraordinary than his conduct. If you meet him this day you find him in rags, if the next in embroidery. With those persons of distinction, of whom he talks so familiarly, he has scarcely a coffee-house acquaintance. However, both for the interests of society, and perhaps for his own, Heaven has made him poor, and while all the world perceive his wants, he fancies them concealed from every eye. An agreeable companion because he understands flattery; and all must be pleased with the first part of his conversation, though all are sure of its ending with a demand on their purse. While his youth countenances the levity of his conduct, he may thus earn a precarious subsistence, but when age comes on, the gravity of which is incompatible with buffoonery, then will he find himself forsaken by all; condemned in the decline of life to hang upon some rich family whom he once despised, there to undergo all the ingenuity of studied contempt, to be employed only as a spy upon the servants, or a bugbear to fright the children into obedience. Adieu.

BEAU TIBBS—*Continued*

(Letter LV. from the same)

I am apt to fancy I have contracted a new acquaintance whom it will be no easy matter to shake off. My little beau overtook me yesterday again in one of the public walks, and

slapping me on the shoulder, saluted me with an air of the most perfect familiarity. His dress was the same as usual, except that he had more powder in his hair, wore a dirtier shirt, a pair of temple spectacles, and his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be an harmless amusing little thing, I could not return his smiles with any degree of severity; so we walked forward on terms of the utmost intimacy, and in a few minutes discussed all the usual topics preliminary to particular conversation.

The oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear; he bowed to several well-dressed persons, who, by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he drew out a pocket book, seeming to take memorandums before all the company, with much importance and assiduity. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole walk, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at not less than him by every spectator.

When we were got to the end of our procession, "Blast me," cries he, with an air of vivacity, "I never saw the parks so thin in my life before! there's no company at all to-day; not a single face to be seen." "No company," interrupted I, peevishly; "no company where there is such a crowd? why man, there's too much. What are the thousands that have been laughing at us but company?" "Lord, my dear," returned he, with the utmost good humour, "you seem immensely chagrined; but blast me, when the world laughs at me, I laugh at all the world, and so we are even. My Lord Trip, Bill Squash the Creolian, and I, sometimes make a party at being ridiculous; and so we say and do a thousand things for the joke's sake. But I see you are grave, and if you are for a fine grave sentimental companion, you shall dine with me and my wife to-day; I must insist on't; I'll introduce you to Mrs. Tibbs, a lady of as elegant qualifications as any in Nature; she was bred, but that's between ourselves, under the inspection of the Countess of All-night. A charming body of voice, but no more of that, she will give us a song. You shall see my little girl too, Carolina Wilhi-

mina Amelia Tibbs, a sweet pretty creature! I design her for my Lord Drumstick's eldest son; but that's in friendship, let it go no further: she's but six years old, and yet she walks a minuet, and plays on the guitar immensely already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place I'll make her a scholar; I'll teach her Greek myself, and learn that language purposely to instruct her; but let that be a secret."

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm, and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys, and winding ways; for, from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particular aversion to every frequented street; at last, however, we got to the door of a dismal-looking house, in the outlets of the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which ever seemed to lie most hospitably open; and I began to ascend an old and creaking staircase, when, as he mounted to show me the way, he demanded, whether I delighted in prospects; to which answering in the affirmative, "Then," says he, "I shall show you one of the most charming in the world out of my window; we shall see the ships sailing, and the whole country for twenty miles round, tip top, quite high. My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand guineas for such a one; but as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always love to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may see me the oftener."

By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor down the chimney; and knocking at the door, a voice from within demanded who's there? My conductor answered, that it was him. But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand: to which he answered louder than before; and now the door was opened by an old woman with cautious reluctance.

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and turning to the old woman, asked where was her lady? "Good troth," replied she, in a peculiar dialect, "she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because

they have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer." "My two shirts," cries he, in a tone that faltered with confusion, "what does the idiot mean!" "I ken what I mean weel enough," replied the other; "she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because—" "Fire and fury, no more of thy stupid explanations," cried he—"go and inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch hag to be forever in the family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of hers, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high life; and yet it is very surprising too, as I had her from a parliament man, a friend of mine, from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world; but that's a secret."

We waited some time for Mrs. Tibbs' arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture; which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife's embroidery; a square table that had been once japanned; a cradle in one corner, a lumbering cabinet in the other; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarine without a head, were stuck over the chimney; and round the walls several paltry unframed pictures, which he observed, were all his own drawing. "What do you think, sir, of that head in the corner, done in the manner of Grisoni? there's the true keeping in it; it's my own face, and though there happens to be no likeness, a countess offered me an hundred for its fellow: I refused her, for, hang it, that would be mechanical, you know."

The wife at last made her appearance, at once a slattern and a coquette; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such odious dishabille, but hoped to be excused, as she had stayed out all night at the gardens with the countess, who was excessively fond of the horns. "And indeed, my dear," added she, turning to her husband, "his lordship drank your health in a bumper."—"Poor Jack," cries he, "a dear good-natured creature, I know he loves me; but I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner; you need make no great preparations neither, there are but three of us, something

elegant and little will do; a turbot, an ortolan, or a—. "Or what do you think, my dear," interrupts the wife, "of a nice pretty bit of ox-cheek piping hot, and dressed with a little of my own sauce?"—"The very thing," replies he, "it will eat best with some smart bottled beer; but be sure to let us have the sauce his grace was so fond of. I hate your immense loads of meat, that is country all over; extreme disgusting to those who are in the least acquainted with high life."

By this time my curiosity began to abate, and my appetite to increase: the company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy; I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and after having shown my respect to the house, according to the fashion of the English, by giving the old servant a piece of money at the door, I took my leave; Mr. Tibbs assuring me that dinner, if I stayed, would be ready at least in less than two hours.

Edmund Burke

1729–1797

WARREN HASTINGS

(From *Speech in Opening the Impeachment.* Fourth Day: Tuesday, February 19, 1788)

My Lords, you have heard the proceedings of the court before which Gunga Govind Sing thought proper to appeal, in consequence of the power and protection of Mr. Hastings being understood to exist after he left India, and authenticated by his last parting deed. Your Lordships will judge by that last act of Mr. Hastings what the rest of his whole life was.

My Lords, I do not mean now to go further than just to remind your Lordships of this, that Mr. Hastings's government was one whole system of oppression, of robbery of individuals, of destruction of the public, and of suppression of the whole system of the English government, in order to vest

in the worst of the natives all the powers that could possibly exist in any government,—in order to defeat the ends which all governments ought in common to have in view. Thus, my Lords, I show you at one point of view what you are to expect from him in all the rest. I have, I think, made out as clear as can be to your Lordships, so far as it was necessary to go, that his bribery and peculation was not occasional, but habitual,—that it was not urged upon him at the moment, but was regular and systematic. I have shown to your Lordships the operation of such a system on the revenues.

My Lords, Mr. Hastings pleads one constant merit to justify those acts,—namely, that they produce an increase of the public revenue; and accordingly he never sells to any of those wicked agents any trusts whatever in the country, that you do not hear that it will considerably tend to the increase of the revenue. Your Lordships will see, when he sold to wicked men the province of Bahar in the same way in which Debi Sing had this province of Dinagepore, that consequences of a horrid and atrocious nature, though not to so great an extent, followed from it. I will just beg leave to state to your Lordships, that the kingdom of Bahar is annexed to the kingdom of Bengal; that this kingdom was governed by another Provincial Council; that he turned out that Provincial Council, and sold that government to two wicked men: one of no fortune at all, and the other of a very suspicious fortune; one a total bankrupt, the other justly excommunicated for his wickedness in his country, and then in prison for misdemeanors in a subordinate situation of government. Mr. Hastings destroyed the Council that imprisoned him; and, instead of putting one of the best and most reputable of the natives to govern it, he takes out of prison this excommunicated wretch, hated by God and man,—this bankrupt, this man of evil and desperate character, this mismanager of the public revenue in an inferior station; and, as he had given Bengal to Gunga Govind Sing, he gave this province to Rajahs Kelleram and Cullian Sing. It was done upon this principle, that they would increase and very much better the revenue.

These men seemed to be as strange instruments for improving a revenue as ever were chosen, I suppose, since the world began. Perhaps their merit was giving a bribe of 40,000*l.* to Mr. Hastings. How he disposed of it I don't know. He says, "I disposed of it to the public, and it was in a case of emergency." You will see in the course of this business the falsehood of that pretence: for you will see, though the obligation is given for it as a round sum of money, that the payment was not accomplished till a year after; that therefore it could not answer any immediate exigence of the Company. Did it answer in an increase of the revenue? The very reverse. Those persons who had given this bribe of 40,000*l.* at the end of that year were found 80,000*l.* in debt to the Company. The Company always loses, when Mr. Hastings takes a bribe; and when he proposes an increase of the revenue, the Company loses often double. But I hope and trust your Lordships will consider this idea of a monstrous rise of rent, given by men of desperate fortunes and characters, to be one of the grievances instead of one of the advantages of this system.

It has been necessary to lay these facts before you, (and I have stated them to your Lordships far short of their reality, partly through my infirmity, and partly on account of the odiousness of the task of going through things that disgrace human nature,) that you may be enabled fully to enter into the dreadful consequences which attend a system of bribery and corruption in a Governor-General. On a transient view, bribery is rather a subject of disgust than horror,—the sordid practice of a venal, mean, and abject mind; and the effect of the crime seems to end with the act. It looks to be no more than the corrupt transfer of property from one person to another,—at worst a theft. But it will appear in a very different light, when you regard the consideration for which the bribe is given,—namely, that a Governor-General, claiming an arbitrary power in himself, for that consideration delivers up the properties, the liberties, and the lives of an whole people to the arbitrary discretion of any wicked and rapacious person, who will be sure to make good from their blood the

purchase he has paid for his power over them. It is possible that a man may pay a bribe merely to redeem himself from some evil. It is bad, however, to live under a power whose violence has no restraint except in its avarice. But no man ever paid a bribe for a power to charge and tax others, but with a view to oppress them. No man ever paid a bribe for the handling of the public money, but to peculate from it. When once such offices become thus privately and corruptly venal, the very worst men will be chosen (as Mr. Hastings has in fact constantly chosen the very worst); because none but those who do not scruple the use of any means are capable, consistently with profit, to discharge at once the rigid demands of a severe public revenue and the private bribes of a rapacious chief magistrate. Not only the worst men will be thus chosen, but they will be restrained by no dread whatsoever in the execution of their worst oppressions. Their protection is sure. The authority that is to restrain, to control, to punish them is previously engaged; he has his retaining fee for the support of their crimes. Mr. Hastings never dared, because he could not, arrest oppression in its course, without drying up the source of his own corrupt emolument. Mr. Hastings never dared, after the fact, to punish extortion in others, because he could not, without risking the discovery of bribery in himself. The same corruption, the same oppression, and the same impunity will reign through all the subordinate gradations.

A fair revenue may be collected without the aid of wicked, violent, and unjust instruments. But when once the line of just and legal demand is transgressed, such instruments are of absolute necessity; and they comport themselves accordingly. When we know that men must be well paid (and they ought to be well paid) for the performance of honorable duty, can we think that men will be found to commit wicked, rapacious, and oppressive acts with fidelity and disinterestedness for the sole emolument of dishonest employers? No: they must have their full share of the prey, and the greater share, as they are the nearer and more necessary instruments of the general extortion. We must not, therefore, flatter ourselves,

when Mr. Hastings takes 40,000*l.* in bribes for Dinagepore and its annexed provinces, that from the people nothing more than 40,000*l.* is extorted. I speak within compass, four times forty must be levied on the people; and these violent sales, fraudulent purchases, confiscations, inhuman and unutterable tortures, imprisonment, irons, whips, fines, general despair, general insurrection, the massacre of the officers of revenue by the people, the massacre of the people by the soldiery, and the total waste and destruction of the finest provinces in India, are things of course,—and all a necessary consequence involved in the very substance of Mr. Hastings's bribery.

I therefore charge Mr. Hastings with having destroyed, for private purposes, the whole system of government by the six Provincial Councils, which he had no right to destroy.

I charge him with having delegated to others that power which the act of Parliament had directed him to preserve unalienably in himself.

I charge him with having formed a committee to be mere instruments and tools, at the enormous expense of 62,000*l.* per annum.

I charge him with having appointed a person their dewan to whom these Englishmen were to be subservient tools,—whose name, to his own knowledge, was, by the general voice of India, by the general recorded voice of the Company, by recorded official transactions, by everything that can make a man known, abhorred, and detested, stamped with infamy; and with giving him the whole power which he had thus separated from the Council-General, and from the Provincial Councils.

I charge him with taking bribes of Gunga Govind Sing.

I charge him with not having done that bribe-service which fidelity even in iniquity requires at the hands of the worst of men.

I charge him with having robbed those people of whom he took the bribes.

I charge him with having fraudulently alienated the fortunes of widows.

I charge him with having, without right, title, or purchase, taken the lands of orphans, and given them to wicked persons under him.

I charge him with having removed the natural guardians of a minor Rajah, and with having given that trust to a stranger, Debi Sing, whose wickedness was known to himself and all the world, and by whom the Rajah, his family, and dependants were cruelly oppressed.

I charge him with having committed to the management of Debi Sing three great provinces; and thereby with having wasted the country, ruined the landed interest, cruelly harassed the peasants, burnt their homes, seized their crops, tortured and degraded their persons, and destroyed the honor of the whole female race of that country.

In the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villany upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you.

My Lords, what is it that we want here to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my Lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.

Do you want a criminal, my Lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? No, my Lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

My Lords, is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors; and I believe, my Lords, that the sun, in his beneficent progress round the world, does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bounds and barriers of Nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community,—all the Commons of England resenting, as their own, the indignities and cruelties that are offered to all the people of India.

Do we want a tribunal? My Lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this.

My Lords, here we see virtually, in the mind's eye, that sacred majesty of the crown, under whose authority you sit, and whose power you exercise. We see in that invisible authority, what we all feel in reality and life, the beneficent powers and protecting justice of his Majesty. We have here the heir-apparent to the crown, such as the fond wishes of the people of England wish an heir-apparent of the crown to be. We have here all the branches of the royal family, in a situation between majesty and subjection, between the sovereign and the subject,—offering a pledge in that situation for the support of the rights of the crown and the liberties of the people, both which extremities they touch. My Lords, we have a great hereditary peerage here,—those who have their own honour, the honour of their ancestors and of their posterity to guard, and who will justify, as they have always justified, that provision in the Constitution by which justice is made an hereditary office. My Lords, we have here a new nobility, who have risen and exalted themselves by various merits,—by great military services which have extended the fame of this country from the rising to the setting sun. We have those who, by various civil merits and various civil talents, have been exalted to a situation which they well deserve, and in which they will justify the favour of their sovereign, and the good opinion of their fellow-subjects, and make them rejoice to see those virtuous characters that were the other day upon a level with them now exalted above them in rank, but feeling with them in sympathy what they felt in common with them before. We have persons exalted from the practice of the law, from the place in which they administered high, though subordinate, justice, to a seat here, to enlighten with their knowledge and to strengthen with their votes those principles which have distinguished the courts in which they have presided.

My Lords, you have here also the lights of our religion, you have the bishops of England. My Lords, you have that true image of the primitive Church, in its ancient form, in its ancient ordinances, purified from the superstitions and the vices which a long succession of ages will bring upon the best

institutions. You have the representatives of that religion which says that their God is love, that the very vital spirit of their institution is charity,—a religion which so much hates oppression, that, when the God whom we adore appeared in human form, He did not appear in a form of greatness and majesty, but in sympathy with the lowest of the people, and thereby made it a firm and ruling principle that their welfare was the object of all government, since the Person who was the Master of Nature chose to appear Himself in a subordinate situation. These are the considerations which influence them, which animate them, and will animate them, against all oppression,—knowing that He who is called first among them, and first among us all, both of the flock that is fed and of those that feed it, made Himself "the servant of all."

My Lords, these are the securities which we have in all the constituent parts of the body of this House. We know them, we reckon, we rest upon them, and commit safely the interests of India and of humanity into your hands. Therefore it is with confidence, that, ordered by the Commons,

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain in Parliament assembled, whose Parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonoured.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted, whose properties he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.

REFLECTIONS ON THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE

(1790)

(Selections)

On the forenoon of the fourth of November last, Doctor Richard Price, a Non-Conforming minister of eminence, preached at the Dissenting meeting-house of the Old Jewry, to his club or society, a very extraordinary miscellaneous sermon, in which there are some good moral and religious sentiments, and not ill expressed, mixed up with a sort of porridge of various political opinions and reflections: but the Revolution in France is the grand ingredient in the caldron. I consider the address transmitted by the Revolution Society to the National Assembly, through Earl Stanhope, as originating in the principles of the sermon, and as a corollary from them.

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Before I read that sermon, I really thought I had lived in a free country; and it was an error I cherished, because it gave me a greater liking to the country I lived in. I was, indeed, aware that a jealous, ever-waking vigilance, to guard the treasure of our liberty, not only from invasion, but from decay and corruption, was our best wisdom and our first duty. However, I considered that treasure rather as a possession to be secured than as a prize to be contended for. I did not discern how the present time came to be so very favourable to all *exertions* in the cause of freedom. The present time differs from any other only by the circumstance of what is doing in France. If the example of that nation is to have an influence on this, I can easily conceive why some of their proceedings which have an unpleasant aspect, and are not quite reconcilable to humanity, generosity, good faith, and justice, are palliated with so much milky good-nature towards the actors, and borne with so much heroic fortitude towards the sufferers. It is certainly not prudent to discredit the authority of an example we mean to follow. But allowing this, we are led to a very

natural question:—What is that cause of liberty, and what are those exertions in its favour, to which the example of France is so singularly auspicious? Is our monarchy to be annihilated, with all the laws, all the tribunals, and all the ancient corporations of the kingdom? Is every landmark of the country to be done away in favour of a geometrical and arithmetical constitution? Is the House of Lords to be voted useless? Is Episcopacy to be abolished? Are the Church lands to be sold to Jews and jobbers, or given to bribe new-invented municipal republics into a participation in sacrilige? Are all the taxes to be voted grievances, and the revenue reduced to a patriotic contribution or patriotic presents? Are silver shoe-buckles to be substituted in the place of the land-tax and the malt-tax, for the support of the naval strength of this kingdom? Are all orders, ranks, and distinctions to be confounded, that out of universal anarchy, joined to national bankruptcy, three or four thousand democracies should be formed into eighty-three, and that they may all, by some sort of unknown attractive power, be organized into one? For this end is the army to be seduced from its discipline and its fidelity, first by every kind of debauchery, and then by the terrible precedent of a donative in the increase of pay? Are the curates to be seduced from their bishops by holding out to them the delusive hope of a dole out of the spoils of their own order? Are the citizens of London to be drawn from their allegiance by feeding them at the expense of their fellow-subjects? Is a compulsory paper currency to be substituted in the place of the legal coin of this kingdom? Is what remains of the plundered stock of public revenue to be employed in the wild project of maintaining two armies to watch over and to fight with each other? If these are the ends and means of the Revolution Society, I admit that they are well assorted; and France may furnish them for both with precedents in point.

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I flatter myself that I love a manly, moral, regulated liberty as well as any gentleman of that society, be he who he will; and perhaps I have given as good proofs of my attach-

ment to that cause, in the whole course of my public conduct. I think I envy liberty as little as they do to any other nation. But I cannot stand forward, and give praise or blame to anything which relates to human actions and human concerns on a simple view of the object, as it stands stripped of every relation, in all the nakedness and solitude of metaphysical abstraction. Circumstances (which with some gentlemen pass for nothing) give in reality to every political principle its distinguishing colour and discriminating effect. The circumstances are what render every civil and political scheme beneficial or noxious to mankind. Abstractedly speaking, government, as well as liberty, is good; yet could I, in common sense, ten years ago, have felicitated France on her enjoyment of a government, (for she then had a government,) without inquiry what the nature of that government was, or how it was administered?

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Society is, indeed, a contract. Subordinate contracts for objects of mere occasional interest may be dissolved at pleasure; but the state ought not to be considered as nothing better than a partnership agreement in a trade of pepper and coffee, calico or tobacco, or some other such low concern, to be taken up for a little temporary interest, and to be dissolved by the fancy of the parties. It is to be looked on with other reverence; because it is not a partnership in things subservient only to the gross animal existence of a temporary and perishable nature. It is a partnership in all science, a partnership in all art, a partnership in every virtue and in all perfection. As the ends of such a partnership cannot be obtained in many generations, it becomes a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born. Each contract of each particular state is but a clause in the great primeval contract of eternal society, linking the lower with the higher natures, connecting the visible and invisible world, according to a fixed compact sanctioned by the inviolable oath which holds all physical and all moral natures each in their appointed place.

A LETTER TO A NOBLE LORD

(1795)

(Abridged)

My Lord,—I could hardly flatter myself with the hope that so very early in the season I should have to acknowledge obligations to the Duke of Bedford and to the Earl of Lauderdale. These noble persons have lost no time in conferring upon me that sort of honour which it is alone within their competence, and which it is certainly most congenial to their nature and their manners, to bestow.

To be ill spoken of, in whatever language they speak, by the zealots of the new sect in philosophy and politics, of which these noble persons think so charitably, and of which others think so justly, to me is no matter of uneasiness or surprise. To have incurred the displeasure of the Duke of Orleans or the Duke of Bedford, to fall under the censure of the Citizen Brissot, or of his friend the Earl of Lauderdale, I ought to consider as proofs, not the least satisfactory, that I have produced some part of the effect I proposed by my endeavors. I have labored hard to earn what the noble Lords are generous enough to pay. Personal offence I have given them none. The part they take against me is from zeal to the cause. It is well,—it is perfectly well. I have to do homage to their justice. I have to thank the Bedfords and the Lauderdales for having so faithfully and so fully acquitted towards me whatever arrear of debt was left undischarged by the Priestleys and the Paines.

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In one thing I can excuse the Duke of Bedford for his attack upon me and my mortuary pension: He cannot readily comprehend the transaction he condemns. What I have obtained was the fruit of no bargain, the production of no intrigue, the result of no compromise, the effect of no solicitation. The first suggestion of it never came from me, mediately or immediately, to his Majesty or any of his ministers. It was long known that the instant my engagements

would permit it, and before the heaviest of all calamities had forever condemned me to obscurity and sorrow, I had resolved on a total retreat. I had executed that design. I was entirely out of the way of serving or of hurting any statesman or any party, when the ministers so generously and so nobly carried into effect the spontaneous bounty of the crown. Both descriptions have acted as became them. When I could no longer serve them, the ministers have considered my situation. When I could no longer hurt them, the revolutionists have trampled on my infirmity. My gratitude, I trust, is equal to the manner in which the benefit was conferred. It came to me, indeed, at a time of life, and in a state of mind and body, in which no circumstance of fortune could afford me any real pleasure. But this was no fault in the royal donor, or in his ministers, who were pleased, in acknowledging the merits of an invalid servant of the public, to assuage the sorrows of a desolate old man.

It would ill become me to boast of anything. It would as ill become me, thus called upon, to depreciate the value of a long life spent with unexampled toil in the service of my country. Since the total body of my services, on account of the industry which was shown in them, and the fairness of my intentions, have obtained the acceptance of my sovereign, it would be absurd in me to range myself on the side of the Duke of Bedford and the Corresponding Society, or, as far as in me lies, to permit a dispute on the rate at which the authority appointed by *our* Constitution to estimate such things has been pleased to set them.

Loose libels ought to be passed by in silence and contempt. By me they have been so always. I knew, that, as long as I remained in public, I should live down the calumnies of malice and the judgments of ignorance. If I happened to be now and then in the wrong, (as who is not?) like all other men, I must bear the consequence of my faults and my mistakes. The libels of the present day are just of the same stuff as the libels of the past. But they derive an importance from the rank of the persons they come from, and the gravity of the place where they were uttered. In some way or other

I ought to take some notice of them. To assert myself thus traduced is not vanity or arrogance. It is a demand of justice; it is a demonstration of gratitude. If I am unworthy, the ministers are worse than prodigal. On that hypothesis, I perfectly agree with the Duke of Bedford.

For whatever I have been (I am now more) I put myself on my country. I ought to be allowed a reasonable freedom, because I stand upon my deliverance; and no culprit ought to plead in irons. Even in the utmost latitude of defensive liberty, I wish to preserve all possible decorum. Whatever it may be in the eyes of these noble persons themselves, to me their situation calls for the most profound respect. If I should happen to trespass a little, which I trust I shall not, let it always be supposed that a confusion of characters may produce mistakes,—that, in the masquerades of the grand carnival of our age, whimsical adventures happen, odd things are said and pass off. If I should fail a single point in the high respect I owe to those illustrious persons, I cannot be supposed to mean the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale of the House of Peers, but the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale of Palace Yard,—the Dukes and Earls of Brentford. There they are on the pavement; there they seem to come nearer to my humble level, and, virtually at least, to have waived their high privilege.

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His Grace thinks I have obtained too much. I answer, that my exertions, whatever they have been, were such as no hopes of pecuniary reward could possibly excite; and no pecuniary compensation can possibly reward them. Between money and such services, if done by abler men than I am, there is no common principle of comparison: they are quantities incommensurable. Money is made for the comfort and convenience of animal life. It cannot be a reward for what mere animal life must, indeed, sustain, but never can inspire. With submission to his Grace, I have not had more than sufficient. As to any noble use, I trust I know how to employ as well as he a much greater fortune than he possesses. In a more confined application, I certainly stand in need of every

kind of relief and easement much more than he does. When I say I have not received more than I deserve, is this the language I hold to your Majesty? No! Far, very far, from it! Before that presence I claim no merit at all. Everything towards me is favor and bounty. One style to a gracious benefactor; another to a proud and insulting foe.

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I was not, like his Grace of Bedford, swaddled and rocked and dandled into a legislator: "*Nitor in adversum*" is the motto for a man like me. I possessed not one of the qualities nor cultivated one of the arts, that recommend men to the favour and protection of the great. I was not made for a minion or a tool. As little did I follow the trade of winning the hearts by imposing on the understandings of the people. At every step of my progress in life, (for in every step was I traversed and opposed,) and at every turnpike I met, I was obliged to show my passport, and again and again to prove my sole title to the honour of being useful to my country, by a proof that I was not wholly unacquainted with its laws, and the whole system of its interests both abroad and at home. Otherwise, no rank, no toleration even, for me. I had no arts but manly arts. On them I have stood, and, please God, in spite of the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale, to the last gasp will I stand.

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The Duke of Bedford conceives that he is obliged to call the attention of the House of Peers to his Majesty's grant to me, which he considers as excessive and out of all bounds.

I know not how it has happened, but it really seems, that, whilst his Grace was meditating his well-considered censure upon me, he fell into a sort of sleep. Homer nods, and the Duke of Bedford may dream, and as dreams (even his golden dreams) are apt to be ill-pieced and incongruously put together, his Grace preserved his idea of reproach to *me*, but took the subject-matter from the crown grants *to his own family*. This is "the stuff of which his dreams are made." In that way of putting things together his Grace is perfectly in the right. The grants to the House of Russell were so

enormous as not only to outrage economy, but even to stagger credibility. The Duke of Bedford is the leviathan among all the creatures of the crown. He tumbles about his unwieldy bulk, he plays and frolics in the ocean of the royal bounty. Huge as he is, and whilst "he lies floating many a rood," he is still a creature. His ribs, his fins, his whalebone, his blubber, the very spiracles through which he spouts a torrent of brine against his origin, and covers me all over with the spray, everything of him and about him is from the throne. Is it for *him* to question the dispensation of the royal favour?

I really am at a loss to draw any sort of parallel between the public merits of his Grace, by which he justifies the grants he holds, and these services of mine, on the favourable construction of which I have obtained what his Grace so much disapproves. In private life I have not at all the honour of acquaintance with the noble Duke; but I ought to presume, and it costs me nothing to do so, that he abundantly deserves the esteem and love of all who live with him. But as to public service, why, truly, it would not be more ridiculous for me to compare myself, in rank, in fortune, in splendid descent, in youth, strength, or figure, with the Duke of Bedford, than to make a parallel between his services and my attempts to be useful to my country. It would not be gross adulation, but uncivil irony, to say that he has any public merit of his own to keep alive the idea of the services by which his vast landed pensions were obtained. My merits, whatever they are, are original and personal: his are derivative. It is his ancestor, the original pensioner, that has laid up this inexhaustible fund of merit which makes his Grace so very delicate and exceptious about the merit of all other grantees of the crown. Had he permitted me to remain in quiet, I should have said, "'Tis his estate: that's enough. It is his by law: what have I to do with it or its history?" He would naturally have said, on his side, "'Tis this man's fortune. He is as good now as my ancestor was two hundred and fifty years ago. I am a young man with very old pensions; he is an old man with very young pensions: that's all."

Why will his Grace, by attacking me, force me reluctantly to compare my little merit with that which obtained from the crown those prodigies of profuse donation by which he tramples on the mediocrity of humble and laborious individuals? I would willingly leave him to the Herald's College, which the philosophy of the *sans culottes*, (prouder by far than all the Garters, and Norroys, and Clarencieux, and Rouge Dragons, that ever pranced in a procession of what his friends call aristocrats and despots) will abolish with contumely and scorn. These historians, recorders, and blazoners of virtues and arms, differ wholly from that other description of historians, who never assign any act of politicians to a good motive. These gentle historians, on the contrary, dip their pens in nothing but the milk of human kindness. They seek no further for merit than the preamble of a patent or the inscription on a tomb. With them every man created a peer is first an hero ready-made. They judge of every man's capacity for office by the offices he has filled; and the more offices, the more ability. Every general officer with them is a Marlborough, every statesman a Burleigh, every judge a Murray or a Yorke. They, who alive, were laughed at or pitied by all their acquaintance, make as good a figure as the best of them in the pages of Guillim, Edmondson, and Collins. To these recorders, so full of good-nature to the great and prosperous, I would willingly leave the first Baron Russell and Earl of Bedford, and the merits of his grants. But the aulnager, the weigher, the meter of grants, will not suffer us to acquiesce in the judgment of the prince reigning at the time when they were made. They are never good to those who earn them. Well, then, since the new grantees have war made on them by the old, and that the word of the sovereign is not to be taken, let us turn our eyes to history, in which great men have always a pleasure in contemplating the heroic origin of their house.

The first peer of the name, the first purchaser of the grants, was a Mr. Russell, a person of an ancient gentleman's family, raised by being a minion of Henry the Eighth. As there generally is some resemblance of character to create

these relations, the favourite was in all likelihood much such another as his master. The first of those immoderate grants was not taken from the ancient demesne of the crown, but from the recent confiscation of the ancient nobility of the land. The lion, having sucked the blood of his prey, threw the offal carcass to the jackal in waiting. Having tasted once the food of confiscation, the favourites became fierce and ravenous. This worthy favourite's first grant was from the lay nobility. The second, infinitely improving on the enormity of the first, was from the plunder of the church. In truth, his Grace is somewhat excusable for his dislike to a grant like mine, not only in its quantity, but in its kind, so different from his own.

Mine was from a mild and benevolent sovereign: his from Henry the Eighth.

Mine had not its fund in the murder of any innocent person of illustrious rank, or in the pillage of any body of unoffending men. His grants were from the aggregate and consolidated funds of judgments iniquitously legal, and from possessions voluntarily surrendered by the lawful proprietors with the gibbet at their door.

The merit of the grantee whom he derives from was that of being a prompt and greedy instrument of a *levelling* tyrant, who oppressed all descriptions of his people, but who fell with particular fury on everything that was *great and noble.* Mine has been in endeavouring to screen every man, in every class, from oppression, and particularly in defending the high and eminent, who, in the bad times of confiscating princes, confiscating chief governors, or confiscating demagogues, are the most exposed to jealousy, avarice, and envy.

The merit of the original grantee of his Grace's pensions was in giving his hand to the work, and partaking the spoil, with a prince who plundered a part of the national Church of his time and country. Mine was in defending the whole of the national Church of my own time and my own country, and the whole of the national Churches of all countries, from the principles and the examples which lead to ecclesiastical pillage, thence to a contempt of *all* prescriptive titles, thence

to the pillage of *all* property, and thence to universal desolation.

The merit of the origin of his Grace's fortune was in being a favourite and chief adviser to a prince who left no liberty to their native country. My endeavour was to obtain liberty for the municipal country in which I was born, and for all descriptions and denominations in it. Mine was to support with unrelaxing vigilance every right, every privilege, every franchise, in this my adopted, my dearer, and more comprehensive country; and not only to preserve those rights in this chief seat of empire, but in every nation, in every land, in every climate, language, and religion, in the vast domain that still is under the protection, and the larger that was once under the protection, of the British crown.

His founder's merits were, by arts in which he served his master and made his fortune, to bring poverty, wretchedness, and depopulation on his country. Mine were under a benevolent prince, in promoting the commerce, manufactures, and agriculture, of his kingdom,—in which his Majesty shows an eminent example, who even in his amusements is a patriot, and in hours of leisure an improver of his native soil.

His founder's merit was the merit of a gentleman raised by the arts of a court and the protection of a Wolsey to the eminence of a great and potent lord. His merit in that eminence was, by instigating a tyrant to injustice, to provoke a people to rebellion. My merit was, to awaken the sober part of the country, that they might put themselves on their guard against any one potent lord, or any greater number of potent lords, or any combination of great leading men of any sort, if ever they should attempt to proceed in the same courses, but in the reverse order,—that is, by instigating a corrupted populace to rebellion, and, through that rebellion, introducing a tyranny yet worse than the tyranny which his Grace's ancestor supported, and of which he profited in the manner we behold in the depotism of Henry the Eighth.

The political merit of the first pensioner of his Grace's house, was that of being concerned as a councillor of state in advising, and in his person executing, the conditions of a

dishonourable peace with France,—the surrendering the fortress of Boulogne, then our outguard on the Continent. By that surrender, Calais, the key of France, and the bridle in the mouth of that power, was not many years afterwards finally lost. My merit has been in resisting the power and pride of France, under any form of its rule; but in opposing it with the greatest zeal and earnestness, when that rule appeared in the worst form it could assume,—the worst indeed which the prime cause and principle of all evil could possibly give it. It was my endeavour by every means to excite a spirit in the House, where I had the honour of a seat, for carrying on with early vigour and decision the most clearly just and necessary war that this or any nation ever carried on, in order to save my country from the iron yoke of its power, and from the more dreadful contagion of its principles,—to preserve, while they can be preserved, pure and untainted, the ancient, inbred integrity, piety, good nature, and good humour of the people of England, from the dreadful pestilence which, beginning in France, threatens to lay waste the whole moral and in a great degree the whole physical world, having done both in the focus of its most intense malignity.

The labours of his Grace's founder merited the "curses, not loud, but deep," of the Commons of England, on whom *he* and his master had effected a *complete Parliamentary Reform*, by making them, in their slavery and humiliation, the true and adequate representatives of a debased, degraded, and undone people. My merits were in having had an active, though not always an ostentatious share, in every one act, without exception, of undisputed constitutional utility in my time, and in having supported, on all occasions, the authority, the efficiency, and the privileges of the Commons of Great Britain. I ended my services by a recorded and fully reasoned assertion on their own journals of their constitutional rights, and a vindication of their constitutional conduct. I laboured in all things to merit their inward approbation, and (along with the assistants of the largest, the greatest, and best of my endeavours) I received their free, unbiassed, public, and solemn thanks.

Thus stands the account of the comparative merits of the crown grants which compose the Duke of Bedford's fortune as balanced against mine. In the name of common sense, why should the Duke of Bedford think that none but the House of Russell are entitled to the favour of the crown? Why should he imagine that no king of England has been capable of judging of merit but King Henry the Eighth? Indeed, he will pardon me, he is a little mistaken: all virtue did not end in the first Earl of Bedford; all discernment did not lose its vision when his creator closed his eyes. Let him remit his rigour on the disproportion between merit and reward in others, and they will make no inquiry into the origin of his fortune. They will regard with much more satisfaction, as he will contemplate with infinitely more advantage, whatever in his pedigree has been dulcified by an exposure to the influence of heaven in a long flow of generations from the hard, acidulous, metallic tincture of the spring. It is little to be doubted that several of his forefathers in that long series have degenerated into honour and virtue. Let the Duke of Bedford (I am sure he will) reject with scorn and horror, the counsels of the lecturers, those wicked panders to avarice and ambition, who would tempt him, in the troubles of his country, to seek another enormous fortune from the forfeitures of another nobility and the plunder of another Church. Let him (and I trust that yet he will) employ all the energy of his youth and all the resources of his wealth to crush rebellious principles which have no foundation in morals, and rebellious movements that have no provocation in tyranny.

Then will be forgot the rebellions which, by a doubtful priority in crime, his ancestor had provoked and extinguished. On such a conduct in the noble Duke, many of his countrymen might, and with some excuse might, give way to the enthusiasm of their gratitude, and, in the dashing style of some of the old declaimers, cry out, that, if the Fates had found no other way in which they could give a Duke of Bedford and his opulence as props to a tottering world, then the butchery of the Duke of Buckingham might

be tolerated; it might be regarded even with complacency, whilst in the heir of confiscation they saw the sympathizing comforter of the martyrs, who suffer under the cruel confiscation of this day, whilst they beheld with admiration his zealous protection of the virtuous and loyal nobility of France, and his manly support of his brethren, the yet standing nobility and gentry of his native land. Then his Grace's merit would be pure and new and sharp, as fresh from the mint of honour. As he pleased, he might reflect honour on his predecessors, or throw it forward on those who were to succeed him. He might be the propagator of the stock of honour, or the root of it, as he thought proper.

Had it pleased God to continue to me the hopes of succession, I should have been, according to my mediocrity and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a family: I should have left a son, who, in all the points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honour, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment and every liberal accomplishment, would not have shown himself inferior to the Duke of Bedford, or to any of those whom he traces in his line. His Grace very soon would have wanted all plausibility in his attack upon that provision which belonged more to mine than to me. He would soon have supplied every deficiency, and symmetrized every disproportion. It would not have been for that successor to resort to any stagnant, wasting reservoir of merit in me, or in any ancestry. He had in himself a salient, living spring of generous and manly action. Every day he lived he would have repurchased the bounty of the crown, and ten times more, if ten times more he had received. He was made a public creature, and had no enjoyment whatever but in the performance of some duty. At this exigent moment the loss of a finished man is not easily supplied.

But a Disposer whose power we are little able to resist, and whose wisdom it behooves us not at all to dispute, has ordained it in another manner, and (whatever my querulous weakness might suggest) a far better. The storm has gone

over me; and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honours, I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth. There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognize the Divine justice, and in some degree submit to it. But whilst I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men. The patience of Job is proverbial. After some of the convulsive struggles of our irritable nature, he submitted himself, and repented in dust and ashes. But even so, I do not find him blamed for reprehending, and with a considerable degree of verbal asperity, those ill-natured neighbours of his who visited his dunghill to read moral, political, and economical lectures on his misery. I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, my lord, I greatly deceive myself, if in this hard season I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honour in the world. This is the appetite but of a few. It is a luxury, it is a privilege, it is an indulgence for those who are at their ease. But we are all of us made to shun disgrace, as we are made to shrink from pain and poverty and disease. It is an instinct; and under the direction of reason, instinct is always in the right. I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me are gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors. I owe to the dearest relation (which ever must subsist in memory) that act of piety which he would have performed to me: I owe it to him to show that he was not descended, as the Duke of Bedford would have it, from an unworthy parent.

The crown has considered me after long service: the crown has paid the Duke of Bedford by advance. He has had a long credit for any service which he may perform hereafter. He is secure, and long may he be secure, in his advance, whether he performs any services or not. But let him take care how he endangers the safety of that Constitution which secures his own utility or his own insignificance, or how he discourages those who take up even puny arms to defend an

order of things which, like the sun of heaven, shines alike on the useful and the worthless. His grants are engrafted on the public law of Europe, covered with the awful hoar of innumerable ages. They are guarded by the sacred rules of prescription, found in that full treasury of jurisprudence from which the jejuneness and penury of our municipal law has by degrees been enriched and strengthened. This prescription I had my share (a very full share) in bringing to its perfection. The Duke of Bedford will stand as long as prescriptive law endures,—as long as the great, stable laws of property, common to us with all civilized nations, are kept in their integrity, and without the smallest intermixture of the laws, maxims, principles, or precedents of the Grand Revolution. They are secure against all changes but one. The whole Revolutionary system, institutes, digest, code, novels, text, gloss, comment, are not only the same, but they are the very reverse, and the reverse fundamentally, of all the laws on which civil life has hitherto been upheld in all the governments of the world. The learned professors of the Rights of Man regard prescription not as a title to bar all claim set up against old possession, but they look on prescription as itself a bar against the possessor and proprietor. They hold an immemorial possession to be no more than a long continued and therefore an aggravated injustice.

Such are *their* ideas, such *their* religion, and such *their* law. But as to *our* country and *our* race, as long as the well-compacted structure of our Church and State, the sanctuary, the holy of holies of that ancient law, defended by reverence, defended by power, a fortress at once and a temple, shall stand inviolate on the brow of the British Sion,—as long as the British monarchy, not more limited than fenced by the orders of the state, shall, like the proud Keep of Windsor, rising in the majesty of proportion, and girt with the double belt of its kindred and coeval towers, as long as this awful structure shall oversee and guard the subjected land,—so long the mounds and dikes of the low, fat, Bedford level will have nothing to fear from all the pickaxes of all the levellers of France. As long as our sovereign lord the king,

and his faithful subjects, the lords and commons of this realm,—the triple cord which no man can break,—the solemn, sworn, constitutional frank-pledge of this nation,—the firm guarantees of each other's being and each other's rights,—the joint and several securities, each in its place and order, for every kind and every quality of property and of dignity,—as long as these endure, so long the Duke of Bedford is safe, and we are all safe together,—the high from the blights of envy and the spoliations of rapacity, the low from the iron hand of oppression and the insolent spurn of contempt. Amen! and so be it! and so it will be,—

Dum domus Æneæ Capitolî immobili saxum
Accolet, imperiumque pater Romanus habebit.

But if the rude inroad of Gallic tumult, with its sophistical rights of man to falsify the account, and its sword as a make-weight to throw into the scale, shall be introduced into our city by a misguided populace, set on by proud great men, themselves blinded and intoxicated by a frantic ambition, we shall all of us perish and be overwhelmed in a common ruin. If a great storm blow on our coast, it will cast the whales on the strand, as well as the periwinkles. His Grace will not survive the poor grantee he despises,—no, not for a twelvemonth. If the great look for safety in the services they render to this Gallic cause, it is to be foolish even above the weight of privilege allowed to wealth. If his Grace be one of these whom they endeavour to proselytize, he ought to be aware of the character of the sect whose doctrines he is invited to embrace. With them insurrection is the most sacred of revolutionary duties to the state. Ingratitude to benefactors is the first of revolutionary virtues. Ingratitude is, indeed, their four cardinal virtues compacted and amalgamated into one; and he will find it in everything that has happened since the commencement of the philosophic Revolution to this hour. If he pleads the merit of having performed the duty of insurrection against the order he lives in, (God forbid he ever should!) the merit of others will be to perform the duty of insurrection against him. If he

pleads (again God forbid he should, and I do not suspect he will) his ingratitude to the crown for its creation of his family, others will plead their right and duty to pay him in kind. They will laugh, indeed they will laugh, at his parchment and his wax. His deeds will be drawn out with the rest of the lumber of his evidence-room, and burnt to the tune of *Ça ira* in the courts of Bedford (then Equality) House.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

1772–1834

THE WANDERINGS OF CAIN

CANTO II

(Written 1798)

"A little further, O my father, yet a little further, and we shall come into the open moonlight." Their road was through a forest of fir-trees; at its entrance the trees stood at distances from each other, and the path was broad, and the moonlight shadows reposed upon it, and appeared quietly to inhabit that solitude. But soon the path winded and became narrow; the sun at high noon sometimes speckled, but never illumined it, and now it was dark as a cavern.

"It is dark, O my father!" said Enos, "but the path under our feet is smooth and soft, and we shall soon come out into the open moonlight."

"Lead on, my child!" said Cain: "guide me, little child!" And the innocent little child clasped a finger of the hand which had murdered the righteous Abel, and he guided his father. "The fir branches drip upon thee, my son." "Yea, pleasantly, father, for I ran fast and eagerly to bring thee the pitcher and the cake, and my body is not yet cool. How happy the squirrels are that feed on these fir-trees! they leap from bough to bough, and the old squirrels play round their young ones in the nest. I clomb a tree yesterday at noon, O my father, that I might play with them, but they leaped away from the branches, even to the slender twigs did they leap, and in a moment I beheld them on another

tree. Why, O my father, would they not play with me? I would be good to them as thou art good to me: and I groaned to them even as thou groanest when thou givest me to eat, and when thou coverest me at evening, and as often as I stand at thy knee and thine eyes look at me?" Then Cain stopped, and stifling his groans he sank to the earth, and the child Enos stood in the darkness beside him.

And Cain lifted up his voice and cried bitterly, and said, "The Mighty One that persecuteth me is on this side and on that; he pursueth my soul like the wind, like the sand-blast he passeth through me; he is around me even as the air! O that I might be utterly no more! I desire to die—yea, the things that never had life, neither move they upon the earth—behold! they seem precious to mine eyes. O that a man might live without the breath of his nostrils. So I might abide in darkness, and blackness, and an empty space! Yea, I would lie down, I would not rise, neither would I stir my limbs till I became as the rock in the den of the lion, on which the young lion resteth his head whilst he sleepeth. For the torrent that roareth far off hath a voice: and the clouds in heaven look terribly on me; the Mighty One who is against me speaketh in the wind of the cedar grove; and in silence am I dried up." Then Enos spake to his father, "Arise, my father, arise, we are but a little way from the place where I found the cake and the pitcher." And Cain said, "How knowest thou?" And the child answered—"Behold the bare rocks are a few of thy strides distant from the forest; and while even now thou wert lifting up thy voice, I heard the echo." Then the child took hold of his father, as if he would raise him: and Cain being faint and feeble rose slowly on his knees and pressed himself against the trunk of a fir, and stood upright and followed the child.

The path was dark till within three strides' length of its termination, when it turned suddenly; the thick black trees formed a low arch, and the moonlight appeared for a moment like a dazzling portal. Enos ran before and stood in the open air; and when Cain, his father, emerged from the darkness, the child was affrighted. For the mighty limbs of

Cain were wasted as by fire; his hair was as the matted curls on the bison's forehead, and so glared his fierce and sullen eye beneath: and the black abundant locks on either side, a rank and tangled mass, were stained and scorched, as though the grasp of a burning iron hand had striven to rend them; and his countenance told in a strange and terrible language of agonies that had been, and were, and were still to continue to be.

The scene around was desolate; as far as the eye could reach it was desolate: the bare rocks faced each other, and left a long and wide interval of thin white sand. You might wander on and look round and round, and peep into the crevices of the rocks and discover nothing that acknowledged the influence of the seasons. There was no spring, no summer, no autumn: and the winter's snow, that would have been lovely, fell not on these hot rocks and scorching sands. Never morning lark had poised himself over this desert; but the huge serpent often hissed there beneath the talons of the vulture, and the vulture screamed, his wings imprisoned within the coils of the serpent. The pointed and shattered summits of the ridges of the rocks made a rude mimicry of human concerns, and seemed to prophesy mutely of things that then were not; steeples, and battlements, and ships with naked masts. As far from the wood as a boy might sling a pebble of the brook, there was one rock by itself at a small distance from the main ridge. It had been precipitated there perhaps by the groan which the Earth uttered when our first father fell. Before you approached, it appeared to lie flat on the ground, but its base slanted from its point, and between its points and the sands a tall man might stand upright. It was here that Enos had found the pitcher and cake, and to this place he led his father. But ere they had reached the rock they beheld a human shape: his back was towards them, and they were advancing unperceived, when they heard him smite his breast and cry aloud, "Woe is me! woe is me! I must never die again, and yet I am perishing with thirst and hunger."

Pallid, as the reflection of the sheeted lightning on the

heavy-sailing night-cloud, became the face of Cain; but the child Enos took hold of the shaggy skin, his father's robe, and raised his eyes to his father, and listening, whispered, "Ere yet I could speak, I am sure, O my father, that I heard that voice. Have not I often said that I remembered a sweet voice? O my father! this is it:" and Cain trembled exceedingly. The voice was sweet indeed, but it was thin and querulous, like that of a feeble slave in misery, who despairs altogether, yet cannot refrain himself from weeping and lamentation. And, behold! Enos glided forward, and creeping softly round the base of the rock, stood before the stranger, and looked up into his face. And the Shape shrieked, and turned round, and Cain beheld him, that his limbs and his face were those of his brother Abel whom he had killed! And Cain stood like one who struggles in his sleep because of the exceeding terribleness of a dream.

Thus as he stood in silence and darkness of soul, the Shape fell at his feet, and embraced his knees, and cried out with a bitter outcry, "Thou eldest born of Adam, whom Eve my mother, brought forth, cease to torment me! I was feeding my flocks in green pastures by the side of quiet rivers, and thou killedst me; and now I am in misery." Then Cain closed his eyes, and hid them with his hands; and again he opened his eyes, and looked around him, and said to Enos, "What beholdest thou? Didst thou hear a voice, my son?" "Yes, my father, I beheld a man in unclean garments, and he uttered a sweet voice, full of lamentation." Then Cain raised up the Shape that was like Abel, and said:—"The Creator of our father, who had respect unto thee and unto thy offering, wherefore hath he forsaken thee?" Then the Shape shrieked a second time, and rent his garment, and his naked skin was like the white sands beneath their feet; and he shrieked yet a third time, and threw himself on his face upon the sand that was black with the shadow of the rock, and Cain and Enos sat beside him; the child by his right hand, and Cain by his left. They were all three under the rock, and within the shadow. The Shape that was like Abel raised himself up, and spake to the child: "I know where the

cold waters are, but I may not drink, wherefore didst thou then take away my pitcher?" But Cain said, "Didst thou not find favour in the sight of the Lord thy God?" The Shape answered, "The Lord is God of the living only, the dead have another God." Then the child Enos lifted up his eyes and prayed; but Cain rejoiced secretly in his heart. "Wretched shall they be all the days of their mortal life," exclaimed the Shape, "who sacrifice worthy and acceptable sacrifices to the God of the dead; but after death their toil ceaseth. Woe is me, for I was well beloved by the God of the living, and cruel wert thou, O my brother, who didst snatch me away from his power and his dominion." Having uttered these words, he rose suddenly, and fled over the sands: and Cain said in his heart, "The curse of the Lord is on me; but who is the God of the dead?" and he ran after the Shape, and the Shape fled shrieking over the sands, and the sands rose like white mists behind the steps of Cain, but the feet of him that was like Abel disturbed not the sands. He greatly outran Caïn, and turning short, he wheeled round, and came again to the rock where they had been sitting, and where Enos still stood; and the child caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and he fell upon the ground. And Cain stopped, and beholding him not, said, "he has passed into the dark woods," and he walked slowly back to the rock; and when he reached it the child told him that he had caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and that the man had fallen upon the ground: and Cain once more sate beside him, and said, "Abel, my brother, I would lament for thee, but that the spirit within me is withered, and burnt up with extreme agony. Now, I pray thee, by thy flocks, and by thy pastures, and by the quiet rivers which thou lovedst, that thou tell me all that thou knowest. Who is the God of the dead? where doth he make his dwelling? what sacrifices are acceptable unto him? for I have offered, but have not been received; I have prayed, and have not been heard; and how can I be afflicted more than I already am?" The Shape arose and answered, "O that thou hadst had pity on me as I will have pity on

thee. Follow me, Son of Adam! and bring thy child with thee!"

And they three passed over the white sands between the rocks, silent as the shadows.

CHRISTMAS OUT OF DOORS

(*The Friend*, 1809)

The whole lake of Ratzeburg is one mass of thick transparent ice, a spotless mirror of nine miles in extent. The lowness of the hills, which rise from the shores of the lake, precludes the awful sublimity of Alpine landscape, yet compensates for the want of it by beauties, of which this very lowness is a necessary condition. Yester-morning I saw the lesser lake completely hidden by mist; but the moment the sun peeped over the hill, the mist broke in the middle, and in a few seconds stood divided, leaving a broad road all across the lake; and between these two walls of mist the sunlight burnt upon the ice, forming a road of golden fire, intolerably bright, and the mist-walls themselves partook of the blaze in a multitude of shining colors. This is our second frost. About a month ago, before the thaw came on, there was a storm of wind; and during the whole night, such were the thunders and howlings of the breaking ice, that they have left a conviction on my mind, that there are sounds more sublime than any sight can be, more absolutely suspending the power of comparison, and more utterly absorbing the mind's self-consciousness in its total attention to the object working upon it. Part of the ice which the vehemence of the wind had shattered, was driven shoreward and froze anew. On the evening of the next day, at sunset, the shattered ice thus frozen, appeared of a deep blue, and in shape like an agitated sea; beyond this, the water that ran up between the great islands of ice which had preserved their masses entire and smooth, shone of a yellow green; but all these scattered ice-islands, themselves, were of an intensely bright blood color,—they seemed blood and light in union. On some of the largest of these islands, the fishermen stood pulling out their immense nets through the holes made in the ice for

this purpose, and the men, their net-poles, and their huge nets, were a part of the glory; say rather, it appeared as if the rich crimson light had shaped itself into these forms, figures, and attitudes, to make a glorious vision in mockery of earthly things.

The lower lake is now all alive with skaters, and with ladies driven onward by them in their ice cars. Mercury, surely, was the first maker of skates, and the wings at his feet are symbols of the invention. In skating there are three pleasing circumstances; the infinitely subtle particles of ice which the skate cuts up, and which creep and run before the skate like a low mist, and in sunrise or sunset become colored; second, the shadow of the skater in the water, seen through the transparent ice; and third, the melancholy undulating sound from the skate, not without variety; and when very many are skating together, the sounds and the noises give an impulse to the icy trees, and the woods all round the lake tinkle.

Here I stop, having in truth transcribed the preceding in great measure, in order to present the lovers of poetry with a descriptive passage, extracted with the author's permission, from an unpublished poem on the growth and revolutions of an individual mind by Wordsworth:—

> . . . an Orphic tale indeed,
> A tale divine of high and passionate thoughts
> To their own music chanted!

CHARACTERISTICS OF SHAKSPEARE'S DRAMAS

(*Lectures Upon Shakspeare*, 1818)

Poetry in essence is as familiar to barbarous as to civilized nations. The Laplander and the savage Indian are cheered by it as well as the inhabitants of London and Paris;—its spirit takes up and incorporates surrounding materials, as a plant clothes itself with soil and climate, whilst it exhibits the working of a vital principle within independent of all accidental circumstances. And to judge with fairness of an author's works, we ought to distinguish what is inward and

essential from what is outward and circumstantial. It is essential to poetry that it be simple, and appeal to the elements and primary laws of our nature; that it be sensuous, and by its imagery elicit truth at a flash; that it be impassioned, and be able to move our feelings and awaken our affections. In comparing different poets with each other, we should inquire which have brought into the fullest play our imagination and our reason, or have created the greatest excitement and produced the completest harmony. If we consider great exquisiteness of language and sweetness of metre alone, it is impossible to deny to Pope the character of a delightful writer; but whether he be a poet, must depend upon our definition of the word; and, doubtless, if everything that pleases be poetry, Pope's satires and epistles must be poetry. This, I must say, that poetry, as distinguished from other modes of composition, does not rest in metre, and that it is not poetry, if it make no appeal to our passions or our imagination. One character belongs to all true poets, that they write from a principle within, not originating in any thing without; and that the true poet's work in its form, its shapings, and its modifications, is distinguished from all other works that assume to belong to the class of poetry, as a natural from an artificial flower, or as the mimic garden of a child from an enamelled meadow. In the former the flowers are broken from their stems and stuck into the ground; they are beautiful to the eye and fragrant to the sense, but their colors soon fade and their odour is transient as the smile of the planter;—while the meadow may be visited again and again with renewed delight; its beauty is innate in the soil, and its bloom is of the freshness of nature.

The next ground of critical judgment, and point of comparison, will be as to how far a given poet has been influenced by accidental circumstances. As a living poet must surely write, not for the ages past, but for that in which he lives, and those which are to follow, it is, on the one hand, natural that he should not violate, and on the other, necessary that he should not depend on, the mere manners and modes of his day. See how little does Shakespeare leave us to regret that

he was born in his particular age! The great æra in modern times was what is called the Restoration of Letters;—the ages preceding it are called the dark ages; but it would be more wise, perhaps, to call them the ages in which we were in the dark. It is usually overlooked that the supposed dark period was not universal, but partial, or successive, or alternate; that the dark age of England was not the dark age of Italy, but that one country was in its light and vigour, whilst another was in its gloom and bondage. But no sooner had the Reformation sounded through Europe like the blast of an archangel's trumpet, than from king to peasant there arose an enthusiasm for knowledge; the discovery of a manuscript became the subject of an embassy; Erasmus read by moonlight, because he could not afford a torch, and begged a penny, not for the love of charity, but for the love of learning. The three great points of attention were religion, morals, and taste; men of genius as well as men of learning, who in this age need to be so widely distinguished, then alike became copyists of the ancients; and this, indeed, was the only way by which the taste of mankind could be improved, or their understandings informed. Whilst Dante imagined himself a humble follower of Virgil, and Ariosto of Homer, they were both unconscious of that greater power working within them, which in many points carried them beyond their supposed originals. All great discoveries bear the stamp of the age in which they are made;—hence we perceive the effects of the purer religion of the moderns, visible for the most part in their lives; and in reading their works we should not content ourselves with the mere narrative of events long since passed, but should learn to apply their maxims and conduct to ourselves.

Having intimated that times and manners lend their form and pressure to genius, let me once more draw a slight parallel between the ancient and modern stage, the stages of Greece and of England. The Greeks were polytheists; their religion was local; almost the only object of all their knowledge, art, and taste, was their gods; and, accordingly, their productions were, if the expression may be allowed,

statuesque, whilst those of the moderns are picturesque. The Greeks reared a structure, which in its parts, and as a whole, filled the mind with the calm and elevated impression of perfect beauty, and symmetrical proportion. The moderns also produced a whole, a more striking whole; but it was by blending materials and fusing the parts together. And as the Pantheon is to York Minster or Westminster Abbey, so is Sophocles compared with Shakspeare; in the one a completeness, a satisfaction, an excellence, on which the mind rests with complacency; in the other a multitude of interlaced materials, great and little, magnificent and mean, accompanied, indeed, with a sense of a falling short of perfection, and yet, at the same time, so promising of our social and individual progression, that we would not, if we could, exchange it for that repose of the mind which dwells on the forms of symmetry in the acquiescent admiration of grace. This general characteristic of the ancient and modern drama might be illustrated by a parallel of the ancient and modern music;—the one consisting of melody arising from a succession only of pleasing sounds,—the modern embracing harmony also, the result of combination and the effect of a whole.

I have said, and I say it again, that great as was the genius of Shakspeare, his judgment was at least equal to it. Of this any one will be convinced, who attentively considers those points in which the dramas of Greece and England differ, from the dissimilitude of circumstances by which each was modified and influenced. The Greek stage had its origin in the ceremonies of a sacrifice, such as of the goat to Bacchus, whom we most erroneously regard as merely the jolly god of wine;—for among the ancients he was venerable, as the symbol of that power which acts without our consciousness in the vital energies of nature,—the *vinum mundi*,—as Apollo was that of the conscious agency of our intellectual being. The heroes of old under the influences of this Bacchic enthusiasm, performed more than human actions;—hence tales of the favourite champions soon passed into dialogue. On the Greek stage the chorus was always before the audience; the

curtain was never dropped, as we should say; and change of place being therefore, in general, impossible, the absurd notion of condemning it merely as improbable in itself was never entertained by any one. If we can believe ourselves at Thebes in one act, we may believe ourselves at Athens in the next. If a story lasts twenty-four hours or twenty-four years, it is equally improbable. There seems to be no just boundary but what the feelings prescribe. But on the Greek stage where the same persons were perpetually before the audience, great judgment was necessary in venturing on any such change. The poets never, therefore, attempted to impose on the senses by bringing places to men, but they did bring men to places, as in the well-known instance in the Eumenides, where during an evident retirement of the chorus from the orchestra, the scene is changed to Athens, and Orestes is first introduced in the temple of Minerva, and the chorus of Furies come in afterwards in pursuit of him.

In the Greek drama there were no formal divisions into scenes and acts; there were no means, therefore, of allowing for the necessary lapse of time between one part of the dialogue and another, and unity of time in a strict sense was, of course, impossible. To overcome that difficulty of accounting for time, which is effected on the modern stage by dropping a curtain, the judgment and great genius supplied music and measured motion, and with the lyric ode filled up the vacuity. In the story of the Agamemnon of Æschylus, the capture of Troy is supposed to be announced by a fire lighted on the Asiatic shore, and the transmission of the signal by successive beacons to Mycenæ. The signal is first seen at the 21st line, and the herald from Troy itself enters at the 486th, and Agamemnon himself at the 783d line. But the practical absurdity of this was not felt by the audience, who, in imagination, stretched minutes into hours, while they listened to the lofty narrative odes of the chorus which almost entirely filled up the interspace. Another fact deserves attention here, namely, that regularly on the Greek stage a drama, or acted story, consisted in reality of three dramas, called together a trilogy, and performed consecutively in the

course of one day. Now you may conceive a tragedy of Shakspeare's as a trilogy connected in one single representation. Divide Lear into three parts and each would be a play with the ancients; or take the three Æschylean dramas of Agamemnon, and divide them into, or call them, as many acts, and they together would be one play. The first act would comprise the usurpation of Ægisthus, and the murder of Agamemnon; the second, the revenge of Orestes, and the murder of his mother; and the third, the penance and absolution of Orestes;—occupying a period of twenty-two years.

The stage in Shakspeare's time was a naked room with a blanket for a curtain; but he made it a field for monarchs. That law of unity, which has its foundations, not in the factitious necessity of custom, but in nature itself, the unity of feeling, is everywhere and at all times observed by Shakspeare in his plays. Read Romeo and Juliet;—all is youth and spring,—youth with its follies, its virtues, its precipitancies;—spring with its odours, its flowers, and its transiency; it is one and the same feeling that commences, goes through, and ends the play. The old men, the Capulets and the Montagues, are not common old men; they have an eagerness, a heartiness, a vehemence, the effect of spring; with Romeo, his change of passion, his sudden marriage, and his rash death, are all the effects of youth;—whilst in Juliet love had all that is tender and melancholy in the nightingale, all that is voluptuous in the rose, with whatever is sweet in the freshness of the spring; but it ends with a long deep sigh like the last breeze of the Italian evening. This unity of feeling and character pervades every drama of Shakspeare.

It seems to me that his plays are distinguished from those of all other dramatic poets by the following characteristics:

1. Expectation in preference to surprise. It is like the true reading of the passage—'God said, Let there be light, and there was *light;*'—not there *was* light. As the feeling with which we startle at a shooting star compared with that of watching the sunrise at the pre-established moment, such and so low is surprise compared with expectation.

2. Signal adherence to the great law of nature, that all

opposites tend to attract and temper each other. Passion in Shakspeare generally displays libertinism, but involves morality; and if there are exceptions to this, they are, independently of their intrinsic value, all of them indicative of individual character, and, like the farewell admonitions of the parent, have an end beyond the parental relation. Thus the Countess's beautiful precepts to Bertram, by elevating her character, raise that of Helena her favourite, and soften down the point in her which Shakspeare does not mean us not to see, but to see and to forgive, and at length to justify. And so it is in Polonius, who is the personified memory of wisdom no longer actually possessed. This admirable character is always misrepresented on the stage. Shakspeare never intended to exhibit him as a buffoon; for although it was natural that Hamlet,—a young man of fire and genius, detesting formality, and disliking Polonius on political grounds, as imagining that he had assisted his uncle in his usurpation,—should express himself satirically,—yet this must not be taken as exactly the poet's conception of him. In Polonius a certain induration of character had arisen from long habits of business; but take his advice to Laertes, and Ophelia's reverence for his memory, and we shall see that he was meant to be represented as a statesman somewhat past his faculties—his recollections of life all full of wisdom, and showing a knowledge of human nature, whilst what immediately takes place before him, and escapes from him, is indicative of weakness.

But as in Homer all the deities are in armour even Venus; so in Shakspeare all the characters are strong. Hence real folly and dulness are made the vehicles of wisdom. There is no difficulty of one being a fool to imitate a fool; but to be, remain, and speak like a wise man and a great wit, and yet so as to give a vivid representation of a veritable fool,—*hic labor, hoc opus est.* A drunken constable is not uncommon, nor hard to draw; but see and examine what goes to make up a Dogberry.

3. Keeping at all times in the high road of life. Shakspeare has no innocent adulteries, no interesting incests, no

virtuous vice;—he never renders that amiable which religion and reason alike teach us to detest, or clothes impurity in the garb of virtue, like Beaumont and Fletcher, the Kotzebues of the day. Shakspeare's fathers are roused by ingratitude, his husbands stung by unfaithfulness; in him, in short, the affections are wounded in those points in which all may, nay, must, feel.

Let the morality of Shakspeare be contrasted with that of the writers of his own, or the succeeding age, or of those of the present day, who boast their superiority in this respect. No one can dispute that the result of such a comparison is altogether in favour of Shakspeare;—even the letters of women of high rank in his age were often coarser than his writings. If he occasionally disgusts a keen sense of delicacy, he never injures the mind; he neither excites, nor flatters passion, in order to degrade the subject of it; he does not use the faulty thing for a faulty purpose, nor carries on warfare against virtue, by causing wickedness to appear as no wickedness, through the medium of a morbid sympathy with the unfortunate. In Shakspeare vice never walks as in twilight; nothing is purposely out of its place;—he inverts not the order of nature and propriety,—does not make every magistrate a drunkard or glutton, nor every poor man meek, humane, and temperate; he has no benevolent butchers, nor any sentimental ratcatchers.

4. Independence of the dramatic interest on the plot. The interest in the plot is always in fact on account of the characters, not *vice versa*, as in almost all other writers; the plot is a mere canvass and no more. Hence arises the true justification of the same stratagem being used in regard to Benedict and Beatrix,—the vanity in each being alike. Take away from the Much Ado About Nothing all that which is not indispensable to the plot, either as having little to do with it, or, at best, like Dogberry and his comrades, forced into the service, when any other less ingeniously absurd watchmen and night constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action;—take away Benedict, Beatrice, Dogberry, and the reaction of the former on the character of

Hero,—and what would remain? In other writers the main agent of the plot is always the prominent character; in Shakspeare it is so, or is not so, as the character is in itself calculated, or not calculated, to form the plot. Don John is the mainspring of the plot of this play; but he is merely shown and then withdrawn.

5. Independence of the interest on the story as the groundwork of the plot. Hence Shakspeare never took the trouble of inventing stories. It was enough for him to select from those that had already been invented or recorded such as had one or other, or both, of two recommendations, namely, suitableness to his particular purpose, and their being parts of popular tradition,—names of which we had often heard, and of their fortunes, and as to which all we wanted was, to see the man himself. So it is just the man himself, the Lear, the Shylock, the Richard, that Shakspeare makes us for the first time acquainted with. Omit the first scene in Lear, and yet every thing will remain; so the first and second scenes in the Merchant of Venice. Indeed it is universally true.

6. Interfusion of the lyrical—that which in its very essence is poetical—not only with the dramatic, as in the plays of Metastasio, where at the end of the scene comes the *aria* as the *exit* speech of the character,—but also in and through the dramatic. Songs in Shakspeare are introduced as songs only, just as songs are in real life, beautifully as some of them are characteristic of the person who has sung or called for them, as Desdemona's 'Willow,' and Ophelia's wild snatches, and the sweet carollings in As You Like It. But the whole of the Midsummer Night's Dream is one continued specimen of the dramatised lyrical. And observe how exquisitely the dramatic of Hotspur;—

> Marry, and I'm glad on't with all my heart;
> I'd rather be a kitten and cry—mew, &c.

melts away into the lyric of Mortimer;—

> I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
> Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens,
> I am too perfect in, &c.
>
> *Henry IV.*, part I, act iii. sc. i.

7. The characters of the *dramatis personæ*, like those in real life, are to be inferred by the reader;—they are not told to him. And it is well worth remarking that Shakspeare's characters, like those in real life, are very commonly misunderstood, and almost always understood by different persons in different ways. The causes are the same in either case. If you take only what the friends of the character say, you may be deceived, and still more so, if that which his enemies say; nay, even the character himself sees himself through the medium of his character, and not exactly as he is. Take all together, not omitting a shrewd hint from the clown or the fool, and perhaps your impression will be right; and you may know whether you have in fact discovered the poet's own idea, by all the speeches receiving light from it, and attesting its reality by reflecting it.

Lastily, in Shakspeare the heterogeneous is united, as it is in nature. You must not suppose a pressure or passion always acting on or in the character!—Passion in Shakspeare is that by which the individual is distinguished from others, not that which makes a different kind of him. Shakspeare followed the main march of the human affections. He entered into no analysis of the passions or faiths of men, but assured himself that such and such passions and faiths were grounded in our common nature, and not in the mere accidents of ignorance or disease. This is an important consideration and constitutes our Shakspeare the morning star, the guide and the pioneer, of true philosophy.

Robert Southey

1774–1843

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR

(From *Life of Nelson*, 1813)

His [Nelson's] services were as willingly accepted as they were offered, and Lord Barham, giving him the list of the navy, desired him to choose his own officers. "Choose your-

self, my lord," was his reply; "the same spirit actuates the whole profession: you cannot choose wrong." Lord Barham then desired him to say what ships and how many he would wish, in addition to the fleet which he was going to command, and said they should follow him as soon as each was ready. No appointment was ever more in unison with the feelings and judgment of the whole nation. They, like Lady Hamilton, thought that the destruction of the combined fleets ought properly to be Nelson's work; that he who had been

> "Half around the sea-girt ball,
> The hunter of the recreant Gaul,"

ought to reap the spoils of the chase which he had watched so long and so perseveringly pursued.

Unremitting exertions were made to equip the ships which he had chosen, and especially to refit the *Victory*, which was once more to bear his flag. Before he left London he called at his upholsterer's, where the coffin which Captain Hallowell had given him was deposited, and desired that its history might be engraven upon the lid, saying it was highly probable he might want it on his return. He seemed, indeed, to have been impressed with an expectation that he should fall in the battle. In a letter to his brother, written immediately after his return, he had said: "We must not talk of Sir Robert Calder's battle. I might not have done so much with my small force. If I had fallen in with them, you might probably have been a lord before I wished, for I know they meant to make a dead set at the *Victory*." Nelson had once regarded the prospect of death with gloomy satisfaction; it was when he anticipated the upbraidings of his wife and the displeasure of his venerable father. The state of his feelings now was expressed in his private journal in these words: "Friday night (Sept. 13th), at half-past ten, I drove from dear, dear Merton, where I left all which I hold dear in this world, to go to serve my king and country. May the great God whom I adore enable me to fulfil the expectations of my country! And if it is His good pleasure that I should return, my thanks will never cease being

offered up to the throne of His mercy. If it is His good providence to cut short my days upon earth, I bow with the greatest submission; relying that He will protect those so dear to me whom I may leave behind. His will be done. Amen! Amen! Amen!"

Early on the following morning he reached Portsmouth, and having despatched his business on shore, endeavoured to elude the populace by taking a by-way to the beach, but a crowd collected in his train, pressing forward to obtain sight of his face; many were in tears, and many knelt down before him, and blessed him as he passed. England has had many heroes, but never one who so entirely possessed the love of his fellow-countrymen as Nelson. All men knew that his heart was as humane as it was fearless; that there was not in his nature the slightest alloy of selfishness or cupidity, but that with perfect and entire devotion he served his country with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength; and therefore they loved him as truly and as fervently as he loved England. They pressed upon the parapet to gaze after him when his barge pushed off, and he was returning their cheers by waving his hat. The sentinels, who endeavoured to prevent them from trespassing upon this ground, were wedged among the crowd, and an officer who, not very prudently upon such an occasion, ordered them to drive the people down with their bayonets, was compelled speedily to retreat; for the people would not be debarred from gazing till the last moment upon the hero—the darling hero—of England.

. . . . . .

About half-past nine in the morning of the 19th the *Mars*, being the nearest to the fleet of the ships which formed the line of communication with the frigates in-shore, repeated the signal that the enemy were coming out of port. The wind was at this time very light, with partial breezes, mostly from the S.S.W. Nelson ordered the signal to be made for a chase in the south-east quarter. About two the repeating ships announced that the enemy were at sea. All night the British fleet continued under all sail, steering to the south-

east. At daybreak they were in the entrance of the Straits, but the enemy were not in sight. About seven, one of the frigates made signal that the enemy were bearing north. Upon this the *Victory* hove-to, and shortly afterwards Nelson made sail again to the northward. In the afternoon the wind blew fresh from the south-west, and the English began to fear that the foe might be forced to return to port.

A little before sunset, however, Blackwood, in the *Euryalus*, telegraphed that they appeared determined to go to the westward. "And that," said the Admiral in his diary, "they shall not do, if it is in the power of Nelson and Bronte to prevent them." Nelson had signified to Blackwood that he depended upon him to keep sight of the enemy. They were observed so well that all their motions were made known to him, and, as they wore twice, he inferred that they were aiming to keep the port of Cadiz open, and would retreat there as soon as they saw the British fleet; for this reason he was very careful not to approach near enough to be seen by them during the night. At daybreak the combined fleets were distinctly seen from the *Victory's* deck, formed in a close line of battle ahead, on the starboard tack, about twelve miles to leeward, and standing to the south. Our fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line and four frigates; theirs of thirty-three and seven large frigates. Their superiority was greater in size and weight of metal than in numbers. They had four thousand troops on board; and the best riflemen who could be procured, many of them Tyrolese, were dispersed through the ships. Little did the Tyrolese, and little did the Spaniards at that day, imagine what horrors the wicked tyrant whom they served was preparing for their country.

Soon after daylight Nelson came upon deck. The 21st of October was a festival in his family, because on that day his uncle, Captain Suckling, in the *Dreadnought*, with two other line-of-battle ships, had beaten off a French squadron of four sail of the line and three frigates. Nelson, with that sort of superstition from which few persons are entirely exempt, had more than once expressed his persuasion that this was

to be the day of his battle also, and he was well pleased at seeing his prediction about to be verified. The wind was now from the west—light breezes, with a long heavy swell. Signal was made to bear down upon the enemy in two lines, and the fleet set all sail. Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, led the lee line of thirteen ships; the *Victory* led the weather line of fourteen. Having seen that all was as it should be, Nelson retired to his cabin and wrote the following prayer:—

"May the great God whom I worship grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct in anyone tarnish it, and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself individually, I commit my life to Him that made me, and may His blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully! To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen."

. . . . . .

Blackwood went on board the *Victory* about six. He found him in good spirits, but very calm; not in that exhilaration which he had felt upon entering into battle at Aboukir and Copenhagen; he knew that his own life would be particularly aimed at, and seems to have looked for death with almost as sure an expectation as for victory. His whole attention was fixed upon the enemy. They tacked to the northward, and formed their line on the larboard tack; thus bringing the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Pedro under the lee of the British, and keeping the port of Cadiz open for themselves. This was judiciously done; and Nelson, aware of all the advantages which it gave them, made signal to prepare to anchor.

Villeneuve was a skilful seaman, worthy of serving a better master and a better cause. His plan of defence was as well conceived and as original as the plan of attack. He formed the fleet in a double line, every alternate ship being about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern. Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory.

That officer answered that, considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied: "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty." Soon afterwards he asked him if he did not think there was a signal wanting. Captain Blackwood made answer that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made which will be remembered as long as the language or even the memory of England shall endure—Nelson's last signal: "ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY!" It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed and the feeling which it expressed. "Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

He wore that day, as usual, his Admiral's frock-coat, bearing on the left breast four stars of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy were beheld with ominous apprehensions by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships, and it could not be doubted but that his life would be particularly aimed at. They communicated their fears to each other, and the surgeon, Mr. Beatty, spoke to the chaplain, Dr. Scott, and to Mr. Scott, the public secretary, desiring that some person would entreat him to change his dress or cover the stars; but they knew that such a request would highly displease him. "In honour I gained them," he had said when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, "and in honour I will die with them." Mr. Beatty, however, would not have been deterred by any fear of exciting his displeasure from speaking to him himself upon a subject in which the weal of England, as well as the life of Nelson, was concerned; but he was ordered from the deck before he could find an oppor-

tunity. This was a point upon which Nelson's officers knew that it was hopeless to remonstrate or reason with him; but both Blackwood and his own captain, Hardy, represented to him how advantageous to the fleet it would be for him to keep out of action as long as possible, and he consented at last to let the *Leviathan* and the *Téméraire*, which were sailing abreast of the *Victory*, be ordered to pass ahead. Yet even here the last infirmity of this noble mind was indulged, for these ships could not pass ahead if the *Victory* continued to carry all her sail, and so far was Nelson from shortening sail that it was evident he took pleasure in pressing on, and rendering it impossible for them to obey his own orders. A long swell was setting into the Bay of Cadiz. Our ships, crowding all sail, moved majestically before it, with light winds from the south-west. The sun shone on the sails of the enemy; and their well-formed line, with their numerous three-deckers, made an appearance which any other assailants would have thought formidable; but the British sailors only admired the beauty and the splendour of the spectacle, and, in full confidence of winning what they saw, remarked to each other what a fine sight yonder ships would make at Spithead!

The French Admiral, from the *Bucentaure*, beheld the new manner in which his enemy was advancing—Nelson and Collingwood each leading his line; and pointing them out to his officers, he is said to have exclaimed that such conduct could not fail to be successful. Yet Villeneuve had made his own dispositions with the utmost skill, and the fleets under his command waited for the attack with perfect coolness. Ten minutes before twelve they opened their fire. Eight or nine of the ships immediately ahead of the *Victory*, and across her bows, fired single guns at her to ascertain whether she was yet within their range. As soon as Nelson perceived that their shot passed over him he desired Blackwood and Captain Prowse, of the *Sirius*, to repair to their respective frigates, and on their way to tell all the captains of the line-of-battle ships that he depended on their exertions, and that, if by the prescribed mode of attack they found it

impracticable to get into action immediately, they might adopt whatever they thought best, provided it led them quickly and closely alongside an enemy. As they were standing on the front of the poop, Blackwood took him by the hand, saying he hoped soon to return and find him in possession of twenty prizes. He replied, "God bless you, Blackwood; I shall never see you again."

Nelson's column was steered about two points more to the north than Collingwood's, in order to cut off the enemy's escape into Cadiz. The lee line, therefore, was first engaged. "See," cried Nelson, pointing to the *Royal Sovereign*, as she steered right for the centre of the enemy's line, cut through it astern of the *Santa Anna*, three-decker, and engaged her at the muzzle of her guns on the starboard side; "see how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action!" Collingwood, delighted at being first in the heat of the fire, and knowing the feelings of his Commander and old friend, turned to his captain and exclaimed, "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!" Both these brave officers perhaps at this moment thought of Nelson with gratitude for a circumstance which had occurred on the preceding day. Admiral Collingwood, with some of the captains, having gone on board the *Victory* to receive instructions, Nelson inquired of him where his captain was, and was told in reply that they were not upon good terms with each other. "Terms!" said Nelson, "good terms with each other!" Immediately he sent a boat for Captain Rotherham, led him, as soon as he arrived, to Collingwood, and saying, "Look, yonder are the enemy!" bade them shake hands like Englishmen.

The enemy continued to fire a gun at a time at the *Victory* till they saw that a shot had passed through her main-top-gallant sail; then they opened their broadsides, aiming chiefly at her rigging, in the hope of disabling her before she could close with them. Nelson, as usual, had hoisted several flags, lest one should be shot away. The enemy showed no colours till late in the action, when they began to feel the necessity of having them to strike. For this reason the *Santissima Trinidad*—Nelson's old acquaintance, as he used to call her—

was distinguishable only by her four decks, and to the bow of this opponent he ordered the *Victory* to be steered. Meantime an incessant raking fire was kept up upon the *Victory*. The Admiral's secretary was one of the first who fell; he was killed by a cannon-shot while conversing with Hardy. Captain Adair, of the marines, with the help of a sailor, endeavoured to remove the body from Nelson's sight, who had a great regard for Mr. Scott; but he anxiously asked, "Is that poor Scott that's gone?" and being informed that it was indeed so, exclaimed, "Poor fellow!" Presently a double-headed shot struck a party of marines who were drawn up on the poop, and killed eight of them, upon which Nelson immediately desired Captain Adair to disperse his men round the ship, that they might not suffer so much from being together. A few minutes afterwards a shot struck the fore-brace bits on the quarter-deck, and passed between Nelson and Hardy, a splinter from the bit tearing off Hardy's buckle and bruising his foot. Both stopped, and looked anxiously at each other: each supposed the other to be wounded. Nelson then smiled, and said: "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long."

The *Victory* had not yet returned a single gun; fifty of her men had been by this time killed or wounded, and her main-topmast, with all her studding-sails and their booms, shot away. Nelson declared that in all his battles he had seen nothing which surpassed the cool courage of his crew on this occasion. At four minutes after twelve she opened her fire from both sides of her deck. It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships; Hardy informed him of this, and asked him which he would prefer. Nelson replied: "Take your choice, Hardy; it does not signify much." The master was ordered to put the helm to port, and the *Victory* ran on board the *Redoubtable* just as her tiller-ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside, then instantly let down her lower-deck ports for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action. Her tops, like those of all the enemy's ships, were filled with riflemen. Nelson never placed musketry in his tops; he had a strong

dislike to the practice, not merely because it endangers setting fire to the sails, but also because it is a murderous sort of warfare, by which individuals may suffer, and a commander now and then be picked off, but which never can decide the fate of a general engagement.

Captain Harvey, in the *Téméraire*, fell on board the *Redoubtable* on the other side; another enemy was in like manner on board the *Téméraire;* so that these four ships formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads all lying the same way. The lieutenants of the *Victory*, seeing this, depressed their guns of the middle and lower decks, and fired with a diminished charge, lest the shot should pass through and injure the *Téméraire;* and because there was danger that the *Redoubtable* might take fire from the lower-deck guns, the muzzles of which touched her side when they were run out, the fireman of each gun stood ready with a bucket of water, which, as soon as the gun was discharged, he dashed into the hole made by the shot. An incessant fire was kept up from the *Victory* from both sides; her larboard guns playing upon the *Bucentaure* and the huge *Santissima Trinidad.*

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which in the then situation of the two vessels was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy!" said he. "I hope not!" cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied, "my back-bone is shot through!" Yet even now, not for a

moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller-ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately. Then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England perhaps would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived upon examination that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back and the gush of blood he felt momently within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurraed, and at every hurra a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!" An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?"—"Very well," replied Hardy, "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called

two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."—"I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "There was no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh no!" he replied, "it is impossible; my back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Captain Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and with a heart almost bursting hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast"—putting his hand on his left side—"which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, "So great that he wished he was dead. Yet," said he in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too!" And after a few minutes, in the same under-tone, he added: "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation?" Next to his country she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned, and again taking the hand of his dying friend and Commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly, but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well!" cried Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty." And then in a stronger voice he said: "Anchor, Hardy, anchor." Hardy upon this hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed. "Do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he

said to him in low voice: "Don't throw me overboard!" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then, reverting to private feelings, "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy; take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy!" said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek, and Nelson said: "Now I am satisfied. Thank God I have done my duty!" Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again, and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied: "God bless you, Hardy!" And Hardy then left him for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said: "I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall soon be gone." Death was indeed rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain: "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner." And after a short pause: "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult, but he was distinctly heard to say: "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he repeatedly pronounced, and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four, three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

. . . . . .

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity; men started at the intelligence and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never till then known how deeply we loved and reverenced him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly indeed had he performed his part that the maritime war after the battle of Trafalgar was considered at an end: the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any

selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him; the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards were all which they could now bestow upon him whom the king, the Legislature, and the nation would have alike delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church bells, have given school-boys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and "old men from the chimney-corner" to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy through Nelson's surpassing genius that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas; and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for while Nelson was living, to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening the body, that in the course of nature he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done, nor ought he to be lamented who died so full of honours and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory; and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England —a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the

spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them, verifying in this sense the language of the old mythologist:

Τοί μεν δαίμονες εἰσί, Διὸς μεγάλου διὰ βουλὰς
Ἐσθλοὶ, ἐπιχθόνιοι, φύλακες θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων.

Charles Lamb

1775–1834

DREAM CHILDREN: A REVERY

(*Essays of Elia*, 1822–24)

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and Papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining

county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C's tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "that would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psaltery by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said "those innocents would do her no harm"; and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holy-days, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of

Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew-trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir-apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out —and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too,

but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain;—and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb.—Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for Uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——n; and as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens—when suddenly turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of representment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in

the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name;"—and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor armchair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone forever.

DETACHED THOUGHTS ON BOOKS AND READING

(*Last Essays*, 1833)

To mind the inside of a book is to entertain one's self with the forced product of another man's brain. Now I think a man of quality and breeding may be much amused with the natural sprouts of his own.—Lord Foppington, in "The Relapse."

An ingenious acquaintance of my own was so much struck with this bright sally of his Lordship, that he has left off reading altogether, to the great improvement of his originality. At the hazard of losing some credit on this head, I must confess that I dedicate no inconsiderable portion of my time to other people's thoughts. I dream away my life in others' speculations. I love to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I am reading; I cannot sit and think. Books think for me.

I have no repugnances. Shaftesbury is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low. I can read anything which I call *a book*. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such.

In this catalogue of *books which are no books—biblia a-biblia*—I reckon Court Calendars, Directories, Pocket Books, Draught Boards, bound and lettered on the back, Scientific Treatises, Almanacs, Statutes at Large: the works of Hume,

Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns, and generally, all those volumes which "no gentleman's library should be without": the Histories of Flavius Josephus (that learned Jew), and Paley's Moral Philosophy. With these exceptions, I can read almost anything. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexcluding.

I confess that it moves my spleen to see these *things in books' clothing* perched upon shelves, like false saints, usurpers of true shrines, intruders into the sanctuary, thrusting out the legitimate occupants. To reach down a well-bound semblance of a volume, and hope it some kind-hearted play-book, then, opening what "seem its leaves," to come bolt upon a withering Population Essay. To expect a Steele, or a Farquhar, and find—Adam Smith. To view a well-arranged assortment of block-headed Encyclopædias (Anglicanas or Metropolitanas) set out in an array of russia, or morocco, when a tithe of that good leather would comfortably reclothe my shivering folios; would renovate Paracelsus himself, and enable old Raymund Lully to look like himself again in the world. I never see these impostors, but I long to strip them, to warm my ragged veterans in their spoils.

To be strong-backed and neat-bound is the desideratum of a volume. Magnificence comes after. This, when it can be afforded, is not to be lavished upon all kinds of books indiscriminately. I would not dress a set of Magazines, for instance, in full suit. The dishabille, or half-binding (with russia backs ever) is *our* costume. A Shakspeare or a Milton (unless the first editions), it were mere foppery to trick out in gay apparel. The possession of them onfers no distinction. The exterior of them (the things themselves being so common), strange to say, raises no sweet emotions, no tickling sense of property in the owner. Thomson's Seasons, again, looks best (I maintain it) a little torn and dog's-eared. How beautiful to a genuine lover of reading are the sullied leaves, and worn-out appearance, nay, the very odour (beyond russia), if we would not forget kind feelings in fastidiousness, of an old "Circulating Library" Tom Jones, or Vicar of Wakefield! How they speak of the thousand

thumbs that have turned over their pages with delight!—of the lone sempstress, whom they may have cheered (milliner, or harder-working mantua-maker) after her long day's needle-toil, running far into midnight, when she has snatched an hour, ill spared from sleep, to steep her cares, as in some Lethean cup, in spelling out their enchanting contents! Who would have them a whit less soiled? what better condition could we desire to see them in?

In some respects the better a book is, the less it demands from binding. Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, and all that class of perpetually self-reproductive volumes—Great Nature's Stereotypes—we see them individually perish with less regret, because we know the copies of them to be "eterne." But where a book is at once both good and rare—where the individual is almost the species, and when *that* perishes,

> We know not where is that Promethean torch
> That can its light relumine,—

such a book, for instance, as the Life of the Duke of Newcastle, by his Duchess—no casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable, to honour and keep safe such a jewel.

Not only rare volumes of this description, which seem hopeless ever to be reprinted, but old editions of writers, such as Sir Philip Sydney, Bishop Taylor, Milton in his prose works, Fuller—of whom we *have* reprints, yet the books themselves, though they go about, and are talked of here and there, we know have not endenizened themselves (nor possibly ever will) in the national heart, so as to become stock books—it is good to possess these in durable and costly covers. I do not care for a First Folio of Shakspeare. [You cannot make a *pet* book of an author whom everybody reads.] I rather prefer the common editions of Rowe and Tonson, without notes, and with *plates*, which, being so execrably bad, serve as maps or modest remembrancers to the text; and, without pretending to any supposable emulation with it, are so much better than the Shakspeare gallery

engravings, which *did*. I have a community of feeling with my countrymen about his Plays, and I like those editions of him best which have been oftenest tumbled about and handled.—On the contrary, I cannot read Beaumont and Fletcher but in Folio. The Octavo editions are painful to look at. I have no sympathy with them. If they were as much read as the current editions of the other poet, I should prefer them in that shape to the older one. I do not know a more heartless sight than the reprint of the Anatomy of Melancholy. What need was there of unearthing the bones of that fantastic old great man, to expose them in a winding sheet of the newest fashion to modern censure? what hapless stationer could dream of Burton ever becoming popular?—The wretched Malone could not do worse, when he bribed the sexton of Stratford church to let him whitewash the painted effigy of old Shakspeare, which stood there, in rude but lively fashion depicted, to the very colour of the cheek, the eye, the eyebrow, hair, the very dress he used to wear—the only authentic testimony we had, however imperfect, of these curious parts and parcels of him. They covered him over with a coat of white paint. By ——, if I had been a justice of peace for Warwickshire, I would have clapt both commentator and sexton fast in the stocks, for a pair of meddling sacrilegious varlets.

I think I see them at their work—these sapient trouble-tombs.

Shall I be thought fantastical if I confess, that the names of some of our poets sound sweeter, and have a finer relish to the ear—to mine, at least—than that of Milton or Shakspeare? It may be, that the latter are more staled and rung upon in common discourse. The sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the mention, are, Kit Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley.

Much depends upon *when* and *where* you read a book. In the five or six impatient minutes, before the dinner is quite ready, who would think of taking up the Fairy Queen for a stopgap, or a volume of Bishop Andrewes' sermons?

Milton almost requires a solemn service of music to be

played before you enter upon him. But he brings his music, to which, who listens, had need bring docile thoughts, and purged ears.

Winter evenings—the world shut out—with less of ceremony the gentle Shakspeare enters. At such a season the Tempest, or his own Winter's Tale—

These two poets you cannot avoid reading aloud—to yourself, or (as it chances) to some single person listening. More than one—and it degenerates into an audience.

Books of quick interest, that hurry on for incidents, are for the eye to glide over only. It will not do to read them out. I could never listen to even the better kind of modern novels without extreme irksomeness.

A newspaper, read out, is intolerable. In some of the Bank offices it is the custom (to save so much individual time) for one of the clerks—who is the best scholar—to commence upon the *Times*, or the *Chronicle* and recite its entire contents aloud, *pro bono publico*. With every advantage of lungs and elocution, the effect is singularly vapid. In barbers' shops and public-houses a fellow will get up and spell out a paragraph, which he communicates as some discovery. Another follows with *his* selection. So the entire journal transpires at length by piecemeal. Seldom-readers are slow readers, and, without this expedient, no one in the company would probably ever travel through the contents of a whole paper.

Newspapers always excite curiosity. No one ever lays one down without a feeling of disappointment.

What an eternal time that gentleman in black, at Nando's, keeps the paper! I am sick of hearing the waiter bawling out incessantly, "The Chronicle is in hand, Sir."

Coming into an inn at night—having ordered your supper—what can be more delightful than to find lying in the window-seat, left there time out of mind by the carelessness of some former guest,—two or three numbers of the old Town and Country Magazine, with its amusing *tête-à-tête* pictures—"The Royal Lover and Lady G——"; "The Melting Platonic and the old Beau,"—and such-like antiquated

scandal? Would you exchange it—at that time, and in that place—for a better book?

Poor Tobin, who latterly fell blind, did not regret it so much for the weightier kinds of reading—the Paradise Lost, or Comus, he could have *read* to him—but he missed the pleasure of skimming over with his own eye a magazine, or a light pamphlet.

I should not care to be caught in the serious avenues of some cathedral alone, and reading *Candide*.

I do not remember a more whimsical surprise than having been once detected—by a familiar damsel—reclined at my ease upon the grass, on Primrose Hill (her Cythera) reading *Pamela*. There was nothing in the book to make a man seriously ashamed at the exposure; but as she seated herself down by me, and seemed determined to read in company, I could have wished it had been—any other book. We read on very sociably for a few pages; and, not finding the author much to her taste, she got up, and—went away. Gentle casuist, I leave it to thee to conjecture, whether the blush (for there was one between us) was the property of the nymph or the swain in this dilemma. From me you shall never get the secret.

I am not much a friend to out-of-doors reading. I cannot settle my spirits to it. I knew a Unitarian minister, who was generally to be seen upon Snow Hill (as yet Skinner's Street *was not*), between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, studying a volume of Lardner. I own this to have been a strain of abstraction beyond my reach. I used to admire how he sidled along, keeping clear of secular contacts. An illiterate encounter with a porter's knot, or a breadbasket, would have quickly put to flight all the theology I am master of, and have left me worse than indifferent to the five points.

There is a class of street-readers, whom I can never contemplate without affection—the poor gentry, who, not having wherewithal to buy or hire a book, filch a little learning at the open stalls—the owner, with his hard eye, casting envious looks at them all the while, and thinking when they will

have done. Venturing tenderly, page after page, expecting every moment when he shall interpose his interdict, and yet unable to deny themselves the gratification, they "snatch a fearful joy." Martin B——, in this way, by daily fragments, got through two volumes of Clarissa, when the stall-keeper damped his laudable ambition, by asking him (it was in his younger days) whether he meant to purchase the work. M. declares, that under no circumstance in his life did he ever peruse a book with half the satisfaction which he took in those uneasy snatches. A quaint poetess of our day has moralized upon this subject in two very touching but homely stanzas:

I saw a boy with eager eye
Open a book upon a stall,
And read, as he'd devour it all;
Which, when the stall-man did espy,
Soon to the boy I heard him call,
"You Sir, you never buy a book,
Therefore in one you shall not look."
The boy pass'd slowly on, and with a sigh
He wish'd he never had been taught to read,
Then of the old churl's books he should have had no need.

Of sufferings the poor have many,
Which never can the rich annoy.
I soon perceived another boy,
Who look'd as if he had not any
Food, for that day at least,—enjoy
The sight of cold meat in a tavern larder.
This boy's case, then thought I, is surely harder,
Thus hungry, longing, thus without a penny,
Beholding choice of dainty dressèd meat:
No wonder if he wish he ne'er had learn'd to eat.

THE SUPERANNUATED MAN

(From the same)

Sera tamen respexit Libertas. VIRGIL.

A Clerk I was in London gay. O'KEEFE.

If peradventure, Reader, it has been thy lot to waste the golden years of thy life—thy shining youth—in the irksome confinement of an office; to have thy prison-days prolonged through middle age down to decrepitude and silver hairs, without hope of release or respite; to have lived to forget that there are such things as holidays, or to remember them but as the prerogatives of childhood; then, and then only, will you be able to appreciate my deliverance.

It is now six-and-thirty years since I took my seat at the desk in Mincing Lane. Melancholy was the transition at fourteen from the abundant playtime, and the frequently-intervening vacations of school days, to the eight, nine, and sometimes ten hours' a-day attendance at the counting-house. But time partially reconciles us to anything. I gradually became content—doggedly contented, as wild animals in cages.

It is true I had my Sundays to myself; but Sundays, admirable as the institution of them is for purposes of worship, are for that very reason the very worst adapted for days of unbending and recreation. In particular, there is a gloom for me attendant upon a city Sunday, a weight in the air. I miss the cheerful cries of London, the music, and the ballad-singers,—the buzz and stirring murmur of the streets. Those eternal bells depress me. The closed shops repel me. Prints, pictures, all the glittering and endless succession of knacks and gewgaws, and ostentatiously displayed wares of tradesmen, which make a weekday saunter through the less busy parts of the metropolis so delightful—are shut out. No book-stalls deliciously to idle over—no busy faces to recreate the idle man who contemplates them ever passing by—the very face of business a charm by contrast to his temporary relaxation from it. Nothing to be seen but unhappy coun-

tenances—or half-happy at best—of emancipated 'prentices and little tradesfolks, with here and there a servant-maid that has got leave to go out, who, slaving all the week, with the habit has lost almost the capacity of enjoying a free hour; and livelily expressing the hollowness of a day's pleasuring. The very strollers in the fields on that day look anything but comfortable.

But besides Sundays, I had a day at Easter, and a day at Christmas, with a full week in the summer to go and air myself in my native fields of Hertfordshire. This last was a great indulgence; and the prospect of its recurrence, I believe, alone kept me up through the year, and made my durance tolerable. But when the week came round, did the glittering phantom of the distance keep touch with me? or rather was it not a series of seven uneasy days, spent in restless pursuit of pleasure, and a wearisome anxiety to find out how to make the most of them? Where was the quiet, where the promised rest? Before I had a taste of it it was vanished. I was at the desk again, counting upon the fifty-one tedious weeks that must intervene before such another snatch would come. Still the prospect of its coming threw something of an illumination upon the darker side of my captivity. Without it, as I have said, I could scarcely have sustained my thralldom.

Independently of the rigours of attendance, I have ever been haunted with a sense (perhaps a mere caprice) of incapacity for business. This, during my latter years, had increased to such a degree, that it was visible in all the lines of my countenance. My health and my good spirits flagged. I had perpetually a dread of some crisis, to which I should be found unequal. Besides my daylight servitude, I served over again all night in my sleep, and would awake with terrors of imaginary false entries, errors in my accounts, and the like. I was fifty years of age, and no prospect of emancipation presented itself. I had grown to my desk, as it were; and the wood had entered into my soul.

My fellows in the office would sometimes rally me upon the trouble legible in my countenance; but I did not know that it

had raised the suspicions of any of my employers, when, on the fifth of last month, a day ever to be remembered by me, L——, the junior partner in the firm, calling me on one side, directly taxed me with my bad looks, and frankly inquired the cause of them. So taxed, I honestly made confession of my infirmity, and added that I was afraid that I should eventually be obliged to resign his service. He spoke some words of course to hearten me, and there the matter rested. A whole week I remained labouring under the impression that I had acted imprudently in my disclosure; that I had foolishly given a handle against myself, and had been anticipating my own dismissal. A week passed in this manner, the most anxious one, I verily believe, in my whole life, when on the evening of the 12th of April, just as I was about quitting my desk to go home (it might be about eight o'clock,) I received an awful summons to attend the presence of the whole assembled firm in the formidable back parlour. I thought now my time is surely come, I have done for myself, I am going to be told that they have no longer occasion for me. L——, I could see, smiled at the terror I was in, which was a little relief to me,—when to my utter astonishment B——, the eldest partner, began a formal harangue to me on the length of my services, my very meritorious conduct during the whole of the time (the deuce, thought I, how did he find out that? I protest I never had the confidence to think as much). He went on to descant on the expediency of retiring at a certain time of life, (how my heart panted!) and asking me a few questions as to the amount of my own property, of which I have a little, ended with a proposal, to which his three partners nodded a grave assent, that I should accept from the house, which I had served so well, a pension for life to the amount of two-thirds of my accustomed salary—a magnificent offer! I do not know what I answered between surprise and gratitude, but it was understood that I accepted their proposal, and I was told that I was free from that hour to leave their service. I stammered out a bow, and at just ten minutes after eight I went home—forever. This noble benefit—gratitude forbids me to conceal their names—I

owe to the kindness of the most munificent firm in the world — the house of Boldero, Merryweather, Bosanquet, and Lacy.

Esto perpetua!

For the first day or two I felt stunned—overwhelmed. I could only apprehend my felicity; I was too confused to taste it sincerely. I wandered about, thinking I was happy, and knowing that I was not. I was in the condition of a prisoner in the old Bastile, suddenly let loose after a forty years' confinement. I could scarce trust myself with myself. It was like passing out of Time into Eternity,—for it is a sort of Eternity for a man to have his Time all to himself. It seemed to me that I had more time on my hands than I could ever manage. From a poor man, poor in Time, I was suddenly lifted up into a vast revenue; I could see no end of my possessions; I wanted some steward, or judicious bailiff, to manage my estates in Time for me. And here let me caution persons grown old in active business, not lightly nor without weighing their own resources, to forego their customary employment all at once, for there may be danger in it. I feel it by myself, but I know that my resources are sufficient; and now that those first giddy raptures have subsided, I have a quiet home-feeling of the blessedness of my condition. I am in no hurry. Having all holidays, I am as though I had none. If Time hung heavy upon me, I could walk it away; but I do *not* walk all day long, as I used to do in those old transient holidays, thirty miles a day, to make the most of them. If Time were troublesome, I could read it away; but I do *not* read in that violent measure, with which, having no Time my own but candlelight Time, I used to weary out my head and eyesight in bygone winters. I walk, read, or scribble (as now) just when the fit seizes me. I no longer hunt after pleasure; I let it come to me. I am like the man

> . . . that's born and has his years come to him,
> In some green desert.

"Years!" you will say; "what is this superannuated simpleton calculating upon? He has already told us he is past fifty."

I have indeed lived nominally fifty years, but deduct out of them the hours which I have lived to other people, and not to myself, and you will find me still a young fellow. For *that* is the only true Time which a man can properly call his own, that which he has all to himself; the rest, though in some sense he may be said to live it, is other people's Time, not his. The remnant of my poor days, long or short, is at least multiplied for me threefold. My ten next years, if I stretch so far, will be as long as any preceding thirty. 'Tis a fair rule-of-three sum.

Among the strange fantasies which beset me at the commencement of my freedom, and of which all traces are not gone, one was, that a vast tract of Time had intervened since I quitted the Counting-House. I could not conceive of it as an affair of yesterday. The partners, and the clerks with whom I had for so many years, and for so many hours of each day in the year, been closely associated—being suddenly removed from them—they seemed as dead to me. There is a fine passage, which may serve to illustrate this fancy, in a Trágedy by Sir Robert Howard, speaking of a friend's death:—

> . . . 'Twas but just now he went away;
> I have not since had time to shed a tear;
> And yet the distance does the same appear
> As if he had been a thousand years from me.
> Time takes no measure in Eternity.

To dissipate this awkward feeling, I have been fain to go among them once or twice since; to visit my old desk-fellows —my co-brethren of the quill—that I had left below in the state militant. Not all the kindness with which they received me could quite restore to me that pleasant familiarity, which I had heretofore enjoyed among them. We cracked some of our old jokes, but methought they went off but faintly. My old desk; the peg where I hung my hat, were appropriated to another. I knew it must be, but I could not take it kindly. D——l take me, if I did not feel some remorse—beast, if I had not—at quitting my old compeers, the faithful partners

of my toils for six-and-thirty years, that soothed for me with their jokes and conundrums the ruggedness of my professional road. Had it been so rugged then, after all? or was I a coward simply? Well, it is too late to repent; and I also know that these suggestions are a common fallacy of the mind on such occasions. But my heart smote me. I had violently broken the bands betwixt us. It was at least not courteous. I shall be some time before I get quite reconciled to the separation. Farewell, old cronies, yet not for long, for again and again I will come among ye, if I shall have your leave. Farewell Ch——, dry, sarcastic, and friendly! Do——, mild, slow to move, and gentlemanly! Pl——, officious to do, and to volunteer, good services!—and thou, thou dreary pile, fit mansion for a Gresham or a Whittington of old, stately house of Merchants; with thy labyrinthine passages, and light-excluding, pent-up offices, where candles for one-half the year supplied the place of the sun's light; unhealthy contributor to my weal, stern fosterer of my living, farewell! In thee remain, and not in the obscure collection of some wandering bookseller, my "works"! There let them rest, as I do from my labours, piled on thy massy shelves, more MSS. in folio than ever Aquinas left, and full as useful! My mantle I bequeath among ye.

A fortnight has passed since the date of my first communication. At that period I was approaching to tranquillity, but had not reached it. I boasted of a calm indeed, but it was comparative only. Something of the first flutter was left; an unsettling sense of novelty; the dazzle to weak eyes of unaccustomed light. I missed my old chains, forsooth, as if they had been some necessary part of my apparel. I was a poor Carthusian, from strict cellular discipline suddenly by some revolution returned upon the world. I am now as if I had never been other than my own master. It is natural to me to go where I please, to do what I please. I find myself at eleven o'clock in the day in Bond Street, and it seems to me that I have been sauntering there at that very hour for years past. I digress into Soho, to explore a bookstall. Methinks I have been thirty years a collector. There is nothing

strange nor new in it. I find myself before a fine picture in the morning. Was it ever otherwise? What has become of Fish Street Hill? Where is Fenchurch Street? Stones of old Mincing Lane, which I have worn with my daily pilgrimage for six-and-thirty years, to the footsteps of what toil-worn clerk are your everlasting flints now vocal? I indent the gayer flags of Pall Mall. It is 'Change time, and I am strangely among the Elgin marbles. It was no hyperbole when I ventured to compare the change in my condition to a passing into another world. Time stands still in a manner to me. I have lost all distinction of season. I do not know the day of the week or of the month. Each day used to be individually felt by me in its reference to the foreign post-days; in its distance from, or propinquity to, the next Sunday. I had my Wednesday feelings, my Saturday nights' sensations. The genius of each day was upon me distinctly during the whole of it, affecting my appetite, spirits, &c. The phantom of the next day, with the dreary five to follow, sate as a load upon my poor Sabbath recreations. What charm has washed that Ethiop white? What is gone of Black Monday? All days are the same. Sunday itself—that unfortunate failure of a holiday, as it too often proved, what with my sense of its fugitiveness, and over-care to get the greatest quantity of pleasure out of it—is melted down into a week-day. I can spare to go to church now, without grudging the huge cantle which it used to seem to cut out of the holiday. I have Time for everything. I can visit a sick friend. I can interrupt the man of much occupation when he is busiest. I can insult over him with an invitation to take a day's pleasure with me to Windsor this fine May-morning. It is Lucretian pleasure to behold the poor drudges, whom I have left behind in the world, carking and caring; like horses in a mill, drudging on in the same eternal round—and what is it all for? A man can never have too much Time to himself, nor too little to do. Had I a little son, I would christen him Nothing-To-Do; he should do nothing. Man, I verily believe, is out of his element as long as he is operative. I am altogether for the life contemplative. Will no kindly earthquake come and

swallow up those accursed cotton mills? Take me that lumber of a desk there, and bowl it down

As low as to the fiends.

I am no longer . . . . . , clerk to the Firm of, &c. I am Retired Leisure. I am to be met with in trim gardens. I am already come to be known by my vacant face and careless gesture, perambulating at no fixed pace, nor with any settled purpose. I walk about; not to and from. They tell me, a certain *cum dignitate* air, that has been buried so long with my other good parts, has begun to shoot forth in my person. I grow into gentility perceptibly. When I take up a newspaper, it is to read the state of the opera. *Opus operatum est.* I have done all that I came into this world to do. I have worked task-work, and have the rest of the day to myself.

ON THE DEATH OF COLERIDGE

(Nov. 21, 1834)

When I heard of the death of Coleridge, it was without grief. It seemed to me that he long had been on the confines of the next world,—that he had a hunger for eternity. I grieved then that I could not grieve. But, since, I feel how great a part he was of me. His great and dear spirit haunts me. I cannot think a thought, I cannot make a criticism on men and books, without an ineffectual turning and reference to him. He was the proof and touchstone of all my cogitations. He was a Grecian (or in the first form) at Christ's Hospital, where I was Deputy-Grecian; and the same subordination and deference to him I have preserved through a life-long acquaintance. Great in his writings, he was greatest in his conversation. In him was disproved that old maxim, that we should allow every one his share of talk. He would talk from morn to dewy eve, nor cease till far midnight; yet who ever would interrupt him? who would obstruct that continuous flow of converse, fetched from Helicon or Zion? He had the tact of making the unintelligible seem plain. Many who read the abstruser parts of his

"Friend" would complain that his works did not answer to his spoken wisdom. They were identical. But he had a tone in oral delivery which seemed to convey sense to those who were otherwise imperfect recipients. He was my fifty-years-old friend without a dissension. Never saw I his likeness, nor probably the world can see again. I seem to love the house he died at more passionately than when he lived. I love the faithful Gilmans more than while they exercised their virtues towards him living. What was his mansion is consecrated to me a chapel.

Walter Savage Landor

1775–1864

ESSEX AND SPENSER

(*Imaginary Conversations*, 1834)

Essex. Instantly on hearing of thy arrival from Ireland, I sent a message to thee, good Edmund, that I might learn, from one so judicious and dispassionate as thou art, the real state of things in that distracted country; it having pleased the Queen's Majesty to think of appointing me her deputy, in order to bring the rebellious to submission.

Spenser. Wisely and well considered; but more worthily of her judgment than her affection. May your lordship overcome, as you have ever done, the difficulties and dangers you foresee.

Essex. We grow weak by striking at random; and knowing that I must strike, and strike heavily, I would fain see exactly where the stroke shall fall.

Some attribute to the Irish all sorts of excesses; others tell us that these are old stories; that there is not a more inoffensive race of merry creatures under heaven, and that their crimes are all hatched for them here in England, by the incubation of printers' boys, and are brought to market at times of distressing dearth in news. From all that I myself have seen of them, I can only say that the civilized (I

mean the richer and titled) are as susceptible of heat as iron, and as impenetrable to light as granite. The half-barbarous are probably worse; the utterly barbarous may be somewhat better. Like game-cocks, they must spur when they meet. One fights because he fights an Englishman; another, because the fellow he quarrels with comes from a distant county; a third, because the next parish is an eyesore to him, and his fist-mate is from it. The only thing in which they all agree as proper law is the tooth-for-tooth act. Luckily, we have a bishop who is a native, and we call him before the Queen. He represented to Her Majesty that everything in old Ireland tended to re-produce its kind,—crimes among others; and he declared frankly that if an honest man is murdered, or, what is dearer to an honest man, if his honour is wounded in the person of his wife, it must be expected that he will retaliate. Her Majesty delivered it as her opinion, that the latter case of vindictiveness was more likely to take effect than the former. But the bishop replied, that in his conscience he could not answer for either if the man was up. The dean of the same diocese gave us a more favourable report. Being a justice of the peace, he averred most solemnly that no man ever had complained to him of murder, excepting one who had lost so many fore-teeth by a cudgel that his deposition could not be taken exactly; added to which, his head was a little clouded with drunkenness; furthermore, that extremely few women had adduced sufficiently clear proofs of violence, excepting those who were wilful, and resisted with tooth and nail. In all which cases, it was difficult—nay, impossible—to ascertain which violence began first and lasted longest.

There is not a nation upon earth that pretends to be so superlatively generous and high-minded; and there is not one (I speak from experience) so utterly base and venal. I have positive proof that the nobility, in a mass, are agreed to sell, for a stipulated sum, all their rights and privileges, so much per man; and the Queen is inclined thereunto. But would our Parliament consent to pay money for a cargo of rotten pilchards? And would not our captains be readier to

swamp than to import them? The noisiest rogues in that kingdom, if not quieted by a halter, may be quieted by making them brief-collectors, and by allowing them, first, to encourage the incendiary; then, to denounce and hang him; and, lastly, to collect all the money they can, running up and down with the whining ferocity of half-starved hyenas, under pretence of repairing the damages their exhausted country hath sustained. Others ask, modestly, a few thousands a year, and no more, from those whom they represent to us as naked and famished; and prove clearly, to every dispassionate man who hath a single drop of free blood in his veins, that at least this pittance is due to them for abandoning their liberal and lucrative professions, and for endangering their valuable lives on the tempestuous seas, in order that the voice of truth may sound for once upon the shores of England, and humanity cast her shadow on the council-chamber.

I gave a dinner to a party of these fellows a few weeks ago. I know not how many kings and princes were among them, nor how many poets and prophets and legislators and sages. When they were half-drunk, they coaxed and threatened; when they had gone somewhat deeper, they joked, and croaked and hiccoughed, and wept over sweet Ireland; and, when they could neither stand nor sit any longer, they fell upon their knees and their noddles, and swore that limbs, life, liberty, Ireland, and God himself, were all at the Queen's service. It was only their holy religion, the religion of their forefathers,—here sobs interrupted some, howls others, execrations more, and the liquor they had engulfed the rest. I looked down on them with stupor and astonishment, seeing faces, forms, dresses, much like ours, and recollecting their ignorance, levity, and ferocity. My pages drew them gently by the heels down the steps; my grooms set them upright (inasmuch as might be) on their horses; and the people in the streets, shouting and pelting, sent forward the beasts to their straw.

Various plans have been laid before us for civilizing or coercing them. Among the pacific, it was proposed to make

an offer to five hundred of the richer Jews in the Hanse-towns and in Poland, who should be raised to the dignity of the Irish peerage, and endowed with four thousand acres of good forfeited land, on condition of each paying two thousand pounds, and of keeping up ten horsemen and twenty foot, Germans or Poles, in readiness for service.

The Catholics bear nowhere such ill-will toward Jews as toward Protestants. Brooks make even worse neighbors than oceans do.

I myself saw no objection to the measure; but our gracious Queen declared she had an insuperable one,—*they stank!* We all acknowledged the strength of the argument, and took out our handkerchiefs. Lord Burleigh almost fainted; and Raleigh wondered how the Emperor Titus could bring up his men against Jerusalem.

"Ah!" said he, looking reverentially at Her Majesty, "the star of Berenice shone above him! And what evil influence could that star not quell! what malignancy could it not annihilate!"

Hereupon he touched the earth with his brow, until the Queen said,—

"Sir Walter! lift me up those laurels."

At which manifestation of princely good-will he was advancing to kiss Her Majesty's hand; but she waved it, and said sharply,—

"Stand there, dog!"

Now what tale have you for us?

Spenser. Interrogate me, my lord, that I may answer each question distinctly, my mind being in sad confusion at what I have seen and undergone.

Essex. Give me thy account and opinion of these very affairs as thou leftest them; for I would rather know one part well than all imperfectly; and the violences of which I have heard within the day surpass belief.

Why weepest thou, my gentle Spenser? Have the rebels sacked thy house?

Spenser. They have plundered and utterly destroyed it.

Essex. I grieve for thee, and will see thee righted.

Spenser. In this they have little harmed me.

Essex. How! I have heard it reported that thy grounds are fertile, and thy mansion large and pleasant.

Spenser. If river and lake and meadow-ground and mountain could render any place the abode of pleasantness, pleasant was mine, indeed!

On the lovely banks of Mulla I found deep contentment. Under the dark alders did I muse and meditate. Innocent hopes were my gravest cares, and my playfullest fancy was with kindly wishes. Ah! surely of all cruelties the worst is to extinguish our kindness. Mine is gone: I love the people and the land no longer. My lord, ask me not about them: I may speak injuriously.

Essex. Think rather, then, of thy happier hours and busier occupations; these likewise may instruct me.

Spenser. The first seeds I sowed in the garden, ere the old castle was made habitable for my lovely bride, were acorns from Penshurst. I planted a little oak before my mansion at the birth of each child. My sons, I said to myself, shall often play in the shade of them when I am gone; and every year shall they take the measure of their growth, as fondly as I take theirs.

Essex. Well, well; but let not this thought make thee weep so bitterly.

Spenser. Poison may ooze from beautiful plants; deadly grief from dearest reminiscences.

I *must* grieve, I *must* weep: it seems the law of God, and the only one that men are not disposed to contravene. In the performance of this alone do they effectually aid one another.

Essex. Spenser! I wish I had at hand any arguments or persuasions, of force sufficient to remove thy sorrow; but, really, I am not in the habit of seeing men grieve at any thing except the loss of favour at court, or of a hawk, or of a buck-hound. And were I to swear out my condolences to a man of thy discernment, in the same round roll-call phrases we employ with one another upon these occasions, I should be guilty, not of insincerity, but of insolence. True grief hath

ever something sacred in it; and, when it visiteth a wise man and a brave one, is most holy.

Nay, kiss not my hand: he whom God smiteth hath God with him. In his presence what am I?

Spenser. Never so great, my lord, as at this hour, when you see aright who is greater. May he guide your counsels, and preserve your life and glory!

Essex. Where are thy friends? Are they with thee?

Spenser. Ah, where, indeed! Generous, true-hearted Philip! where art thou, whose presence was unto me peace and safety; whose smile was contentment, and whose praise renown? My lord! I cannot but think of him among still heavier losses: he was my earliest friend, and would have taught me wisdom.

Essex. Pastoral poetry, my dear Spenser, doth not require tears and lamentations. Dry thine eyes; rebuild thine house: the Queen and Council, I venture to promise thee, will make ample amends for every evil thou hast sustained. What! does that enforce thee to wail yet louder?

Spenser. Pardon me, bear with me, most noble heart! I have lost what no Council, no Queen, no Essex, can restore.

Essex. We will see that. There are other swords, and other arms to wield them, besides a Leicester's and a Raleigh's. Others can crush their enemies, and serve their friends.

Spenser. O my sweet child! And of many so powerful, many so wise and so beneficent, was there none to save thee? None! None!

Essex. I now perceive that thou lamentest what almost every father is destined to lament. Happiness must be bought, although the payment may be delayed. Consider; the same calamity might have befallen thee here in London. Neither the houses of ambassadors, nor the palaces of kings, nor the altars of God himself, are asylums against death. How do I know but under this very roof there may sleep some latent calamity, that in an instant shall cover with gloom every inmate of the house, and every far dependent?

Spenser. God avert it!

Essex. Every day, every hour of the year, do hundreds mourn what thou mournest.

Spenser. Oh, no, no, no! Calamities there are around us; calamities there are all over the earth; calamities there are in all seasons: but none in any season, none in any place, like mine.

Essex. So say all fathers, so say all husbands. Look at any old mansion-house, and let the sun shine as gloriously as it may on the golden vanes, or the arms recently quartered over the gateway or the embayed window, and on the happy pair that haply is toying at it: nevertheless, thou mayest say that of a certainty the same fabric hath seen much sorrow within its chambers, and heard many wailings; and each time this was the heaviest stroke of all. Funerals have passed along through the stout-hearted knights upon the wainscot, and amid the laughing nymphs upon the arras. Old servants have shaken their heads as if somebody had deceived them, when they found that beauty and nobility could perish.

Edmund! the things that are too true pass by us as if they were not true at all; and when they have singled us out, then only do they strike us. Thou and I must go too. Perhaps the next year may blow us away with its fallen leaves.

Spenser. For you, my lord, many years (I trust) are waiting: I shall never see those fallen leaves. No leaf, no bud, will spring upon the earth before I sink into her breast for ever.

Essex. Thou, who art wiser than most men, shouldst bear with patience, equanimity, and courage what is common to all.

Spenser. Enough, enough, enough! have all men seen their infant burned to ashes before their eyes?

Essex. Gracious God! Merciful Father! what is this?

Spenser. Burned alive! burned to ashes! burned to ashes! The flames dart their serpent tongues through the nursery window. I cannot quit thee, my Elizabeth! I cannot lay down our Edmund! Oh, these flames! They persecute, they enthrall me; they curl round my temples; they hiss upon my brain; they taunt me with their fierce, foul voices; they carp at me, they wither me, they consume me, throwing back to

me a little of life to roll and suffer in, with their fangs upon me. Ask me, my lord, the things you wish to know from me: I may answer them; I am now composed again. Command me, my gracious lord! I would yet serve you: soon I shall be unable. You have stooped to raise me up; you have borne with me; you have pitied me, even like one not powerful. You have brought comfort, and will leave it with me; for gratitude is comfort.

Oh! my memory stands all a tip-toe on one burning point: when it drops from it, then it perishes. Spare me: ask me nothing; let me weep before you in peace,—the kindest act of greatness.

Essex. I should rather have dared to mount into the midst of the conflagration than I now dare entreat thee not to weep. The tears that overflow thy heart, my Spenser, will stanch and heal it in their sacred stream; but not without hope in God.

Spenser. My hope in God is that I may soon see again what he has taken from me. Amid the myriads of angels, there is not one so beautiful; and even he (if there be any) who is appointed my guardian could never love me so. Ah! these are idle thoughts, vain wanderings, distempered dreams. If there ever were guardian angels, he who so wanted one—my helpless boy—would not have left these arms upon my knees.

Essex. God help and sustain thee too, gentle Spenser! I never will desert thee. But what am I? Great they have called me! Alas, how powerless then and infantile is greatness in the presence of calamity! Come, give me thy hand: let us walk up and down the gallery. Bravely done! I will envy no more a Sidney or a Raleigh.

William Hazlitt

1778–1830

ON THE FEELING OF IMMORTALITY IN YOUTH

(From *Winterslow*, 1850)

No young man believes he shall ever die. It was a saying of my brother's, and a fine one. There is a feeling of Eternity in youth which makes us amends for everything. To be young is to be one of the Immortals. One half of time indeed is spent—the other half remains in store for us with all its countless treasures, for there is no line drawn, and we see no limit to our hopes and wishes. We make the coming age our own—

"The vast, the unbounded prospect lies before us."

Death, old age, are words without a meaning, a dream, a fiction, with which we have nothing to do. Others may have undergone, or may still undergo them—we "bear a charmed life," which laughs to scorn all such idle fancies. As, in setting out on a delightful journey, we strain our eager sight forward,

"Bidding the lovely scenes at distance hail,"

and see no end to prospect after prospect, new objects presenting themselves as we advance, so in the outset of life we see no end to our desires nor to the opportunities of gratifying them. We have as yet found no obstacle, no disposition to flag, and it seems that we can go on so forever. We look round in a new world, full of life and motion, and ceaseless progress, and feel in ourselves all the vigour and spirit to keep pace with it, and do not foresee from any present signs how we shall be left behind in the race, decline into old age, and drop into the grave. It is the simplicity and, as it were, abstractedness of our feelings in youth that (so to speak) identifies us with nature and (our experi-

ence being weak and our passions strong) makes us fancy ourselves immortal like it. Our short-lived connection with being, we fondly flatter ourselves, is an indissoluble and lasting union. As infants smile and sleep, we are rocked in the cradle of our desires, and hushed into fancied security by the roar of the universe around us—we quaff the cup of life with eager thirst without draining it, and joy and hope seem ever mantling to the brim—objects press around us, filling the mind with their magnitude and with the throng of desires that wait upon them, so that there is no room for the thoughts of death. We are too much dazzled by the gorgeousness and novelty of the bright waking dream about us to discern the dim shadow lingering for us in the distance. Nor would the hold that life has taken of us permit us to detach our thoughts that way, even if we could. We are too much absorbed in present objects and pursuits. While the spirit of youth remains unimpaired, ere "the wine of life is drunk," we are like people intoxicated or in a fever, who are hurried away by the violence of their own sensations: it is only as present objects begin to pall upon the sense, as we have been disappointed in our favourite pursuits, cut off from our closest ties, that we by degrees become weaned from the world, that passion loosens its hold upon futurity, and that we begin to contemplate as in a glass darkly the possibility of parting with it for good. Till then, the example of others has no effect upon us. Casualties we avoid; the slow approaches of age we play at *hide and seek* with. Like the foolish fat scullion in Sterne, who hears that Master Bobby is dead, our only reflection is, "So am not I!" The idea of death, instead of staggering our confidence, only seems to strengthen and enhance our sense of the possession and enjoyment of life. Others may fall around us like leaves, or be mowed down by the scythe of Time like grass: these are but metaphors to the unreflecting, buoyant ears and overweening presumption of youth. It is not till we see the flowers of Love, Hope, and Joy withering around us, that we give up the flattering delusions that before led us on, and that the emptiness and dreariness of the prospect

before us reconciles us hypothetically to the silence of the grave.

Life is indeed a strange gift, and its privileges are most mysterious. No wonder when it is first granted to us, that our gratitude, our admiration, and our delight should prevent us from reflecting on our own nothingness, or from thinking it will ever be recalled. Our first and strongest impressions are borrowed from the mighty scene that is opened to us, and we unconsciously transfer its durability as well as its splendour to ourselves. So newly found, we cannot think of parting with it yet, or at least put off that consideration *sine die*. Like a rustic at a fair, we are full of amazement and rapture, and have no thought of going home, or that it will soon be night. We know our existence only by ourselves, and confound our knowledge with the objects of it. We and Nature are therefore one. Otherwise the illusion, the "feast of reason and the flow of soul," to which we are invited, is a mockery and a cruel insult. We do not go from a play till the last act is ended, and the lights are about to be extinguished. But the fairy face of Nature still shines on: shall we be called away before the curtain falls, or ere we have scarce had a glimpse of what is going on? Like children, our step-mother Nature holds us up to see the raree-show of the universe, and then, as if we were a burden to her to support, lets us fall down again. Yet what brave sublunary things does not this pageant present, like a ball or *fête* of the universe!

To see the golden sun, the azure sky, the out-stretched ocean; to walk upon the green earth, and be lord of a thousand creatures; to look down yawning precipices or over distant sunny vales; to see the world spread out under one's feet on a map; to bring the stars near; to view the smallest insects through a microscope; to read history, and consider the revolutions of empire and the successions of generations; to hear of the glory of Tyre, of Sidon, of Babylon, and of Susa, and to say all these were before me and are now nothing; to say I exist in such a point of time, and in such a point of space; to be a spectator and a part of its ever-moving scene;

to witness the change of season, of spring and autumn, of winter and summer; to feel hot and cold, pleasure and pain, beauty and deformity, right and wrong; to be sensible to the accidents of nature; to consider the mighty world of eye and ear; to listen to the stock-dove's notes amid the forest deep; to journey over moor and mountain; to hear the midnight sainted choir; to visit lighted halls, or the cathedral's gloom, or sit in crowded theatres and see life itself mocked; to study the works of art and refine the sense of beauty to agony; to worship fame, and to dream of immortality; to look upon the Vatican, and to read Shakspeare; to gather up the wisdom of the ancients, and to pry into the future; to listen to the trump of war, the shout of victory; to question history as to the movements of the human heart; to seek for truth; to plead the cause of humanity; to overlook the world as if time and nature poured their treasures at our feet—to be and to do all this and then in a moment to be nothing—to have it all snatched from us as by a juggler's trick, or a phantasmagoria! There is something in this transition from all to nothing that shocks us and damps the enthusiasm of youth new flushed with hope and pleasure, and we cast the comfortless thought as far from us as we can. In the first enjoyment of the estate of life we discard the fear of debts and duns, and never think of the final payment of our great debt to Nature. Art we know is long; life, we flatter ourselves, should be so too. We see no end of the difficulties and delays we have to encounter: perfection is slow of attainment, and we must have time to accomplish it in. The fame of the great names we look up to is immortal: and shall not we who contemplate it imbibe a portion of ethereal fire, the *divinæ particula auræ*, which nothing can extinguish? A wrinkle in Rembrandt or in Nature takes whole days to resolve itself into its component parts, its softenings and its sharpnesses; we refine upon our perfections, and unfold the intricacies of nature. What a prospect for the future! What a task have we not begun! And shall we be arrested in the middle of it? We do not count our time thus employed lost, or our pains thrown away; we do not flag or grow tired, but gain new vigour at our endless task.

Shall Time, then, grudge us to finish what we have begun, and have formed a compact with Nature to do? Why not fill up the blank that is left us in this manner? I have looked for hours at a Rembrandt without being conscious of the flight of time, but with ever new wonder and delight, have thought that not only my own but another existence I could pass in the same manner. This rarefied, refined existence seemed to have no end, nor stint, nor principle of decay in it. The print would remain long after I who looked on it had become the prey of worms. The thing seems in itself out of all reason: health, strength, appetite are opposed to the idea of death, and we are not ready to credit it till we have found our illusions vanished, and our hopes grown cold.

Objects in youth, from novelty, &c., are stamped upon the brain with such force and integrity that one thinks nothing can remove or obliterate them. They are riveted there, and appear to us as an element of our nature. It must be a mere violence that destroys them, not a natural decay. In the very strength of this persuasion we seem to enjoy an age by anticipation. We melt down years into a single moment of intense sympathy, and by anticipating the fruits defy the ravages of time. If, then, a single moment of our lives is worth years, shall we set any limits to its total value and extent? Again, does it not happen that so secure do we think ourselves of an indefinite period of existence, that at times, when left to ourselves, and impatient of novelty, we feel annoyed at what seems to us the slow and creeping progress of time, and argue that if it always moves at this tedious snail's pace it will never come to an end? How ready are we to sacrifice any space of time which separates us from a favourite object, little thinking that before long we shall find it move too fast.

For my part, I started in life with the French Revolution, and I have lived, alas! to see the end of it. But I did not foresee this result. My sun arose with the first dawn of liberty, and I did not think how soon both must set. The new impulse to ardour given to men's minds imparted a congenial warmth and glow to mine; we were strong to run a

race together, and I little dreamed that long before mine was set, the sun of liberty would turn to blood, or set once more in the night of despotism. Since then, I confess, I have no longer felt myself young, for with that my hopes fell.

I have since turned my thoughts to gathering up some of the fragments of my early recollections, and putting them into a form to which I might occasionally revert. The future was barred to my progress, and I turned for consolation and encouragement to the past. It is thus that, while we find our personal and substantial identity vanishing from us, we strive to gain a reflected and vicarious one in our thoughts: we do not like to perish wholly, and wish to bequeath our names, at least, to posterity. As long as we can make our cherished thoughts and nearest interests live in the minds of others, we do not appear to have retired altogether from the stage. We still occupy the breasts of others, and exert an influence and power over them, and it is only our bodies that are reduced to dust and powder. Our favourite speculations still find encouragement, and we make as great a figure in the eye of the world, or perhaps a greater, than in our lifetime. The demands of our self-love are thus satisfied, and these are the most imperious and unremitting. Besides, if by our intellectual superiority we survive ourselves in this world, by our virtues and faith we may attain an interest in another, and a higher state of being, and may thus be recipients at the same time of men and of angels.

> "E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
> E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires."

As we grow old, our sense of the value of time becomes vivid. Nothing else, indeed, seems of any consequence. We can never cease wondering that that which has ever been should cease to be. We find many things remain the same: why then should there be change in us. This adds a convulsive grasp of whatever is, a sense of a fallacious hollowness in all we see. Instead of the full, pulpy feeling of youth, tasting existence and every object in it, all is flat and vapid,—a whited sepulchre, fair without, but full of ravening and all

uncleanness within. The world is a witch that puts us off with false shows and appearances. The simplicity of youth, the confiding expectation, the boundless raptures, are gone: we only think of getting out of it as well as we can, and without any great mischance or annoyance. The flush of illusion, even the complacent retrospect of past joys and hopes, is over: if we can slip out of life without indignity, can escape with little bodily infirmity, and frame our minds to the calm and respectable composure of *still-life* before we return to physical nothingness, it is as much as we can expect. We do not die wholly at our deaths: we have mouldered away gradually long before. Faculty after faculty, interest after interest, attachment after attachment disappear: we are torn from ourselves while living, year after sees us no longer the same, and death only consigns the last fragment of what we were to the grave. That we should wear out by slow stages, and dwindle at last into nothing, is not wonderful, when even in our prime our strongest impressions leave little trace but for the moment, and we are the creatures of petty circumstance. How little effect is made on us in our best days by the books we have read, the scenes we have witnessed, the sensations we have gone through! Think only of the feelings we experience in reading a fine romance (one of Sir Walter's, for instance); what beauty, what sublimity, what interest, what heart-rending emotions! You would suppose the feelings you then experienced would last for ever, or subdue the mind to their own harmony and tone: while we are reading it seems as if nothing could ever put us out of our way, or trouble us:—the first splash of mud that we get on entering the street, the first twopence we are cheated out of, the feeling vanishes clean out of our minds, and we become the prey of petty and annoying circumstance. The mind soars to the lofty: it is at home in the grovelling, the disagreeable, and the little. And yet we wonder that age should be feeble and querulous,—that the freshness of youth should fade away. Both worlds would hardly satisfy the extravagance of our desires and of our presumption.

Thomas De Quincey

1785–1859

LEVANA AND OUR LADIES OF SORROW

(From *Suspiria de Profundis*, 1845)

Oftentimes at Oxford I saw Levana in my dreams. I knew her by her Roman symbols. Who is Levana? Reader, that do not pretend to have leisure for very much scholarship, you will not be angry with me for telling you. Levana was the Roman goddess that performed for the newborn infant the earliest office of ennobling kindness,—typical, by its mode, of that grandeur which belongs to man everywhere, and of that benignity in powers invisible which even in Pagan worlds sometimes descends to sustain it. At the very moment of birth, just as the infant tasted for the first time the atmosphere of our troubled planet, it was laid on the ground. *That* might bear different interpretations. But immediately, lest so grand a creature should grovel there for more than one instant, either the paternal hand, as proxy for the goddess Levana, or some near kinsman, as proxy for the father, raised it upright, bade it look erect as the king of all this world, and presented its forehead to the stars, saying, perhaps in his heart, "Behold what is greater than yourselves!" This symbolic act represented the function of Levana. And that mysterious lady, who never revealed her face (except to me in dreams), but always acted by delegation, had her name from the Latin verb (as still it is the Italian verb) *levare*, to raise aloft.

This is the explanation of Levana. And hence it has arisen that some people have understood by Levana the tutelary power that controls the education of the nursery. She, that would not suffer at his birth even a prefigurative or mimic degradation for her awful ward, far less could be supposed to suffer the real degradation attaching to the non-development of his powers. She therefore, watches over

human education. Now, the word *edŭco*, with the penultimate short, was derived (by a process often exemplified in the crystallization of languages) from the word *edūco*, with the penultimate long. Whatsoever *educes*, or develops, *educates*. By the education of Levana, therefore, is meant,—not the poor machinery that moves by spelling-books and grammars, but by that mighty system of central forces hidden in the deep bosom of human life, which by passion, by strife, by temptation, by the energies of resistance, works forever upon children,—resting not day or night, any more than the mighty wheel of day and night themselves, whose moments, like restless spokes, are glimmering forever as they revolve.

If, then, *these* are the ministries by which Levana works, how profoundly must she reverence the agencies of grief! But you, reader! think,—that children generally are not liable to grief such as mine. There are two senses in the word *generally*,—the sense of Euclid, where it means *universally* (or in the whole extent of the *genus*), and a foolish sense of this world, where it means *usually*. Now, I am far from saying that children universally are capable of grief like mine. But there are more than you ever heard of who die of grief in this island of ours. I will tell you a common case. The rules of Eton require that a boy on the *foundation* should be there twelve years: he is superannuated at eighteen, consequently he must come at six. Children torn away from mothers and sisters at that age not unfrequently die. I speak of what I know. The complaint is not entered by the registrar as grief; but *that* it is. Grief of that sort, and at that age, has killed more than ever have been counted among its martyrs.

Therefore it is that Levana often communes with the powers that shake man's heart: therefore it is that she dotes upon grief. "These ladies," said I softly to myself, on seeing the ministers with whom Levana was conversing, "these are the Sorrows; and they are three in number, as the *Graces* are three, who dress man's life with beauty: the *Parcæ* are three, who weave the dark arras of man's life in their mys-

terious loom always with colours sad in part, sometimes angry with tragic crimson and black; the *Furies* are three, who visit with retributions called from the other side of the grave offences that walk upon this; and at once even the *Muses* were but three, who fit the harp, the trumpet, or the lute, to the great burdens of man's impassioned creations. These are the Sorrows, all three of whom I know." The last words I say *now;* but in Oxford I said, "one of whom I know, and the others too surely I shall know." For already, in my fervent youth, I saw (dimly relieved upon the dark background of my dreams) the imperfect lineaments of the awful sisters. These sisters—by what name shall we call them?

If I say simply, "The Sorrows," there will be a chance of mistaking the term; it might be understood of individual sorrow,—separate cases of sorrow,—whereas I want a term expressing the mighty abstractions that incarnate themselves in all individual sufferings of man's heart; and I wish to have these abstractions presented as impersonations, that is, as clothed with human attributes of life, and with functions pointing to flesh. Let us call them therefore, *Our Ladies of Sorrow.* I know them thoroughly, and have walked in all their kingdoms. Three sisters they are, of one mysterious household; and their paths are wide apart; but of their dominion there is no end. Them I saw often conversing with Levana, and sometimes about myself. Do they talk, then? Oh, no! Mighty phantoms like these disdain the infirmities of language. They may utter voices through the organs of man when they dwell in human hearts, but amongst themselves is no voice nor sound; eternal silence reigns in *their* kingdoms. *They* spoke not, as they talked with Levana; *they* whispered not; they sang not; though oftentimes methought they might have sung: for I upon earth had heard their mysteries oftentimes deciphered by harp and timbrel, by dulcimer and organ. Like God, whose servants they are, they utter their pleasure not by sounds that perish, or by words that go astray, but by signs in heaven, by changes on earth, by pulses in secret rivers, her-

aldries painted on darkness, and hieroglyphics written on the tablets of the brain. *They* wheeled in mazes; *I* spelled the steps. *They* telegraphed from afar; *I* read the signals. *They* conspired together; and on the mirrors of darkness *my* eye traced the plots. *Theirs* were the symbols; *mine* are the words.

What is it the sisters are? What is it that they do? Let me describe their form, and their presence; if form it were that still fluctuated in its outline; or presence it were that forever advanced to the front, or forever receded amongst shades.

The eldest of the three is named *Mater Lachrymarum*, Our Lady of Tears. She it is that night and day raves and moans, calling for vanished faces. She stood in Rama, where a voice was heard of lamentation,—Rachel weeping for her children, and refused to be comforted. She it was that stood in Bethlehem on the night when Herod's sword swept its nurseries of Innocents, and the little feet were stiffened forever, which, heard at times as they tottered along floors overhead, woke pulses of love in household hearts that were not unmarked in heaven.

Her eyes are sweet and subtle, wild and sleepy, by turns; oftentimes rising to the clouds, oftentimes challenging the heavens. She wears a diadem round her head. And I knew by childish memories that she could go abroad upon the winds, when she heard that sobbing of litanies, or the thundering of organs, and when she beheld the mustering of summer clouds. This sister, the elder, it is that carries keys more than papal at her girdle, which open every cottage and every palace. She, to my knowledge, sat all last summer by the bedside of the blind beggar, him that so often and so gladly I talked with, whose pious daughter eight years old, with the sunny countenance, resisted the temptations of play and village mirth to travel all day long on dusty roads with her afflicted father. For this did God send her a great reward. In the springtime of the year, and whilst yet her own spring was budding, he recalled her to himself. But her blind father mourns forever over *her;* still he dreams

at midnight that the little guiding hand is locked within his own; and still he wakens to a darkness that is *now* within a second and a deeeper darkness. This *Mater Lachrymarum* also has been sitting all this winter of 1844–5 within the bedchamber of the Czar, bringing before his eyes a daughter (not less pious) that vanished to God not less suddenly, and left behind her a darkness not less profound. By the power of the keys it is that Our Lady of Tears glides a ghostly intruder into the chambers of sleepless men, sleepless women, sleepless children, from Ganges to the Nile, from Nile to Mississippi. And her, because she is the first-born of her house, and has the widest empire, let us honour with the title of "Madonna."

The second sister is called *Mater Suspiriorum*, Our Lady of Sighs. She never scales the clouds, nor walks abroad upon the winds. She wears no diadem. And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle; no man could read their story; they would be found filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten delirium. But she raises not her eyes; her head, on which sits a dilapidated turban, droops forever, forever fastens on the dust. She weeps not. She groans not. But she sighs inaudibly at intervals. Her sister, Madonna, is oftentimes stormy and frantic, raging in the highest against heaven, and demanding back her darlings. But Our Lady of Sighs never clamours, never defies, dreams not of rebellious aspirations. She is humble to abjectness. Hers is the meekness that belongs to the hopeless. Murmur she may, but it is in her sleep. Whisper she may, but it is to herself in the twilight. Mutter she does at times, but it is in solitary places that are desolate as she is desolate, in ruined cities, and when the sun has gone down to his rest. This sister is the visitor of the Pariah, of the Jew, of the bondsman to the oar in the Mediterranean galleys; of the English criminal in Norfolk Island, blotted out from the books of remembrance in sweet far-off England; of the baffled penitent reverting his eyes forever upon a solitary grave, which to him seems the altar overthrown of some past

and bloody sacrifice, on which altar no obligations can now be availing, whether towards pardon that he might implore, or towards reparation that he might attempt. Every slave that at noonday looks up to the tropical sun with timid reproach, as he points with one hand to the earth, our general mother, but for *him* a stepmother,—as he points with the other hand to the Bible, our general teacher, but against *him* sealed and sequestered;—every woman sitting in darkness, without love to shelter her head, or hope to illumine her solitude, because the heaven-born instincts kindling in her nature germs of holy affections, which God implanted in her womanly bosom, having been stifled by social necessities, now burn sullenly to waste, like sepulchral lamps amongst the ancients; every nun defrauded of her unreturning May-time by wicked kinsman, whom God will judge; every captive in every dungeon; all that are betrayed, and all that are rejected; outcasts by traditionary law, and children of *hereditary* disgrace,—all these walk with Our Lady of Sighs. She also carries a key; but she needs it little. For her kingdom is chiefly amongst the tents of Shem, and the houseless vagrant of every clime. Yet in the very highest ranks of man she finds chapels of her own; and even in glorious England there are some that, to the world, carry their heads as proudly as the reindeer, yet who secretly have received her mark upon their foreheads.

But the third sister, who is also the youngest—! Hush! whisper whilst we talk of *her!* Her kingdom is not large, or else no flesh should live; but within that kingdom all power is hers. Her head, turreted like that of Cybele, raises her almost beyond the reach of sight. She droops not; and her eyes rising so high *might* be hidden by distance. But, being what they are, they cannot be hidden; through the treble veil of crape that she wears, the fierce light of a blazing misery, that rests not for matins or for vespers, for noon of day or noon of night, for ebbing or for flowing tide, may be read from the very ground. She is the defier of God. She also is the mother of lunacies, and the suggestress of suicides. Deep lie the roots of her power; but narrow is

the nation that she rules. For she can approach only those in whom a profound nature has been upheaved by central convulsions; in whom the heart trembles and the brain rocks under conspiracies of tempest from without and tempest from within. Madonna moves with uncertain steps, fast or slow, but still with tragic grace. Our Lady of Sighs creeps timidly and stealthily. But this youngest sister moves with incalculable motions, bounding, and with a tiger's leaps. She carries no key; for, though coming rarely amongst men, she storms all doors at which she is permitted to enter at all. And *her* name is *Mater Tenebrarum*,—Our Lady of Darkness. These were the *Semnai Theai*, or Sublime Goddesses, these were the *Eumenides*, or Gracious Ladies (so called by antiquity in shuddering propitiation), of my Oxford dreams. Madonna spoke. She spoke by her mysterious hand. Touching my head, she beckoned to Our Lady of Sighs; and *what* she spoke, translated out of the signs which (except in dreams) no man reads; was this:—

"Lo! here is he, whom in childhood I dedicated to my altars. This is he that once I made my darling. Him I led astray, him I beguiled, and from heaven I stole away his young heart to mine. Through me did he become idolatrous; and through me it was, by languishing desires, that he worshipped the worm and prayed to the wormy grave. Holy was the grave to him; lovely was its darkness; saintly its corruption. Him, this young idolater, I have seasoned for thee, dear gentle Sister of Sighs! Do thou take him now to *thy* heart, and season him for our dreadful sister. And thou,"—turning to the *Mater Tenebrarum*, she said, "wicked sister, that temptest and hatest, do thou take him from *her*. See that thy sceptre lie heavy on his head. Suffer not woman and her tenderness to sit near him in his darkness. Banish the frailties of hope, wither the relenting of love, scorch the fountains of tears, curse him as only thou canst curse. So shall he be accomplished in the furnace, so shall he see the things that ought *not* to be seen, sights that are abominable, and secrets that are unutterable. So shall he read elder truths, sad truths, grand truths, fearful truths.

So shall he rise again *before* he dies. And so shall our commission be accomplished which from God we had,—to plague his heart until we had unfolded the capacities of his spirit."

THE ENGLISH MAIL-COACH

1849

(Abridged).

Section the First

THE GLORY OF MOTION

Some twenty or more years before I matriculated at Oxford, Mr. Palmer, at that time M.P. for Bath, had accomplished two things, very hard to do on our little planet, the Earth, however cheap they may be held by eccentric people in comets—he had invented mail-coaches, and he had married the daughter of a duke. He was, therefore, just twice as great a man as Galileo, who did certainly invent (or, which is the same thing, discover) the satellites of Jupiter, those very next things extant to mail-coaches in the two capital pretensions of speed and keeping time, but, on the other hand, who did *not* marry the daughter of a duke.

These mail-coaches, as organised by Mr. Palmer, are entitled to a circumstantial notice from myself, having had so large a share in developing the anarchies of my subsequent dreams; an agency which they accomplished, 1st, through velocity, at that time unprecedented—for they first revealed the glory of motion; 2ndly, through grand effects for the eye between lamp-light and the darkness upon solitary roads; 3rdly, through animal beauty and power so often displayed in the class of horses selected for this mail service; 4thly, through the conscious presence of a central intellect, that, in the midst of vast distances—of storms, of darkness, of danger—overruled all obstacles into one steady co-operation to a national result. For my own feeling, this post-office service spoke as by some mighty orchestra, where a thousand instruments, all disregarding each other, and so

far in danger of discord, yet all obedient as slaves to the supreme *bâton* of some great leader, terminate in a perfection of harmony like that of heart, brain, and lungs, in a healthy animal organization. But, finally, that particular element in this whole combination which most impressed myself, and through which it is that to this hour Mr. Palmer's mail-coach system tyrannises over my dreams by terror and terrific beauty, lay in the awful *political* mission which at that time it fulfilled. The mail-coach it was that distributed over the face of the land, like the opening of apocalyptic vials, the heart-shaking news of Trafalgar, of Salamanca, of Vittoria, of Waterloo. These were the harvests that, in the grandeur of their reaping, redeemed the tears and blood in which they had been sown. Neither was the meanest peasant so much below the grandeur and the sorrow of the times as to confound battles such as these, which were gradually moulding the destinies of Christendom, with the vulgar conflicts of ordinary warfare, so often no more than gladiatorial trials of national prowess. The victories of England in this stupendous contest rose of themselves as natural *Te Deums* to heaven; and it was felt by the thoughtful that such victories, at such a crisis of general prostration, were not more beneficial to ourselves than finally to France, our enemy, and to the nations of all western or central Europe, through whose pusillanimity it was that the French domination had prospered.

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No dignity is perfect which does not at some point ally itself with the mysterious. The connection of the mail with the state and the executive government—a connection obvious, but yet not strictly defined—gave to the whole mail establishment an official grandeur which did us service on the roads, and invested us with seasonable terrors. Not the less impressive were those terrors, because their legal limits were imperfectly ascertained. Look at those turnpike gates; with what deferential hurry, with what an obedient start, they fly open at our approach! Look at that long line of carts and carters ahead, audaciously usurping the very crest of the road.

Ah! traitors, they do not hear us as yet; but, as soon as the dreadful blast of our horn reaches them with proclamation of our approach, see with what frenzy of trepidation they fly to their horses' heads, and deprecate our wrath by the precipitation of their crane-neck quarterings. Treason they feel to be their crime; each individual carter feels himself under the ban of confiscation and attainder; his blood is attainted through six generations; and nothing is wanting but the headsman and his axe, the block and the saw-dust, to close up the vista of his horrors. What! shall it be within benefit of clergy to delay the king's message on the high road?—to interrupt the great respirations, ebb and flood, *systole* and *diastole*, of the national intercourse?—to endanger the safety of tidings, running day and night between all nations and languages? Or can it be fancied, amongst the weakest of men, that the bodies of the criminals will be given up to their widows for Christian burial? Now the doubts which were raised as to our powers did more to wrap them in terror, by wrapping them in uncertainty, than could have been effected by the sharpest definitions of the law from the Quarter Sessions. We, on our parts (we, the collective mail, I mean), did our utmost to exalt the idea of our privileges by the insolence with which we wielded them. Whether this insolence rested upon law that gave it a sanction, or upon conscious power that haughtily dispensed with that sanction, equally it spoke from a potential station, and the agent, in each particular insolence of the moment, was viewed reverentially, as one having authority.

Sometimes after breakfast his majesty's mail would become frisky; and in its difficult wheelings amongst the intricacies of early markets, it would upset an apple-cart, a cart loaded with eggs, &c. Huge was the affliction and dismay, awful was the smash. I, as far as possible, endeavoured in such a case to represent the conscience and moral sensibilities of the mail; and, when wildernesses of eggs were lying poached under our horses' hoofs, then would I stretch forth my hands in sorrow, saying (in words too celebrated at that time, from the false echoes of Marengo), "Ah! wherefore have we not

time to weep over you?" which was evidently impossible, since, in fact, we had not time to laugh over them. Tied to post-office allowance, in some cases of fifty minutes for eleven miles, could the royal mail pretend to undertake the offices of sympathy and condolence? Could it be expected to provide tears for the accidents of the road? If even it seemed to trample on humanity, it did so, I felt, in discharge of its own more peremptory duties.

Upholding the morality of the mail, *à fortiori* I upheld its rights; as a matter of duty, I stretched to the uttermost its privilege of imperial precedency, and astonished weak minds by the feudal powers which I hinted to be lurking constructively in the charters of this proud establishment. Once I remember being on the box of the Holyhead mail, between Shrewsbury and Oswestry, when a tawdry thing from Birmingham, some "Tallyho" or "Highflyer," all flaunting with green and gold, came up alongside of us. What a contrast to our royal simplicity of form and colour in this plebeian wretch! The single ornament on our dark ground of chocolate colour was the mighty shield of the imperial arms, but emblazoned in proportions as modest as a signet-ring bears to a seal of office. Even this was displayed only on a single panel, whispering, rather than proclaiming, our relations to the mighty state; whilst the beast from Birmingham, our green-and-gold friend from false, fleeting, perjured Brummagem, had as much writing and painting on its sprawling flanks as would have puzzled a decipherer from the tombs of Luxor. For some time this Birmingham machine ran along by our side—a piece of familiarity that already of itself seemed to me sufficiently jacobinical. But all at once a movement of the horses announced a desperate intention of leaving us behind. "Do you see *that?*" I said to the coachman.—"I see," was his short answer. He was wide awake, yet he waited longer than seemed prudent; for the horses of our audacious opponent had a disagreeable air of freshness and power. But his motive was loyal; his wish was, that the Birmingham conceit should be full-blown before he froze it. When *that* seemed right, he unloosed, or, to speak by a

stronger word, he *sprang,* his known resources: he slipped our royal horses like cheetahs, or hunting-leopards, after the affrighted game. How they could retain such a reserve of fiery power after the work they had accomplished, seemed hard to explain. But on our side, besides the physical superiority, was a tower of moral strength, namely, the king's name, "which they upon the adverse faction wanted." Passing them without an effort, as it seemed, we threw them into the rear with so lengthening an interval between us, as proved in itself the bitterest mockery of their presumption; whilst our guard blew back a shattering blast of triumph, that was really too painfully full of derision.

I mention this little incident for its connection with what followed. A Welsh rustic, sitting behind me, asked if I had not felt my heart burn within me during the progress of the race? I said, with philosophic calmness, *No;* because we were not racing with a mail, so that no glory could be gained. In fact, it was sufficiently mortifying that such a Birmingham thing should dare to challenge us. The Welshman replied, that he didn't see *that;* for that a cat might look at a king, and a Brummagem coach might lawfully race the Holyhead mail. "*Race* us, if you like," I replied, "though even *that* has an air of sedition, but not *beat* us. This would have been treason; for its own sake I am glad that the 'Tallyho' was disappointed." So dissatisfied did the Welshman seem with this opinion, that at last I was obliged to tell him a very fine story from one of our elder dramatists—viz., that once, in some far oriental kingdom, when the sultan of all the land, with his princes, ladies, and chief omrahs, were flying their falcons, a hawk suddenly flew at a majestic eagle; and in defiance of the eagle's natural advantages, in contempt also of the eagle's traditional royalty, and before the whole assembled field of astonished spectators from Agra and Lahore, killed the eagle on the spot. Amazement seized the sultan at the unequal contest, and burning admiration for its unparalleled result. He commanded that the hawk should be brought before him; he caressed the bird with enthusiasm; and he ordered that, for the commemoration of his matchless

courage, a diadem of gold and rubies should be solemnly placed on the hawk's head; but then that, immediately after this solemn coronation, the bird should be led off to execution, as the most valiant indeed of traitors, but not the less a traitor, as having dared to rise rebelliously against his liege lord and anointed sovereign, the eagle. "Now," said I to the Welshman, "to you and me, as men of refined sensibilities, how painful it would have been that this poor Brummagem brute, the 'Tallyho,' in the impossible case of a victory over us, should have been crowned with Birmingham tinsel, with paste diamonds, and Roman pearls, and then led off to instant execution." The Welshman doubted if that could be warranted by law. And when I hinted at the 6th of Edward Longshanks, chap. 18, for regulating the precedency of coaches as being probably the statute relied on for the capital punishment of such offences, he replied drily, that "if the attempt to pass a mail really were treasonable, it was a pity that the 'Tallyho' appeared to have so imperfect an acquaintance with law."

The modern modes of travelling cannot compare with the old mail-coach system in grandeur and power. They boast of more velocity, not, however, as a consciousness, but as a fact of our lifeless knowledge, resting upon *alien* evidence; as, for instance, because somebody *says* that we have gone fifty miles in the hour, though we are far from feeling it as a personal experience, or upon the evidence of a result, as that actually we find ourselves in York four hours after leaving London. Apart from such an assertion, or such a result, I myself am little aware of the pace. But, seated on the old mail-coach, we needed no evidence out of ourselves to indicate the velocity. On this system the word was, *Non magna loquimur*, as upon railways, but *vivimus*. Yes, "*magna vivimus;*" we do not make verbal ostentation of our grandeurs, we realise our grandeurs in act, and in the very experience of life. The vital experience of the glad animal sensibilities made doubts impossible on the question of our speed; we heard our speed, we saw it, we felt it as a thrilling; and this speed was not the product of blind insensate agencies, that had no sympathy to

give, but was incarnated in the fiery eyeballs of the noblest amongst brutes, in his dilated nostril, spasmodic muscles, and thunder-beating hoofs. The sensibility of the horse, uttering itself in the maniac light of his eye, might be the last vibration of such a movement; the glory of Salamanca might be the first. But the intervening links that connected them, that spread the earthquake of battle into the eyeball of the horse, were the heart of man and its electric thrillings—kindling in the rapture of the fiery strife, and then propagating its own tumults by contagious shouts and gestures to the heart of his servant the horse.

But now, on the new system of travelling, iron tubes and boilers have disconnected man's heart from the ministers of his locomotion. Nile nor Trafalgar has power to raise an extra bubble in a steam-kettle. The galvanic cycle is broken up for ever; man's imperial nature no longer sends itself forward through the electric sensibility of the horse; the interagencies are gone in the mode of communication between the horse and his master, out of which grew so many aspects of sublimity under accidents of mists that hid, or sudden blazes that revealed, of mobs that agitated, or midnight solitudes that awed. Tidings, fitted to convulse all nations, must henceforwards travel by culinary process; and the trumpet that once announced from afar the laurelled mail, heart-shaking, when heard screaming on the wind, and proclaiming itself through the darkness to every village or solitary house on its route, has now given way for ever to the pot-wallopings of the boiler.

Thus have perished multiform openings for public expressions of interest, scenical yet natural, in great national tidings; for revelations of faces and groups that could not offer themselves amongst the fluctuating mobs of a railway station. The gatherings of gazers about a laurelled mail had one centre, and acknowledged one sole interest. But the crowds attending at a railway station have as little unity as running water, and own as many centres as there are separate carriages in the train.

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GOING DOWN WITH VICTORY

But the grandest chapter of our experience, within the whole mail coach service, was on those occasions when we went down from London with the news of victory. A period of about ten years stretched from Trafalgar to Waterloo; the second and third years of which period (1806 and 1807) were comparatively sterile; but the other nine (from 1805 to 1815 inclusively) furnished a long succession of victories; the least of which, in such a contest of Titans, had an inappreciable value of position—partly for its absolute interference with the plans of our enemy, but still more from its keeping alive through central Europe the sense of a deep-seated vulnerability in France. Even to tease the coasts of our enemy, to mortify them by continual blockades, to insult them by capturing if it were but a baubling schooner under the eyes of their arrogant armies, repeated from time to time a sullen proclamation of power lodged in one quarter to which the hopes of Christendom turned in secret. How much more loudly must this proclamation have spoken in the audacity of having bearded the *élite* of their troops, and having beaten them in pitched battles! Five years of life it was worth paying down for the privilege of an outside place on a mail-coach, when carrying down the first tidings of any such event. And it is to be noted that, from our insular situation, and the multitude of our frigates disposable for the rapid transmission of intelligence, rarely did an unauthorised rumour steal away a prelibation from the first aroma of the regular despatches. The government news was generally the earliest news.

From eight p.m. to fifteen or twenty minutes later, imagine the mails assembled on parade in Lombard Street, where, at that time, and not in St. Martin's-le-Grand, was seated the General Post-office. In what exact strength we mustered I do not remember; but, from the length of each separate *attelage*, we filled the street, though a long one, and though we were drawn up in double file. On *any* night the spectacle was beautiful. The absolute perfection of all the

appointments about the carriages and the harness, their strength, their brilliant cleanliness, their beautiful simplicity—but, more than all, the royal magnificence of the horses—were what might first have fixed the attention. Every carriage, on every morning in the year, was taken down to an official inspector for examination—wheels, axles, linchpins, pole, glasses, lamps, were all critically probed and tested. Every part of every carriage had been cleaned, every horse had been groomed, with as much rigour as if they belonged to a private gentleman; and that part of the spectacle offered itself always. But the night before us is a night of victory; and, behold! to the ordinary display, what a heart-shaking addition!—horses, men, carriages, all are dressed in laurels and flowers, oak-leaves and ribbons. The guards, as being officially his Majesty's servants, and of the coachmen such as are within the privilege of the post-office, wear the royal liveries of course; and as it is summer (for all the *land* victories were naturally won in summer), they wear, on this fine evening, these liveries exposed to view, without any covering of upper coats. Such a costume, and the elaborate arrangement of the laurels in their hats, dilate their hearts, by giving to them openly a personal connection with the great news, in which already they have the general interest of patriotism. That great national sentiment surmounts and quells all sense of ordinary distinctions. Those passengers who happen to be gentlemen are now hardly to be distinguished as such except by dress; for the usual reserve of their manner in speaking to the attendants has on this night melted away. One heart, one pride, one glory, connects every man by the transcendent bond of his national blood. The spectators, who are numerous beyond precedent, express their sympathy with these fervent feelings by continual hurrahs. Every moment are shouted aloud by the post-office servants, and summoned to draw up, the great ancestral names of cities known to history through a thousand years—Lincoln, Winchester, Portsmouth, Gloucester, Oxford, Bristol, Manchester, York, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Stirling, Aberdeen—expressing the grandeur

of the empire by the antiquity of its towns, and the grandeur of the mail establishment by the diffusive radiation of its separate missions. Every moment you hear the thunder of lids locked down upon the mail-bags. That sound to each individual mail is the signal for drawing off, which process is the finest part of the entire spectacle. Then come the horses into play. Horses! can these be horses that bound off with the action and gestures of leopards? What stir!—what sea-like ferment!—what a thundering of wheels! —what a trampling of hoops!—what a sounding of trumpets!—what farewell cheers—what redoubling peals of brotherly congratulation, connecting the name of the particular mail—"Liverpool for ever!"—with the name of the particular victory—"Badajoz for ever!" or "Salamanca for ever!" The half-slumbering consciousness that, all night long, and all the next day—perhaps for even a longer period—many of these mails, like fire racing along a train of gunpowder, will be kindling at every instant new successions of burning joy, has an obscure effect of multiplying the victory itself, by multiplying to the imagination into infinity the stages of its progressive diffusion. A fiery arrow seems to be let loose, which from that moment is destined to travel, without intermission, westwards for three hundred miles—northwards for six hundred; and the sympathy of our Lombard Street friends at parting is exalted a hundredfold by a sort of visionary sympathy with the yet slumbering sympathies which in so vast a succession we are going to awake.

Liberated from the embarrassments of the City, and issuing into the broad uncrowded avenues of the northern suburbs, we soon begin to enter upon our natural pace of ten miles an hour. In the broad light of the summer evening, the sun, perhaps, only just at the point of setting, we are seen from every storey of every house. Heads of every age crowd to the windows—young and old understand the language of our victorious symbols—and rolling volleys of sympathising cheers run along us, behind us, and before us. The beggar, rearing himself against the wall, forgets his

lameness—real or assumed—thinks not of his whining trade, but stands erect with bold exulting smiles, as we pass him. The victory has healed him, and says, Be thou whole! Women and children, from garrets alike and cellars, through infinite London, look down or look up with loving eyes upon our gay ribbons and our martial laurels: sometimes kiss their hands; sometimes hang out, as signals of affection, pocket-handkerchiefs, aprons, dusters, anything that, by catching the summer breezes, will express an aërial jubilation. On the London side of Barnet, to which we draw near within a few minutes after nine, observe that private carriage which is approaching us. The weather being so warm, the glasses are all down; and one may read, as on the stage of a theatre, everything that goes on within. It contains three ladies—one likely to be "mamma," and two of seventeen or eighteen, who are probably her daughters. What lovely animation, what beautiful unpremeditated pantomime, explaining to us every syllable that passes in these ingenuous girls! By the sudden start and raising of the hands, on first discovering our laurelled equipage!—by the sudden movement and appeal to the elder lady from both of them—and by the heightened colour on their animated countenances, we can almost hear them saying, "See, see! Look at their laurels! Oh, mamma! there has been a great battle in Spain; and it has been a great victory." In a moment we are on the point of passing them. We passengers—I on the box, and the two on the roof behind me—raise our hats to the ladies; the coachman makes his professional salute with the whip; the guard even, though punctilious on the matter of his dignity as an officer under the crown, touches his hat. The ladies move to us, in return, with a winning graciousness of gesture; all smile on each side in a way that nobody could misunderstand, and that nothing short of a grand national sympathy could so instantaneously prompt. Will these ladies say that we are nothing to *them?* Oh, no; they will not say *that.* They cannot deny—they do not deny—that for this night they are our sisters; gentle or simple, scholar or illiterate servant, for twelve hours to

come, we on the outside have the honour to be their brothers. Those poor women, again, who stop to gaze upon us with delight at the entrance of Barnet, and seem, by their air of weariness, to be returning from labour—do you mean to say that they are washerwomen and charwomen? Oh, my poor friend, you are quite mistaken. I assure you they stand in a far higher rank; for this one night they feel themselves by birth-right to be daughters of England, and answer to no humbler title.

Every joy, however, even rapturous joy—such is the sad law of earth—may carry with it grief, or fear of grief, to some. Three miles beyond Barnet, we see approaching us another private carriage, nearly repeating the circumstances of the former case. Here, also, the glasses are all down—here, also, is an elderly lady seated; but the two daughters are missing; for the single young person sitting by the lady's side, seems to be an attendant—so I judge from her dress, and her air of respectful reserve. The lady is in mourning; and her countenance expresses sorrow. At first she does not look up; so that I believe she is not aware of our approach, until she hears the measured beating of our horses' hoofs. Then she raises her eyes to settle them painfully on our triumphal equipage. Our decorations explain the case to her at once; but she beholds them with apparent anxiety, or even with terror. Some time before this, I, finding it difficult to hit a flying mark, when embarrassed by the coachman's person and reins intervening, had given to the guard a "Courier" evening paper, containing the gazette, for the next carriage that might pass.

Accordingly he tossed it in, so folded that the huge capitals expressing some such legend as—GLORIOUS VICTORY, might catch the eye at once. To see the paper, however, at all, interpreted as it was by our ensigns of triumph, explained everything; and, if the guard were right in thinking the lady to have received it with a gesture of horror, it could not be doubtful that she had suffered some deep personal affliction in connection with this Spanish war.

Here, now, was the case of one who, having formerly suf-

fered, might, erroneously perhaps, be distressing herself with anticipations of another similar suffering. That same night, and hardly three hours later, occurred the reverse case. A poor woman, who too probably would find herself, in a day or two, to have suffered the heaviest of afflictions by the battle, blindly allowed herself to express an exultation so unmeasured in the news and its details, as gave to her the appearance which amongst Celtic Highlanders is called *fey*. This was at some little town where we changed horses an hour or two after midnight. Some fair or wake had kept the people up out of their beds, and had occasioned a partial illumination of the stalls and booths, presenting an unusual but very impressive effect. We saw many lights moving about as we drew near; and perhaps the most striking scene on the whole route was our reception at this place. The flashing of torches and the beautiful radiance of blue lights (technically, Bengal lights) upon the heads of our horses; the fine effect of such a showery and ghostly illumination falling upon our flowers and glittering laurels; whilst all around ourselves, that formed a centre of light, the darkness gathered on the rear and flanks in massy blackness; these optical splendours, together with the prodigious enthusiasm of the people, composed a picture at once scenical and affecting, theatrical and holy. As we stayed for three or four minutes, I alighted; and immediately from a dismantled stall in the street, where no doubt she had been presiding through the earlier part of the night, advanced eagerly a middle-aged woman. The sight of my newspaper it was that had drawn her attention upon myself. The victory which we were carrying down to the provinces on *this* occasion, was the imperfect one of Talavera —imperfect for its results, such was the virtual treachery of the Spanish general, Cuesta, but not imperfect in its ever-memorable heroism. I told her the main outline of the battle. The agitation of her enthusiasm had been so conspicuous when listening, and when first applying for information, that I could not but ask her if she had not some relative in the Peninsular army. Oh yes; her only son was there. In what regiment? He was a trooper in the 23rd Dragoons. My heart

sank within me as she made that answer. This sublime regiment, which an Englishman should never mention without raising his hat to their memory, had made the most memorable and effective charge recorded in military annals. They leaped their horses—*over* a trench where they could, *into* it, and with the result of death or mutilation when they could *not*. What proportion cleared the trench is nowhere stated. Those who *did*, closed up and went down upon the enemy with such divinity of fervour (I use the word *divinity* by design: the inspiration of God must have prompted this movement to those whom even then He was calling to His presence), that two results followed. As regarded the enemy, this 23rd Dragoons, not, I believe, originally three hundred and fifty strong, paralysed a French column, six thousand strong, then ascended the hill, and fixed the gaze of the whole French army. As regarded themselves, the 23rd were supposed at first to have been barely not annihilated; but eventually, I believe, about one in four survived. And this, then, was the regiment—a regiment already for some hours glorified and hallowed to the ear of all London, as lying stretched, by a large majority, upon one bloody aceldama—in which the young trooper served whose mother was now talking in a spirit of such joyous enthusiasm. Did I tell her the truth? Had I the heart to break up her dreams? No. To-morrow, said I to myself—to-morrow, or the next day, will publish the worst. For one night more, wherefore should she not sleep in peace? After to-morrow, the chances are too many that peace will forsake her pillow. This brief respite, then, let her owe to *my* gift and *my* forbearance. But, if I told her not of the bloody price that had been paid, not, therefore, was I silent on the contributions from her son's regiment to that day's service and glory. I showed her not the funeral banners under which the noble regiment was sleeping. I lifted not the overshadowing laurels from the bloody trench in which horse and rider lay mangled together. But I told her how these dear children of England, officers and privates, had leaped their horses over all obstacles as gaily as hunters to the morning's chase. I told her how they rode their horses

into the mists of death (saying to myself, but not saying to *her*), and laid down their young lives for thee, O mother England! as willingly—poured out their noble blood as cheerfully—as ever, after a long day's sport, when infants, they had rested their wearied heads upon their mother's knees, or had sunk to sleep in her arms. Strange it is, yet true, that she seemed to have no fears for her son's safety, even after this knowledge that the 23rd Dragoons had been memorably engaged; but so much was she enraptured by the knowledge that *his* regiment, and therefore that *he*, had rendered conspicuous service in the dreadful conflict—a service which had actually made them, within the last twelve hours, the foremost topic of conversation in London—so absolutely was fear swallowed up in joy—that, in the mere simplicity of her fervent nature, the poor woman threw her arms round my neck, as she thought of her son, and gave to *me* the kiss which secretly was meant for *him*.

Thomas Carlyle

1795–1881

THE CITY BY NIGHT

(From *Sartor Resartus*, 1833–34)

"I look down into all that wasp-nest or bee-hive," have we heard him say, "and witness their wax-laying and honey-making, and poison-brewing, and choking by sulphur. From the Palace esplanade, where music plays while Serene Highness is pleased to eat his victuals, down to the low lane, where in her door-sill the aged widow, knitting for a thin livelihood, sits to feel the afternoon sun, I see it all; for, except the Schlosskirche weathercock, no biped stands so high. Couriers arrive bestrapped and bebooted, bearing Joy and Sorrow bagged up in pouches of leather: there, topladen, and with four swift horses, rolls in the country Baron and his household; here, on timber-leg, the lamed Soldier hops painfully along, begging alms: a thousand carriages, and wains, and

cars, come tumbling in with Food, with young Rusticity, and other Raw Produce, inanimate or animate, and go tumbling out again with Produce manufactured. That living flood, pouring through these streets, of all qualities and ages, knowest thou whence it is coming, whither it is going? *Aus der Ewigkeit, zu der Ewigkeit hin:* From Eternity onwards to Eternity! These are Apparitions: what else? Are they not Souls rendered visible: in Bodies, that took shape and will lose it, melting into air? Their solid Pavement is a Picture of the Sense; they walk on the bosom of Nothing, blank Time is behind them and before them. Or fanciest thou, the red and yellow Clothes-screen yonder, with spurs on its heels, and feather in its crown, is but of To-day, without a Yesterday or a To-morrow; and had not rather its Ancestor alive when Hengst and Horsa overran thy Island? Friend, thou seest here a living link in that Tissue of History, which inweaves all Being: watch well, or it will be past thee, and seen no more."

"Ach, mein Lieber"! said he once, at midnight, when we had returned from the Coffee-house in rather earnest talk, "it is a true sublimity to dwell here. These fringes of lamplight, struggling up through smoke and thousandfold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient reign of Night, what thinks Boötes of them, as he leads his Hunting-Dogs over the Zenith in their leash of sidereal fire? That stifled hum of midnight, when Traffic has lain down to rest; and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to Halls, roofed-in and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only Vice and Misery, to prowl or to moan like nightbirds, are abroad: that hum, I say, like the stertorous, unquiet slumber of sick Life, is heard in Heaven! Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapours, and putrefactions, and unimaginable gases, what a Fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid! The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there, men are being born; men are praying,—on the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing; and around them all, is the vast, void Night. The proud Grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons, or

reposes within damask curtains; Wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds, or shivers hunger-stricken into its lair of straw: in obscure cellars *Rouge-et-Noir* languidly emits its voice-of-destiny to haggard hungry Villains; while Councillors of State sit plotting, and playing their high chess-game, whereof the pawns are Men. The Lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready; and she, full of hope and fear, glides down, to fly with him over the borders: the Thief, still more silently, sets-to his picklocks and crowbars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are full of light and music and high-swelling hearts; but, in the Condemned Cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and bloodshot eyes look out through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. Six men are to be hanged on the morrow: comes no hammering from the *Rabenstein?*—their gallows must even be now o' building. Upwards of five-hundred-thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie round us, in horizontal positions: their heads all in nightcaps, and full of the foolishest dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the Mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten. All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them;—crammed in, like salted fish, in their barrel;—or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its *head above* the others: *such* work goes on under that smoke-counterpane!—But I *mein Werther,* sit above it all; I am alone with the Stars."

NATURAL SUPERNATURALISM

(From the same)

It is in his stupendous Section, headed *Natural Supernaturalism,* that the Professor first becomes a Seer; and, after long effort, such as we have witnessed, finally subdues under his feet this refractory Clothes-Philosophy, and takes

victorious possession thereof. Phantasms enough he has had to struggle with; 'Cloth-webs and Cobwebs,' of Imperial Mantles, Superannuated Symbols, and what not: yet still did he courageously pierce through. Nay, worst of all, two quite mysterious, world-embracing Phantasms, TIME and SPACE, have ever hovered round him, perplexing and bewildering: but with these also he now resolutely grapples, these also he victoriously rends asunder. In a word, he has looked fixedly on Existence, till, one after the other, its earthly hulls and garnitures have all melted away; and now, to his rapid vision, the interior celestial Holy of Holies lies disclosed.

Here, therefore, properly it is that the Philosophy of Clothes attains to Transcendentalism; this last leap, can we but clear it, takes us safe into the promised land, where *Palingenesia*, in all senses, may be considered as beginning. 'Courage, then!' may our Diogenes exclaim, with better right than Diogenes the First once did. This stupendous Section we, after long painful meditation, have found not to be unintelligible; but on the contrary to grow clear, nay radiant, and all-illuminating. Let the reader, turning on it what utmost force of speculative intellect is in him, do his part; as we, by judicious selection and adjustment, shall study to do ours:

'Deep has been, and is, the significance of Miracles,' thus quietly begins the Professor; 'far deeper perhaps than we imagine. Meanwhile the question of questions were: What specially is a Miracle? To that Dutch King of Siam, an icicle had been a miracle; whoso had carried with him an air-pump, and phial of vitriolic ether, might have worked a miracle. To my Horse again who unhappily is still more unscientific, do not I work a miracle, and magical "*Open sesame!*" every time I please to pay twopence, and open for him an impassable *Schlagbaum*, or shut Turnpike?

'"But is not a real Miracle simply a violation of the Laws of Nature?" ask several. Whom I answer by this new question: What are the Laws of Nature? To me perhaps the rising of one from the dead were no violation of these Laws,

but a confirmation; were some far deeper Law, now first penetrated into, and by Spiritual Force, even as the rest have all been, brought to bear on us with its Material Force.

'Here too may some inquire, not without astonishment: On what ground shall one, that can make Iron swim, come and declare that therefore he can teach Religion? To us, truly, of the Nineteenth Century, such declaration were inept enough; which nevertheless to our fathers, of the First Century, was full of meaning.

'"But is it not the deepest Law of Nature that she be constant?" cries an illuminated class: "Is not the Machine of the Universe fixed to move by unalterable rules?" Probable enough, good friends: nay, I too must believe that the God, whom ancient, inspired men, assert to be "without variableness or shadow of turning," does indeed never change; that Nature, that the Universe, which no one whom it so pleases can be prevented from calling a Machine, does move by the most unalterable rules. And now of you, too, I make the inquiry: What those same unalterable rules, forming the complete Statute-Book of Nature, may possibly be?

'They stand written in our Works of Science, say you; in the accumulated records of man's Experience?—Was Man with his Experience present at the Creation, then, to see how it all went on? Have any deepest scientific individuals yet dived down to the foundations of the Universe, and gauged everything there? Did the Maker take them into His counsel; that they read His ground-plan of the incomprehensible All; and can say, This stands marked therein, and no more than this? Alas, not in any wise! These scientific individuals have been nowhere but where we also are; have seen some handbreadths deeper than we see into the Deep that is infinite, without bottom as without shore.

'Laplace's Book on the Stars, wherein he exhibits that certain Planets, with their Satellites, gyrate round our worthy Sun, at a rate and in a course, which, by greatest good fortune, he and the like of him have succeeded in detecting,—is to me as precious as to another. But is this

what thou namest "Mechanism of the Heavens," and "System of the World"; this, wherein Sirius and the Pleiades, and all Herschel's Fifteen-thousand Suns per minute, being left out, some paltry handful of Moons, and inert Balls, had been—looked at, nicknamed, and marked in the Zodiacal way-bill; so that we can now prate of their Whereabout; their How, their Why, their What, being hid from us, as in the signless Inane?

'System of Nature! To the wisest man, wide as is his vision, Nature remains of quite *infinite* depth, of quite infinite expansion; and all Experience thereof limits itself to some few computed centuries, and measured square-miles. The course of Nature's phases, on this our little fraction of a Planet, is partially known to us: but who knows what deeper courses these depend on; what infinitely larger Cycle (of causes) our little Epicycle revolves on? To the Minnow every cranny and pebble, and quality and accident, of its little native Creek may have become familiar: but does the Minnow understand the Ocean Tides and periodic Currents, the Trade-winds, and Monsoons, and Moon's Eclipses; by all which the condition of its little Creek is regulated, and may, from time to time, (*un*miraculously enough), be quite overset and reversed? Such a minnow is man; his Creek this Planet Earth; his Ocean the immeasurable All; his Monsoons and periodic Currents the mysterious Course of Providence through Aeons of Aeons.

'We speak of the Volume of Nature: and truly a Volume it is,—whose Author and Writer is God. To read it! Dost thou, does man, so much as well know the Alphabet thereof? With its Words, Sentences, and grand descriptive Pages, poetical and philosophical, spread out through Solar Systems, and Thousands of Years, we shall not try thee. It is a Volume written in celestial hieroglyphs, in the true Sacred-writing; of which even Prophets are happy that they can read here a line and there a line. As for your Institutes, and Academies of Science they strive bravely; and from amid the thick-crowded, inextricably intertwisted hieroglyphic writing, pick out by dexterous combination, some

Letters in the vulgar Character, and therefrom put together this and the other economic Recipe, of high avail in Practice. That Nature is more than some boundless Volume of such Recipes, or huge well-nigh inexhaustible Domestic-Cookery Book, of which the whole secret will in this manner one day evolve itself, the fewest dream.

'Custom,' continues the Professor, 'doth make dotards of us all. Consider well, thou wilt find that Custom is the greatest of Weavers; and weaves air-raiment for all the Spirits of the Universe; whereby indeed these dwell with us visibly, as ministering servants, in our houses and workshops; but their spiritual nature becomes, to the most, for ever hidden. Philosophy complains that Custom has hoodwinked us, from the first; that we do everything by Custom, even Believe by it; that our very Axioms, let us boast of Free-thinking as we may, are oftenest simply such Beliefs as we have never heard questioned. Nay, what is Philosophy throughout but a continual battle against Custom; an ever-renewed effort to *transcend* the sphere of blind Custom, and so become Transcendental?

'Innumerable are the illusions and legerdemain-tricks of Custom: but of all these, perhaps the cleverest is her knack of persuading us that the Miraculous, by simple repetition, ceases to be Miraculous. True, it is by this means we live: for man must work as well as wonder: and herein is Custom so far a kind nurse, guiding him to his true benefit. But she is a fond foolish nurse, or rather we are false foolish nurslings, when, in our resting and reflecting hours, we prolong the same deception. Am I to view the Stupendous with stupid indifference, because I have seen it twice, or two-hundred, or two-million times? There is no reason in Nature or in Art why I should: unless, indeed, I am a mere Work-Machine, for whom the divine gift of Thought were no other than the terrestrial gift of Steam is to the Steam-engine; a power whereby cotton might be spun, and money and money's worth realised.

'Notable enough too, here as elsewhere, wilt thou find the potency of Names; which indeed are but one kind of

such custom-woven, wonder-hiding Garments. Witchcraft, and all manner of Spectre-work, and Demonology, we have now named Madness, and Diseases of the Nerves. Seldom reflecting that still the new question comes upon us: What is Madness, what are Nerves? Ever, as before, does Madness remain a mysterious-terrific, altogether *infernal* boiling-up of the Nether Chaotic Deep, through this fair-painted Vision of Creation, which swims thereon, which we name the Real. Was Luther's Picture of the Devil less a Reality, whether it were formed within the bodily eye, or without it? In every, the wisest Soul, lies a whole world of internal Madness, an authentic Demon-Empire; out of which, indeed, his world of Wisdom has been creatively built together, and now rests there, as on its dark foundations does a habitable flowery Earth-rind.

'But deepest of all illusory Appearances, for hiding Wonder, as for many other ends, are your two grand fundamental world-enveloping Appearances, SPACE and TIME. These, as spun and woven for us before Birth itself, to clothe our celestial ME for dwelling here, and yet to blind it,—lie all-embracing, as the universal canvas, or warp and woof, whereby all minor Illusions, in this Phantasm Existence, weave and paint themselves. In vain, while here on Earth, shall you endeavour to strip them off; you can at best but rend them asunder for moments, and look through.

'Fortunatus had a wishing Hat, which when he put on, and wished himself Anywhere, behold he was There. By this means had Fortunatus triumphed over Space, he had annihilated Space; for him there was no Where, but all was Here. Were a Hatter to establish himself in the Wahngasse of Weissnichtwo, and make felts of this sort for all mankind, what a world we should have of it! Still stranger, should, on the opposite side of the street, another Hatter establish himself; and, as his fellow-craftsman made Space-annihilating hats, make Time-annihilating! Of both would I purchase, were it with my last groschen; but chiefly of this latter. To clap on your felt, and, simply by wishing that you were Any*where*, straightway to be *There!* Next to clap

on your other felt, and, simply by wishing that you were Any*when*, straightway to be *Then!* This were indeed the grander: shooting at will from the Fire-Creation of the World, to its Fire-Consummation; here historically present in the First Century, conversing face to face with Paul and Seneca; there prophetically in the Thirty-first, conversing also face to face with other Pauls and Senecas, who as yet stand hidden in the depth of that late Time!

'Or thinkest thou, it were impossible, unimaginable? Is the Past annihilated, then, or only past; is the Future non-extant, or only future? Those mystic faculties of thine, Memory and Hope, already answer: already through those mystic avenues, thou the Earth-blinded summonest both Past and Future, and communest with them, though as yet darkly, and with mute beckonings. The curtains of Yesterday drop down, the curtains of Tomorrow roll up; but Yesterday and Tomorrow both *are*. Pierce through the Time-Element, glance into the Eternal. Believe what thou findest written in the sanctuaries of Man's Soul, even as all Thinkers, in all ages, have devoutly read it there: that Time and Space are not God, but creations of God; that with God as it is a universal HERE, so is it an everlasting NOW.

'And seest thou therein any glimpse of IMMORTALITY? O Heaven! Is the white Tomb of our Loved One, who died from our arms, and had to be left behind us there, which rises in the distance, like a pale, mournfully receding Milestone, to tell how many toilsome uncheered miles we have journeyed on alone,—but a pale spectral Illusion! Is the lost Friend still mysteriously Here, even as we are Here mysteriously with God!—Know of a truth that only the Time-shadows have perished, or are perishable; that the real Being of whatever was, and whatever is, and whatever will be, *is* even now and for ever. This, should it unhappily seem new, thou mayest ponder at thy leisure; for the next twenty years, or the next twenty centuries: believe it thou must; understand it thou canst not.

'That the Thought-forms, Space and Time, wherein, once for all, we are sent into this Earth to live, should condition

and determine our whole Practical reasonings, conceptions, and imagings or imaginings, seems altogether fit, just and unavoidable. But that they should furthermore, usurp such sway over pure spiritual Meditation, and blind us to the wonder everywhere lying close on us, seems nowise so. Admit Space and Time to their due rank as Forms of Thought; nay, even if thou wilt, to their quite undue rank of Realities: and consider, then, with thyself, how their thin disguises hide from us the brightest God-effulgences! Thus, were it not miraculous, could I stretch forth my hand and clutch the Sun? Yet thou seest me daily stretch forth my hand, and therewith clutch many a thing, and swing it hither and thither. Art thou a grown Baby, then, to fancy that the Miracle lies in miles of distance, or in pounds avoirdupois of weight; and not to see that the true inexplicable God-revealing Miracle lies in this, that I can stretch forth my hand at all; that I have free Force to clutch aught therewith? Innumerable other of this sort are the deceptions, and wonder-hiding stupefactions, which Space practises on us.

'Still worse is it with regard to Time. Your grand anti-magician, and universal wonder-hider, is this same lying Time. Had we but the Time-annihilating Hat, to put on for once only, we should see ourselves in a World of Miracles, wherein all fabled or authentic Thaumaturgy, and feats of Magic, were outdone. But unhappily we have not such a Hat; and man, poor fool that he is, can seldom and scantily help himself without one.

'Were it not wonderful, for instance, had Orpheus, or Amphion, built the walls of Thebes by the mere sound of his Lyre? Yet tell me, Who built these walls of Weissnichtwo; summoning out all the sandstone rocks, to dance along from the *Steinbruch* (now a huge Troglodyte Chasm, with frightful green-mantled pools); and shape themselves into Doric and Ionic pillars, squared ashlar houses, and noble streets? Was it not the still higher Orpheus, or Orpheuses, who, in past centuries, by the divine Music of Wisdom, succeeded in civilizing Man? Our highest Orpheus, walked in Judea, eighteen-hundred years ago: his sphere-melody, flow-

ing in wild native tones, took captive the ravished souls of men; and being of a truth sphere-melody, still flows and sounds, though now with thousandfold Accompaniments, and rich symphonies, through all our hearts; and modulates and divinely leads them. Is that a wonder, which happens in two hours; and does it cease to be wonderful, if happening in two million? Not only was Thebes built, by the Music of an Orpheus; but without the music of some inspired Orpheus, was no city ever built, no work that man glories in ever done.

'Sweep away the Illusion of Time; glance, if thou have eyes, from the near moving-cause to its far distant Mover: The stroke that came transmitted through a whole galaxy of elastic balls, was it less a stroke than if the last ball only had been struck, and sent flying? Oh, could I (with the Time-annihilating Hat) transport thee direct from the Beginnings to the Endings, how were thy eyesight unsealed, and thy heart set flaming in the Light-sea of celestial wonder! Then sawest thou that this fair Universe, were it in the meanest province thereof, is in very deed, the star-domed City of God; that through every star, through every grassblade, and most through every Living Soul, the glory of a present God still beams. But Nature, which is the Time-vesture of God, and reveals Him to the wise, hides Him from the foolish.

'Again, could anything be more miraculous than an actual authentic Ghost? The English Johnson longed, all his life, to see one; but could not, though he went to Cock Lane, and thence to the church-vaults, and tapped on coffins. Foolish Doctor! Did he never with the Mind's eye, as well as with the body's, look round him into that full tide of human Life he so loved; did he never so much as look into Himself? The good Doctor was a Ghost, as actual and authentic as heart could wish; wellnigh a million of Ghosts were travelling the streets by his side. Once more I say, sweep away the illusion of Time: compress the threescore years into three minutes: what else was he, what else are we? Are we not Spirits, shaped into a Body, into an Appearance; and

that fade away again into air, and Invisibility? This is no metaphor, it is a simple scientific *fact:* we start out of Nothingness, take figure, and are Apparitions; round us, as round the veriest spectre, is Eternity; and to Eternity minutes are as years and æons. Come there not tones of Love and Faith, as from celestial harp-strings, like the Song of beatified Souls? And again, do not we squeak and gibber (in our discordant screech-owlish debatings and recriminatings); and glide, bodeful, and feeble, and fearful; or uproar (*poltern*), and revel in our mad Dance of the Dead,—till the scent of the morning-air summons us to our still Home; and dreamy Night becomes awake and Day? Where now is Alexander of Macedon: does the steel Host, that yelled in fierce battle-shouts at Issus and Arbela, remain behind him; or have they all vanished utterly, even as perturbed Goblins must? Napoleon too, and his Moscow Retreats and Austerlitz Campaigns! Was it all other than the veriest Spectre-Hunt; which has now, with its howling tumult that made Night hideous, flitted away?—Ghosts! There are nigh a thousand-million walking the earth openly at noontide; some half-hundred have vanished from it, some half-hundred have arisen in it, ere thy watch ticks once.

'O Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to consider that we not only carry each a future Ghost within him; but are in very deed, Ghosts! These Limbs, whence had we them; this stormy Force; this life-blood with its burning Passion? They are dust and shadow; a Shadow-system gathered round our ME; wherein, through some moments or years, the Divine Essence is to be revealed in the Flesh. That warrior on his strong war-horse, fire flashes through his eyes; force dwells in his arm and heart: but warrior and war-horse are a vision; a revealed Force, nothing more. Stately they tread the Earth, as if it were a firm substance: fool! the Earth is but a film; it cracks in twain and warrior and war-horse sink beyond plummet's sounding. Plummet's? Fantasy herself will not follow them. A little while ago, they were not; a little while, and they are not, their very ashes are not.

'So has it been from the beginning, and so will it be to the

end. Generation after generation takes to itself the Form of a Body; and forth-issuing from Cimmerian Night, on heaven's mission APPEARS. What Force and Fire is in each he expends: one grinding in the mill of Industry; one hunter-like climbing the giddy Alpine heights of Science; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of Strife, in war with his fellow:—and then the Heaven-sent is recalled; his earthly Vesture falls away, and soon even to Sense becomes a vanished Shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's Artillery, does this mysterious MANKIND thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown Deep. Thus like a God-created, fire-breathing Spirit-host, we emerge from the Inane; haste stormfully across the astonished Earth; then plunge again into the Inane. Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up, in our passage: can the Earth which is but dead and a vision, resist Spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some foot-print of us is stamped-in; the last Rear of the host will read traces of the earliest Van. But whence?—O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; Faith knows not; only that it is through Mystery to Mystery, from God and to God.

'"We *are such stuff*
As dreams are made of, and our little Life
Is rounded with a sleep!"'

SHAKSPEARE

(From *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, Pub. 1841)

As Dante, the Italian man, was sent into our world to embody musically the Religion of the Middle Ages, the Religion of our Modern Europe, its Inner Life; so Shakspeare, we may say, embodies for us the Outer Life of our Europe as developed then, its chivalries, courtesies, humours, ambitions, what practical way of thinking, acting, looking at the world, men then had. As in Homer we may still construe Old Greece; so in Shakspeare and Dante, after thousands of years, what our modern Europe was, in Faith and in Practice,

will still be legible. Dante has given us the Faith or soul; Shakspeare, in a not less noble way, has given us the Practice or body. This latter also we were to have; a man was sent for it, the man Shakspeare. Just when that chivalry way of life had reached its last finish, and was on the point of breaking down into slow or swift dissolution, as we now see it everywhere, this other sovereign Poet, with his seeing eye, with his perennial singing voice, was sent to take note of it, to give long-enduring record of it. Two fit men: Dante, deep, fierce as the central fire of the world; Shakspeare, wide, placid, far-seeing, as the Sun, the upper light of the world. Italy produced the one world-voice; we English had the honour of producing the other.

Curious enough how, as it were by mere accident, this man came to us. I think always, so great, quiet, complete and self-sufficing is this Shakspeare, had the Warwickshire Squire not prosecuted him for deer-stealing, we had perhaps never heard of him as a Poet! The woods and skies, the rustic Life of Man in Stratford there, had been enough for this man! But indeed that strange outbudding of our whole English Existence, which we call the Elizabethan Era, did not it too come as of its own accord? The 'Tree Igdrasil' buds and withers by its own laws,—too deep for our scanning. Yet it does bud and wither, and every bough and leaf of it is there, by fixed eternal laws; not a Sir Thomas Lucy but comes at the hour fit for him. Curious, I say, and not sufficiently considered: how everything does coöperate with all; not a leaf rotting on the highway but is indissoluble portion of solar and stellar systems; no thought, word or act of man but has sprung withal out of all men, and works sooner or later, recognisably or irrecognisably, on all men! It is all a Tree: circulation of sap and influences, mutual communication of every minutest leaf with the lowest talon of a root, with every other greatest and minutest portion of the whole. The Tree Igdrasil, that has its roots down in the Kingdoms of Hela and Death, and whose boughs overspread the highest Heaven!—

In some sense it may be said that this glorious Elizabethan Era with its Shakspeare, as the outcome and flowerage of all

which had preceded it, is itself attributable to the Catholicism of the Middle Ages. The Christian Faith, which was the theme of Dante's Song, had produced this Practical Life which Shakspeare was to sing. For Religion then, as it now and always is, was the soul of Practice; the primary vital fact in men's life. And remark here, as rather curious, that Middle-Age Catholicism was abolished, so far as Acts of Parliament could abolish it, before Shakspeare, the noblest product of it, made his appearance. He did make his appearance nevertheless. Nature at her own time, with Catholicism or what else might be necessary, sent him forth; taking small thought of Acts of Parliament. King-Henrys, Queen-Elizabeths go their way; and Nature too goes hers. Acts of Parliament, on the whole, are small, notwithstanding the noise they make. What Act of Parliament, debate at St. Stephen's, on the hustings or elsewhere, was it that brought this Shakspeare into being? No dining at Freemasons' Tavern, opening subscription-lists, selling of shares, and infinite other jangling and true or false endeavouring! This Elizabethan Era, and all its nobleness and blessedness, came without proclamation, preparation of ours. Priceless Shakspeare was the free gift of Nature; given altogether silently;—received altogether silently, as if it had been a thing of little account. And yet, very literally, it is a priceless thing. One should look at that side of matters too.

Of this Shakspeare of ours, perhaps the opinion one sometimes hears a little idolatrously expressed is, in fact, the right one; I think the best judgment not of this country only, but of Europe at large, is slowly pointing to the conclusion, that Shakspeare is the chief of all Poets hitherto; the greatest intellect who, in our recorded world, has left record of himself in the way of Literature. On the whole, I know not such a power of vision, such a faculty of thought, if we take all the characters of it, in any other man. Such a calmness of depth; placid joyous strength; all things imaged in that great soul of his so true and clear, as in a tranquil unfathomable sea! It has been said, that in the constructing of Shakspeare's Dramas there is, apart from all other 'faculties' as they are

called, an understanding manifested, equal to that in Bacon's *Novum Organum*. That is true; and it is not a truth that strikes every one. It would become more apparent if we tried, any of us for himself, how, out of Shakspeare's dramatic materials, *we* could fashion such a result! The built house seems all so fit,—everyway as it should be, as if it came there by its own law and the nature of things,—we forget the rude disorderly quarry it was shaped from. The very perfection of the house, as if Nature herself had made it, hides the builder's merit. Perfect, more perfect than any other man, we may call Shakspeare in this: he discerns, knows as by instinct, what condition he works under, what his materials are, what his own force and its relation to them is. It is not a transitory glance of insight that will suffice; it is deliberate illumination of the whole matter; it is a calmly *seeing* eye; a great intellect, in short. How a man, of some wide thing that he has witnessed, will construct a narrative, what kind of picture and delineation he will give of it,—is the best measure you could get of what intellect is in the man. Which circumstance is vital and shall stand prominent; which unessential, fit to be suppressed; where is the true *beginning*, the true sequence and ending? To find out this, you task the whole force of insight that is in the man. He must *understand* the thing; according to the depth of his understanding, will the fitness of his answer be. You will try him so. Does like join itself to like; does the spirit of method stir in that confusion, so that its embroilment becomes order? Can the man say, *Fiat lux*, Let there be light; and out of chaos make a world? Precisely as there is *light* in himself, will he accomplish this.

Or indeed we may say again, it is in what I called Portrait-painting, delineating of men and things, especially of men, that Shakspeare is great. All the greatness of the man comes out decisively here. It is unexampled, I think, that calm creative perspicacity of Shakspeare. The thing he looks at reveals not this or that face of it, but its inmost heart, and generic secret: it dissolves itself as in light before him, so that he discerns the perfect structure of it. Creative, we

said. poetic creation, what is this too but *seeing* the thing sufficiently? The *word* that will describe the thing, follows of itself from such clear intense sight of the thing. And is not Shakspeare's *morality*, his valour, candour, tolerance, truthfulness; his whole victorious strength and greatness, which can triumph over such obstructions, visible there too? Great as the world! No *twisted*, poor convex-concave mirror, reflecting all objects with its own convexities and concavities; a perfectly *level* mirror;—that is to say withal, if we will understand it, a man justly related to all things and men, a good man. It is truly a lordly spectacle how this great soul takes in all kinds of men and objects, a Falstaff, an Othello, a Juliet, a Coriolanus; sets them all forth to us in their round completeness; loving, just, the equal brother of all. *Novum Organum*, and all the intellect you will find in Bacon, is of a quite secondary order; earthly, material, poor in comparison with this. Among modern men, one finds, in strictness, almost nothing of the same rank. Goethe alone, since the days of Shakspeare, reminds me of it. Of him too you say that he *saw* the object; you may say what he himself says of Shakspeare: 'His characters are like watches with dial-plates of transparent crystal; they show you the hour like others, and the inward mechanism also is all visible.'

The seeing eye! It is this that discloses the inner harmony of things; what Nature meant, what musical idea Nature has wrapped-up in these often rough embodiments. Something she did mean. To the seeing eye that something were discernible. Are they base, miserable things? You can laugh over them, you can weep over them; you can in some way or other genially relate yourself to them;—you can, at lowest, hold your peace about them, turn away your own and others' face from them, till the hour come for practically exterminating and extinguishing them! At bottom, it is the Poet's first gift, as it is all men's, that he have intellect enough. He will be a Poet if he have: a Poet in word; or failing that, perhaps still better, a Poet in act. Whether he write at all; and if so, whether in prose or in verse, will depend on accidents: who knows on what etremely trivial

accidents,—perhaps on his having had a singing-master, on his being taught to sing in his boyhood! But the faculty which enables him to discern the inner heart of things, and the harmony that dwells there (for whatsoever exists has a harmony in the heart of it, or it would not hold together and exist), is not the result of habits or accidents, but the gift of Nature herself; the primary outfit for a Heroic Man in what sort soever. To the Poet, as to every other, we say first of all, *See.* If you cannot do that, it is of no use to keep stringing rhymes together, jingling sensibilities against each other, and *name* yourself a Poet; there is no hope for you. If you can, there is, in prose or verse, in action or speculation, all manner of hope. The crabbed old Schoolmaster used to ask, when they brought him a new pupil, "But are ye sure he's *not a dunce?*" Why, really one might ask the same thing, in regard to every man proposed for whatsoever function; and consider it as the one inquiry needful: Are ye sure he's not a dunce? There is, in this world, no other entirely fatal person.

For, in fact, I say the degree of vision that dwells in a man is a correct measure of the man. If called to define Shakspeare's faculty, I should say superiority of Intellect, and think I had included all under that. What indeed are faculties? We talk of faculties as if they were distinct, things separable; as if a man had intellect, imagination, fancy, &c., as he has hands, feet and arms. That is a capital error. Then again, we hear of a man's 'intellectual nature,' and of his 'moral nature,' as if these again were divisible, and existed apart. Necessities of language do perhaps prescribe such forms of utterance; we must speak, I am aware, in that way, if we are to speak at all. But words ought not to harden into things for us. It seems to me, our apprehension of this matter is, for most part, radically falsified thereby. We ought to know withal, and to keep forever in mind, that these divisions are at bottom but *names;* that man's spiritual nature, the vital Force which dwells in him, is essentially one and indivisible; that what we call imagination, fancy, understanding, and so forth, are but different figures of the same Power of Insight, all indissolubly connected with each

other, physiognomically related; that if we knew one of them, we might know all of them. Morality itself, what we call the moral quality of a man, what is this but another *side* of the one vital Force whereby he is and works? All that a man does is physiognomical of him. You may see how a man would fight, by the way in which he sings; his courage, or want of courage, is visible in the word he utters, in the opinion he has formed, no less than in the stroke he strikes. He is *one;* and preaches the same Self abroad in all these ways. Without hands a man might have feet, and could still walk: but, consider it,—without morality, intellect were impossible for him; a thoroughly immoral *man* could not know anything at all! To know a thing, what we can call knowing, a man must first *love* the thing, sympathise with it: that is, be *virtuously* related to it. If he have not the justice to put down his own selfishness at every turn, the courage to stand by the dangerous-true at every turn, how shall he know? His virtues, all of them, will lie recorded in his knowledge. Nature, with her truth, remains to the bad, to the selfish and the pusillanimous forever a sealed book: what such can know of Nature is mean, superficial, small; for the uses of the day merely.—But does not the very Fox know something of Nature? Exactly so: it knows where the geese lodge! The human Reynard, very frequent everywhere in the world, what more does he know but this and the like of this? Nay, it should be considered too, that if the Fox had not a certain vulpine *morality,* he could not even know where the geese were, or get at the geese! If he spent his time in splenetic atrabiliar reflections on his own misery, his ill usage by Nature, Fortune and other Foxes, and so forth; and had not courage, promptitude, practicality, and other suitable vulpine gifts and graces, he would catch no geese. We may say of the Fox too, that his morality and insight are of the same dimensions; different faces of the same internal unity of vulpine life!—These things are worth stating; for the contrary of them acts with manifold very baleful perversion, in this time: what limitations, modifications they require, your own candour will supply.

If I say, therefore, that Shakspeare is the greatest of Intellects, I have said all concerning him. But there is more in Shakspeare's intellect than we have yet seen. It is what I call an unconscious intellect; there is more virtue in it than he himself is aware of. Novalis beautifully remarks of him, that those Dramas of his are Products of Nature too, deep as Nature herself. I find a great truth in this saying. Shakspeare's Art is not Artifice; the noblest worth of it is not there by plan or precontrivance. It grows up from the deeps of Nature, through this noble sincere soul, who is a voice of Nature. The latest generations of men will find new meanings in Shakspeare, new elucidations of their own human being; 'new harmonies with the infinite structure of the Universe; concurrences with later ideas, affinities with the higher powers and senses of man.' This well deserves meditating. It is Nature's highest reward to a true simple great soul, that he get thus to be *a part of herself*. Such a man's works, whatsoever he with utmost conscious exertion and forethought shall accomplish, grow up withal *un*consciously, from the unknown deeps in him;—as the oak-tree grows from the Earth's bosom, as the mountains and waters shape themselves; with a symmetry grounded on Nature's own laws, conformable to all Truth whatsoever. How much in Shakspeare lies hid; his sorrows, his silent struggles known to himself; much that was not known at all, not speakable at all; like *roots*, like sap and forces working underground! Speech is great; but Silence is greater.

Withal the joyful tranquillity of this man is notable. I will not blame Dante for his misery: it is as battle without victory; but true battle,—the first, indispensable thing. Yet I call Shakspeare greater than Dante, in that he fought truly, and did conquer. Doubt it not, he had his own sorrows: those *Sonnets* of his will even testify expressly in what deep waters he had waded, and swum struggling for his life;—as what man like him ever failed to have to do? It seems to me a heedless notion, our common one, that he sat like a bird on the bough; and sang forth, free and offhand, never knowing the troubles of other men. Not so; with no

man is it so. How could a man travel forward from rustic deer-poaching to such tragedy-writing, and not fall-in with sorrows by the way? Or, still better, how could a man delineate a Hamlet, a Coriolanus, a Macbeth, so many suffering heroic hearts, if his own heroic heart had never suffered?—And now, in contrast with all this, observe his mirthfulness, his genuine overflowing love of laughter! You would say, in no point does he *exaggerate* but only in laughter. Fiery objurgations, words that pierce and burn, are to be found in Shakspeare; yet he is always in measure here; never what Johnson would remark as a specially 'good hater.' But his laughter seems to pour from him in floods; he heaps all manner of ridiculous nicknames on the butt he is bantering, tumbles and tosses him in all sorts of horse-play; you would say, with his whole heart laughs. And then, if not always the finest, it is always a genial laughter. Not a mere weakness, at misery or poverty; never. No man who *can* laugh, what we call laughing, will laugh at these things. It is some poor character only *desiring* to laugh, and have the credit of wit, that does so. Laughter means sympathy; good laughter is not 'the crackling of thorns under the pot.' Even at stupidity and pretension this Shakspeare does not laugh otherwise than genially. Dogberry and Verges tickle our very hearts; and we dismiss them covered with explosions of laughter: but we like the poor fellows only the better for laughing; and hope they will get on well there, and continue Presidents of the City-watch. Such laughter, like sunshine on the deep sea, is very beautiful to me.

We have no room to speak of Shakspeare's individual works; though perhaps there is much still waiting to be said on that head. Had we, for instance, all his plays reviewed as *Hamlet*, in *Wilhelm Meister*, is! A thing which might, one day, be done. August Wilhelm Schlegel has a remark on his Historical Plays, *Henry Fifth* and the others, which is worth remembering. He calls them a kind of National Epic. Marlborough, you recollect, said, he knew no English

History but what he had learned from Shakspeare. There are really, if we look to it, few as memorable Histories. The great salient points are admirably seized; all rounds itself off, into a kind of rhythmic coherence; it is, as Schlegel says, *epic;*—as indeed all delineation by a great thinker will be. There are right beautiful things in those Pieces, which indeed together form one beautiful thing. That battle of Agincourt strikes me as one of the most perfect things, in its sort, we anywhere have of Shakspeare's. The description of the two hosts: the worn-out, jaded English; the dread hour, big with destiny, when the battle shall begin; and then that deathless valour: 'Ye good yeomen, whose limbs were made in England!' There is a noble Patriotism in it,—far other than the 'indifference' you sometimes hear ascribed to Shakspeare. A true English heart breathes, calm and strong, through the whole business; not boisterous, protrusive; all the better for that. There is a sound in it like the ring of steel. This man too had a right stroke in him, had it come to that!

But I will say, of Shakspeare's works generally, that we have no full impress of him there; even as full as we have of many men. His works are so many windows, through which we see a glimpse of the world that was in him. All his works seem, comparatively speaking, cursory, imperfect, written under cramping circumstances; giving only here and there a note of the full utterance of the man. Passages there are that come upon you like splendour out of Heaven; bursts of radiance, illuminating the very heart of the thing: you say, "That is *true*, spoken once and forever; wheresoever and whensoever there is an open human soul, that will be recognised as true!" Such bursts, however, make us feel that the surrounding matter is not radiant; that it is, in part, temporary, conventional. Alas, Shakspeare had to write for the Globe Playhouse: his great soul had to crush itself, as it could, into that and no other mould. It was with him, then, as it is with us all. No man works save under conditions. The sculptor cannot set his own free Thought before us; but his Thought as he could translate it into the stone that was

given, with the tools that were given. *Disjecta membra* are all that we find of any Poet, or of any man.

Whoever looks intelligently at this Shakspeare may recognise that he too was a *Prophet*, in his way; of an insight analogous to the Prophetic, though he took it up in another strain. Nature seemed to this man also divine; *un*speakable, deep as Tophet, high as Heaven: 'We are such stuff as Dreams are made of!' That scroll in Westminster Abbey, which few read with understanding, is of the depth of any seer. But the man sang; did not preach, except musically. We called Dante the melodious Priest of Middle-Age Catholicism. May we not call Shakspeare the still more melodious Priest of a *true* Catholicism, the 'Universal Church' of the Future and of all times? No narrow superstition, harsh asceticism, intolerance, fanatical fierceness or perversion: a Revelation, so far as it goes, that such a thousandfold hidden beauty and divineness dwells in all Nature; which let all men worship as they can! We may say without offence, that there rises a kind of universal Psalm out of this Shakspeare too; not unfit to make itself heard among the still more sacred Psalms. Not in disharmony with these, if we understood them, but in harmony!—I cannot call this Shakspeare a 'Sceptic,' as some do; his indifference to the creeds and theological quarrels of his time misleading them. No: neither unpatriotic, though he says little about his Patriotism; nor sceptic, though he says little about his Faith. Such 'indifference' was the fruit of his greatness withal: his whole heart was in his own grand sphere of worship (we may call it such); these other controversies, vitally important to other men, were not vital to him.

But call it worship, call it what you will, is it not a right glorious thing, and set of things, this that Shakspeare has brought us? For myself, I feel that there is actually a kind of sacredness in the fact of such a man being sent into this Earth. Is he not an eye to us all; a blessed heaven-sent Bringer of Light?—And, at bottom, was it not perhaps far better that this Shakspeare, everyway an unconscious man,

was *conscious* of no Heavenly message? He did not feel, like Mahomet, because he saw into those internal Splendours, that he specially was the 'Prophet of God': and was he not greater than Mahomet in that? Greater; and also, if we compute strictly, as we did in Dante's case, more successful. It was intrinsically an error that notion of Mahomet's, of his supreme Prophethood; and has come down to us inextricably involved in error to this day; dragging along with it such a coil of fables, impurities, intolerances, as makes it a questionable step for me here and now to say, as I have done, that Mahomet was a true Speaker at all, and not rather an ambitious charlatan, perversity and simulacrum; no Speaker, but a Babbler! Even in Arabia, as I compute, Mahomet will have exhausted himself and become obsolete, while this Shakspeare, this Dante may still be young;—while this Shakspeare may still pretend to be a Priest of Mankind, of Arabia as of other places, for unlimited periods to come!

Compared with any speaker or singer one knows, even with Æschylus or Homer, why should he not, for veracity and universality, last like them? He is *sincere* as they; reaches deep down like them, to the universal and perennial. But as for Mahomet, I think it had been better for him *not* to be so conscious! Alas, poor Mahomet; all that he was *conscious* of was a mere error; a futility and triviality,—as indeed such ever is. The truly great in him too was the unconscious: that he was a wild Arab lion of the desert, and did speak-out with that great thunder-voice of his, not by words which he *thought* to be great, but by actions, by feelings, by a history which *were* great! His Koran has become a stupid piece of prolix absurdity; we do not believe, like him, that God wrote that! The Great Man here too, as always, is a Force of Nature: whatsoever is truly great in him springs up from the *in*articulate deeps.

Well: this is our poor Warwickshire Peasant, who rose to be Manager of a Playhouse, so that he could live without begging; whom the Earl of Southampton cast some kind glances on; whom Sir Thomas Lucy, many thanks to him,

was for sending to the Treadmill! We did not account him a god, like Odin, while he dwelt with us;—on which point there were much to be said. But I will say rather, or repeat: In spite of the sad state Hero-worship now lies in, consider what this Shakspeare has actually become among us. Which Englishman we ever made, in this land of ours, which million of Englishmen, would we not give up rather than the Stratford Peasant? There is no regiment of highest Dignitaries that we would sell him for. He is the grandest thing we have yet done. For our honour among foreign nations, as an ornament to our English Household, what item is there that we would not surrender rather than him? Consider now, if they asked us, Will you give up your Indian Empire or your Shakspeare, you English; never have had any Indian Empire, or never have had any Shakspeare? Really it were a grave question. Official persons would answer doubtless in official language; but we, for our part too, should not we be forced to answer: Indian Empire, or no Indian Empire; we cannot do without Shakspeare! Indian Empire will go, at any rate, some day; but this Shakspeare does not go, he lasts forever with us; we cannot give up our Shakspeare!

Nay, apart from spiritualities; and considering him merely as a real, marketable, tangibly-useful possession. England, before long, this Island of ours, will hold but a small fraction of the English: in America, in New Holland, east and west to the very Antipodes, there will be a Saxondom covering great spaces of the Globe. And now, what is it that can keep all these together into virtually one Nation, so that they do not fall out and fight, but live at peace, in brotherlike intercourse, helping one another? This is justly regarded as the greatest practical problem, the thing all manner of sovereignties and governments are here to accomplish: what is it that will accomplish this? Acts of Parliament, administrative prime-ministers cannot. America is parted from us, so far as Parliament could part it. Call it not fantastic, for there is much reality in it: Here, I say, is an English King, whom no time or chance, Parliament or combination of Parliaments, can dethrone! This King Shakspeare, does

not he shine, in crowned sovereignty, over us all, as the noblest, gentlest, yet strongest of rallying-signs; *in*destructible; really more valuable in that point of view than any other means or appliance whatsoever? We can fancy him as radiant aloft over all the Nations of Englishmen, a thousand years hence. From Paramatta, from New York, wheresoever, under what sort of Parish-Constable soever, English men and women are, they will say to one another: "Yes, this Shakspeare is ours; we produced him, we speak and think by him; we are of one blood and kind with him." The most commonn-sense politician, too, if he pleases, may think of that.

Yes, truly, it is a great thing for a Nation that it get an articulate voice; that it produce a man who will speak-forth melodiously what the heart of it means! Italy, for example, poor Italy lies dismembered, scattered asunder, not appearing in any protocol or treaty as a unity at all; yet the noble Italy is actually *one:* Italy produced its Dante; Italy can speak! The Czar of all the Russias, he is strong, with so many bayonets, Cossacks and cannons; and does a great feat in keeping such a tract of Earth politically together; but he cannot yet speak. Something great in him, but it is a dumb greatness. He has had no voice of genius, to be heard of all men and times. He must learn to speak. He is a great dumb monster hitherto. His cannons and Cossacks will all have rusted into nonentity, while that Dante's voice is still audible. The Nation that has a Dante is bound together as no dumb Russia can be.—We must here end what we had to say of the *Hero-Poet.*

MACAULAY TO STEVENSON

Thomas Babington Macaulay

1800–1859

MILTON

(*Edinburgh Review*, August, 1825)

Joannis Milton, Angli, de Doctrinâ Christianâ libri duo posthumi. A Treatise on Christian Doctrine, compiled from the Holy Scriptures alone. By JOHN MILTON, translated from the original by Charles R. Sumner, M.A., etc., 1825.

Towards the close of the year 1823, Mr. Lemon, deputy-keeper of the state papers, in the course of his researches among the presses of his office, met with a large Latin manuscript. With it were found corrected copies of the foreign despatches written by Milton while he filled the office of secretary, and several papers relating to the Popish Trials and the Rye-house Plot. The whole was wrapped up in an envelope, superscribed, *To Mr. Skinner, Merchant.* On examination the large manuscript proved to be the long-lost Essay on the Doctrines of Christianity, which, according to Wood and Toland, Milton finished after the Restoration, and deposited with Cyriac Skinner. Skinner, it is well known, held the same political opinions with his illustrious friend. It is therefore probable, as Mr. Lemon conjectures, that he may have fallen under the suspicions of the government during that persecution of the Whigs which followed the dissolution of the Oxford parliament; and that, in consequence of a general seizure of his papers, this work may have been brought to the office in which it has been found. But whatever the adventures of the manuscript may have

been, no doubt can exist that it is a genuine relic of the great poet.

Mr. Sumner, who was commanded by his majesty to edit and translate the treatise, has acquitted himself of his task in a manner honourable to his talents and to his character. His version is not, indeed, very easy or elegant; but it is entitled to the praise of clearness and fidelity. His notes abound with interesting quotations, and have the rare merit of really elucidating the text. The preface is evidently the work of a sensible and candid man, firm in his own religious opinions, and tolerant towards those of others.

The book itself will not add much to the fame of Milton. It is, like all his Latin works, well written, though not exactly in the style of the prize essays of Oxford and Cambridge. There is no elaborate imitation of classical antiquity, no scrupulous purity, none of the ceremonial cleanness which characterizes the diction of our academical Pharisees. The author does not attempt to polish and brighten his composition into the Ciceronian gloss and brilliancy. He does not, in short, sacrifice sense and spirit to pedantic refinements. The nature of his subject compelled him to use many words—

> "That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp."

But he writes with as much ease and freedom as if Latin were his mother tongue; and, where he is least happy, his failure seems to arise from the carelessness of a native, not from the ignorance of a foreigner. We may apply to him what Denham with great felicity says of Cowley. He wears the garb, but not the clothes, of the ancients.

Throughout the volume are discernible the traces of a powerful and independent mind, emancipated from the influence of authority, and devoted to the search of truth. Milton professes to form his system from the Bible alone; and his digest of scriptural texts is certainly among the best that have appeared. But he is not always so happy in his inferences as in his citations.

Some of the heterodox doctrines which he avows seem to

have excited considerable amazement, particularly his Arianism, and his theory on the subject of polygamy. Yet we can scarcely conceive that any person could have read the Paradise Lost without suspecting him of the former; nor do we think that any reader, acquainted with the history of his life, ought to be much startled at the latter. The opinions which he has expressed respecting the nature of the Deity, the eternity of matter, and the observation of the Sabbath, might, we think, have caused more just surprise. But we will not go into the discussion of these points. The book, were it far more orthodox or far more heretical than it is, would not much edify or corrupt the present generation. The men of our time are not to be converted or perverted by quartos. A few more days and this essay will follow the *Defensio Populi* to the dust and silence of the upper shelf. The name of its author, and the remarkable circumstances attending its publication, will secure to it a certain degree of attention. For a month or two it will occupy a few minutes of chat in every drawing-room, and a few columns in every magazine; and it will then, to borrow the elegant language of the playbills, be withdrawn to make room for the forthcoming novelties.

We wish, however, to avail ourselves of the interest, transient as it may be, which this work has excited. The dexterous Capuchins never choose to preach on the life and miracles of a saint till they have awakened the devotional feelings of their auditors by exhibiting some relic of him, a thread of his garments, a lock of his hair, or a drop of his blood. On the same principle, we intend to take advantage of the late interesting discovery, and, while this memorial of a great and good man is still in the hands of all, to say something of his moral and intellectual qualities. Nor, we are convinced, will the severest of our readers blame us if, on an occasion like the present, we turn for a short time from the topics of the day, to commemorate, in all love and reverence, the genius and virtues of John Milton, the poet, the statesman, the philosopher, the glory of English literature, the champion and the martyr of English liberty.

It is by his poetry that Milton is best known; and it is of his poetry that we wish first to speak. By the general suffrage of the civilised world, his place has been assigned among the greatest masters of the art. His detractors, however, though outvoted, have not been silenced. There are many critics, and some of great name, who contrive in the same breath to extol the poems and to decry the poet. The works, they acknowledge, considered in themselves, may be classed among the noblest productions of the human mind. But they will not allow the author to rank with those great men, who, born in the infancy of civilisation, supplied by their own powers the want of instruction; and, though destitute of models themselves, bequeathed to posterity models which defy imitation. Milton, it is said, inherited what his predecessors created: he lived in an enlightened age; he received a finished education; and we must, therefore, if we would form a just estimate of his powers, make large deductions in consideration of these advantages.

We venture to say, on the contrary, paradoxical as the remark may appear, that no poet has ever had to struggle with more unfavourable circumstances than Milton. He doubted, as he has himself owned, whether he had not been born "an age too late." For this notion Johnson has thought fit to make him the butt of much clumsy ridicule. The poet, we believe, understood the nature of his art better than the critic. He knew that his poetical genius derived no advantage from the civilisation which surrounded him, or from the learning which he had acquired; and he looked back with something like regret to the ruder age of simple words and vivid impressions.

We think that, as civilisation advances, poetry almost necessarily declines. Therefore, though we fervently admire those great works of imagination which have appeared in dark ages, we do not admire them the more because they have appeared in dark ages. On the contrary, we hold that the most wonderful and splendid proof of genius is a great poem produced in a civilised age. We cannot understand why those who believe in that most orthodox article of lit-

erary faith, that the earliest poets are generally the best, should wonder at the rule as if it were the exception. Surely the uniformity of the phænomenon indicates a corresponding uniformity in the cause.

The fact is, that common observers reason from the progress of the experimental sciences to that of the imitative arts. The improvement of the former is gradual and slow. Ages are spent in collecting materials, ages more in separating and combining them. Even when a system has been formed, there is still something to add, to alter, or to reject. Every generation enjoys the use of a vast hoard bequeathed to it by antiquity, and transmits that hoard, augmented by fresh acquisitions, to future ages. In these pursuits, therefore, the first speculators lie under great disadvantages, and, even when they fail, are entitled to praise. Their pupils, with far inferior intellectual powers, speedily surpass them in actual attainments. Every girl who has read Mrs. Marcet's little dialogues on Political Economy could teach Montague or Walpole many lessons in finance. Any intelligent man may now, by resolutely applying himself for a few years to mathematics, learn more than the great Newton knew after half a century of study and meditation.

But it is not thus with music, with painting, or with sculpture. Still less is it thus with poetry. The progress of refinement rarely supplies these arts with better objects of imitation. It may indeed improve the instruments which are necessary to the mechanical operations of the musician, the sculptor, and the painter. But language, the machine of the poet, is best fitted for his purpose in its rudest state. Nations, like individuals, first perceive and then abstract. They advance from particular images to general terms. Hence the vocabulary of an enlightened society is philosophical, that of a half-civilised people is poetical.

This change in the language of men is partly the cause and partly the effect of a corresponding change in the nature of their intellectual operations, of a change by which science gains and poetry loses. Generalisation is necessary to the advancement of knowledge; but particularity is indispen-

sable to the creations of the imagination. In proportion as men know more and think more, they look less at individuals and more at classes. They therefore make better theories and worse poems. They give us vague phrases instead of images, and personified qualities instead of men. They may be better able to analyse human nature than their predecessors. But analysis is not the business of the poet. His office is to portray, not to dissect. He may believe in a moral sense, like Shaftesbury; he may refer all human actions to self-interest, like Helvetius; or he may never think about the matter at all. His creed on such subjects will no more influence his poetry, properly so called, than the notions which a painter may have conceived respecting the lachrymal glands, or the circulation of the blood, will affect the tears of his Niobe, or the blushes of his Aurora. If Shakespeare had written a book on the motives of human actions, it is by no means certain that it would have been a good one. It is extremely improbable that it would have contained half so much able reasoning on the subject as is to be found in the Fable of the Bees. But could Mandeville have created an Iago? Well as he knew how to resolve characters into their elements, would he have been able to combine those elements in such a manner as to make up a man,—a real, living, individual man?

Perhaps no person can be a poet, or can even enjoy poetry, without a certain unsoundness of mind, if anything which gives so much pleasure ought to be called unsoundness. By poetry we mean not all writing in verse, nor even all good writing in verse. Our definition excludes many metrical compositions which, on other grounds, deserve the highest praise. By poetry we mean the art of employing words in such a manner as to produce an illusion on the imagination, the art of doing by means of words what the painter does by means of colours. Thus the greatest of poets has described it in lines universally admired for the vigour and felicity of their diction, and still more valuable on account of the just notion which they convey of the art in which he excelled:—

"As imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

These are the fruits of the "fine frenzy" which he ascribes to the poet,—a fine frenzy, doubtless, but still a frenzy. Truth, indeed, is essential to poetry; but it is the truth of madness. The reasonings are just; but the premises are false. After the first suppositions have been made, everything ought to be consistent; but those first suppositions require a degree of credulity which almost amounts to a partial and temporary derangement of the intellect. Hence of all people children are the most imaginative. They abandon themselves without reserve to every illusion. Every image which is strongly presented to their mental eye produces on them the effect of reality. No man, whatever his sensibility may be, is ever affected by Hamlet or Lear, as a little girl is affected by the story of poor Red Riding Hood. She knows that it is all false, that wolves cannot speak, that there are no wolves in England. Yet in spite of her knowledge she believes; she weeps; she trembles; she dares not go into a dark room lest she should feel the teeth of the monster at her throat. Such is the despotism of the imagination over uncultivated minds.

In a rude state of society men are children with a greater variety of ideas. It is therefore in such a state of society that we may expect to find the poetical temperament in its highest perfection. In an enlightened age there will be much intelligence, much science, much philosophy, abundance of just classification and subtle analysis, abundance of wit and eloquence, abundance of verses, and even of good ones; but little poetry. Men will judge and compare; but they will not create. They will talk about the old poets, and comment on them, and to a certain degree enjoy them. But they will scarcely be able to conceive the effect which poetry produced on their ruder ancestors, the agony, the ecstasy, the plenitude of belief. The Greek Rhapsodists, according to Plato, could scarce recite Homer without fall-

ing into convulsions. The Mohawk hardly feels the scalping-knife while he shouts his death-song. The power which the ancient bards of Wales and Germany exercised over their auditors seems to modern readers almost miraculous. Such feelings are very rare in a civilised community, and most rare among those who participate most in its improvements. They linger longest among the peasantry.

Poetry produces an illusion on the eye of the mind, as a magic lantern produces an illusion on the eye of the body. And, as the magic lantern acts best in a dark room, poetry effects its purpose most completely in a dark age. As the light of knowledge breaks in upon its exhibitions, as the outlines of certainty become more and more definite, and the shades of probability more and more distinct, the hues and lineaments of the phantoms which the poet calls up grow fainter and fainter. We cannot unite the incompatible advantages of reality and deception, the clear discernment of truth and the exquisite enjoyment of fiction.

He who, in an enlightened and literary society, aspires to be a great poet, must first become a little child. He must take to pieces the whole web of his mind. He must unlearn much of that knowledge which has perhaps constituted hitherto his chief title to superiority. His very talents will be a hindrance to him. His difficulties will be proportioned to his proficiency in the pursuits which are fashionable among his contemporaries; and that proficiency will in general be proportioned to the vigour and activity of his mind. And it is well if, after all his sacrifices and exertions, his works do not resemble a lisping man or a modern ruin. We have seen in our own time great talents, intense labour, and long meditation, employed in this struggle against the spirit of the age, and employed, we will not say absolutely in vain, but with dubious success and feeble applause.

If these reasonings be just, no poet has ever triumphed over greater difficulties than Milton. He received a learned education; he was a profound and elegant classical scholar; he had studied all the mysteries of Rabbinical literature; he was intimately acquainted with every language of modern

Europe from which either pleasure or information was then to be derived. He was perhaps the only great poet of later times who has been distinguished by the excellence of his Latin verse. The genius of Petrarch was scarcely of the first order; and his poems in the ancient language, though much praised by those who have never read them, are wretched compositions. Cowley, with all his admirable wit and ingenuity, had little imagination; nor indeed do we think his classical diction comparable to that of Milton. The authority of Johnson is against us on this point. But Johnson had studied the bad writers of the Middle Ages till he had become utterly insensible to the Augustan elegance, and was as ill qualified to judge between two Latin styles as a habitual drunkard to set up for a wine-taster.

Versification in a dead language is an exotic, a far-fetched, costly, sickly imitation of that which elsewhere may be found in healthful and spontaneous perfection. The soils on which this rarity flourishes are in general as ill suited to the production of vigorous native poetry as the flower-pots of a hothouse to the growth of oaks. That the author of the Paradise Lost should have written the Epistle to Manso was truly wonderful. Never before were such marked originality and such exquisite mimicry found together. Indeed, in all the Latin poems of Milton the artificial manner indispensable to such works is admirably preserved, while at the same time, his genius gives to them a peculiar charm, an air of nobleness and freedom, which distinguishes them from all other writings of the same class. They remind us of the amusements of those angelic warriors who composed the cohort of Gabriel:—

> "About him exercised heroic games
> The unarmed youth of heaven; but nigh at hand
> Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,
> Hung high, with diamond flaming and with gold."

We cannot look upon the sportive exercises for which the genius of Milton ungirds itself, without catching a glimpse of the gorgeous and terrible panoply which it is accustomed

to wear. The strength of his imagination triumphed over every obstacle. So intense and ardent was the fire of his mind, that it not only was not suffocated beneath the weight of fuel, but penetrated the whole superincumbent mass with its own heat and radiance.

It is not our intention to attempt anything like a complete examination of the poetry of Milton. The public has long been agreed as to the merit of the most remarkable passages, the incomparable harmony of the numbers, and the excellence of that style which no rival has been able to equal and no parodist to degrade, which displays in their highest perfection the idiomatic powers of the English tongue, and to which every ancient and every modern language has contributed something of grace, of energy, or of music. In the vast field of criticism on which we are entering, innumerable reapers have already put their sickles. Yet the harvest is so abundant that the negligent search of a straggling gleaner may be rewarded with a sheaf.

The most striking characteristic of the poetry of Milton is the extreme remoteness of the associations by means of which it acts on the reader. Its effect is produced, not so much by what it expresses, as by what it suggests; not so much by the ideas which it directly conveys, as by other ideas which are connected with them. He electrifies the mind through conductors. The most unimaginative man must understand the Iliad. Homer gives him no choice, and requires from him no exertion, but takes the whole upon himself, and sets the images in so clear a light that it is impossible to be blind to them. The works of Milton cannot be comprehended or enjoyed unless the mind of the reader co-operate with that of the writer. He does not paint a finished picture, or play for a mere passive listener. He sketches, and leaves others to fill up the outline. He strikes the key-note, and expects his hearer to make out the melody.

We often hear of the magical influence of poetry. The expression in general means nothing; but, applied to the writings of Milton, it is most appropriate. His poetry acts like an incantation. Its merit lies less in its obvious mean-

ing than in its occult power. There would seem, at first sight, to be no more in his words than in other words. But they are words of enchantment. No sooner are they pronounced, than the past is present and the distant near. New forms of beauty start at once into existence, and all the burial-places of the memory give up their dead. Change the structure of the sentence, substitute one synonym for another, and the whole effect is destroyed. The spell loses its power; and he who should then hope to conjure with it would find himself as much mistaken as Cassim in the Arabian tale, when he stood crying, "Open Wheat," "Open Barley," to the door which obeyed no sound but "Open Sesame." The miserable failure of Dryden in his attempt to translate into his own diction some parts of the Paradise Lost is a remarkable instance of this.

In support of these observations we may remark, that scarcely any passages in the poems of Milton are more generally known, or more frequently repeated, than those which are little more than muster-rolls of names. They are not always more appropriate or more melodious than other names. But they are charmed names. Every one of them is the first link in a long chain of associated ideas. Like the dwelling-place of our infancy revisited in manhood, like the song of our country heard in a strange land, they produce upon us an effect wholly independent of their intrinsic value. One transports us back to a remote period of history. Another places us among the novel scenes and manners of a distant region. A third evokes all the dear classical recollections of childhood, the schoolroom, the dog-eared Virgil, the holiday, and the prize. A fourth brings before us the splendid phantoms of chivalrous romance, the trophied lists, the embroidered housings, the quaint devices, the haunted forests, the enchanted gardens, the achievements of enamoured knights and the smiles of rescued princesses.

In none of the works of Milton is his peculiar manner more happily displayed than in the Allegro and the Penseroso. It is impossible to conceive that the mechanism of

language can be brought to a more exquisite degree of perfection. These poems differ from others as atar of roses differs from ordinary rose-water, the close-packed essence from the thin, diluted mixture. They are indeed not so much poems as collections of hints, from each of which the reader is to make out a poem for himself. Every epithet is a text for a stanza.

The Comus and the Samson Agonistes are works which, though of very different merit, offer some marked points of resemblance. Both are lyric poems in the form of plays. There are perhaps no two kinds of composition so essentially dissimilar as the drama and the ode. The business of the dramatist is to keep himself out of sight, and to let nothing appear but his characters. As soon as he attracts notice to his personal feelings, the illusion is broken. The effect is as unpleasant as that which is produced on the stage by the voice of a prompter or the entrance of a scene-shifter. Hence it was that the tragedies of Byron were his least successful performances. They resemble those pasteboard pictures invented by the friend of children, Mr. Newbery, in which a single movable head goes round twenty different bodies, so that the same face looks out upon us, successively, from the uniform of a hussar, the furs of a judge, and the rags of a beggar. In all the characters, patriots and tyrants, haters and lovers, the frown and sneer of Harold were discernible in an instant. But this species of egotism, though fatal to the drama, is the inspiration of the ode. It is the part of the lyric poet to abandon himself, without reserve, to his own emotions.

Between these hostile elements many great men have endeavoured to effect an amalgamation, but never with complete success. The Greek Drama, on the model of which the Samson was written, sprang from the Ode. The dialogue was ingrafted on the chorus, and naturally partook of its character. The genius of the greatest of the Athenian dramatists co-operated with the circumstances under which tragedy made its first appearance. Æschylus was, head and heart, a lyric poet. In his time the Greeks had far more

intercourse with the East than in the days of Homer; and they had not yet acquired that immense superiority in war, in science, and in the arts, which, in the following generation, led them to treat the Asiatics with contempt. From the narrative of Herodotus it should seem that they still looked up, with the veneration of disciples, to Egypt and Assyria. At this period, accordingly, it was natural that the literature of Greece should be tinctured with the Oriental style. And that style, we think, is discernible in the works of Pindar and Æschylus. The latter often reminds us of the Hebrew writers. The book of Job, indeed, in conduct and diction, bears a considerable resemblance to some of his dramas. Considered as plays, his works are absurd; considered as choruses, they are above all praise. If, for instance, we examine the address of Clytæmnestra to Agamemnon on his return, or the description of the seven Argive chiefs, by the principles of dramatic writing, we shall instantly condemn them as monstrous. But if we forget the characters, and think only of the poetry, we shall admit that it has never been surpassed in energy and magnificence. Sophocles made the Greek drama as dramatic as was consistent with its original form. His portraits of men have a sort of similarity; but it is the similarity not of a painting, but of a bas-relief. It suggests a resemblance; but it does not produce an illusion. Euripides attempted to carry the reform further. But it was a task far beyond his powers, perhaps beyond any powers. Instead of correcting what was bad, he destroyed what was excellent. He substituted crutches for stilts, bad sermons for good odes.

Milton, it is well known, admired Euripides highly; much more highly than, in our opinion, Euripides deserved. Indeed, the caresses which this partiality leads our countrymen to bestow on "sad Electra's poet," sometimes remind us of the beautiful Queen of Fairyland kissing the long ears of Bottom. At all events, there can be no doubt that this veneration for the Athenian, whether just or not, was injurious to the Samson Agonistes. Had Milton taken Æschylus for his model, he would have given himself up

to the lyric inspiration, and poured out profusely all the treasures of his mind, without bestowing a thought on those dramatic proprieties which the nature of the work rendered it impossible to preserve. In the attempt to reconcile things in their own nature inconsistent, he has failed, as every one else must have failed. We cannot identify ourselves with the characters, as in a good play. We cannot identify ourselves with the poet, as in a good ode. The conflicting ingredients, like an acid and an alkali mixed, neutralise each other. We are by no means insensible to the merits of this celebrated piece, to the severe dignity of the style, the graceful and pathetic solemnity of the opening speech, or the wild and barbaric melody which gives so striking an effect to the choral passages. But we think it, we confess, the least successful effort of the genius of Milton.

The Comus is framed on the model of the Italian Masque, as the Samson is framed on the model of the Greek Tragedy. It is certainly the noblest performance of the kind which exists in any language. It is as far superior to the faithful Shepherdess, as the Faithful Shepherdess is to the Aminta, or the Aminta to the Pastor Fido. It is well for Milton that he had here no Euripides to mislead him. He understood and loved the literature of modern Italy. But he did not feel for it the same veneration which he entertained for the remains of Athenian and Roman poetry, consecrated by so many lofty and endearing recollections. The faults, moreover, of his Italian predecessors were of a kind to which his mind had a deadly antipathy. He could stoop to a plain style, sometimes even to a bald style; but false brilliancy was his utter aversion. His Muse had no objection to a russet attire; but she turned with disgust from the finery of Guarini, as tawdry and as paltry as the rags of a chimney-sweeper on May-day. Whatever ornaments she wears are of massive gold, not only dazzling to the sight, but capable of standing the severest test of the crucible. Milton attended in the Comus to the distinction which he afterwards neglected in the Samson. He made his Masque what it ought to be, essentially lyrical, and dramatic only in

semblance. He has not attempted a fruitless struggle against a defect inherent in the nature of that species of composition; and he has therefore succeeded, wherever success was not impossible. The speeches must be read as majestic soliloquies; and he who so reads them will be enraptured with their eloquence, their sublimity, and their music. The interruptions of the dialogue, however, impose a constraint upon the writer, and break the illusion of the reader. The finest passages are those which are lyric in form as well as in spirit. "I should much commend," says the excellent Sir Henry Wotton in a letter to Milton, "the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Dorique delicacy in your songs and odes, whereunto, I must plainly confess to you, I have seen yet nothing parallel in our language." The criticism was just. It is when Milton escapes from the shackles of the dialogue, when he is discharged from the labour of uniting two incongruous styles, when he is at liberty to indulge his choral raptures without reserve, that he rises even above himself. Then, like his own Good Genius bursting from the earthly form and weeds of Thyrsis, he stands forth in celestial freedom and beauty; he seems to cry exultingly,—

> "Now my task is smoothly done,
> I can fly or I can run,"

to skim the earth, to soar above the clouds, to bathe in the Elysian dew of the rainbow, and to inhale the balmy smells of nard and cassia, which the musky wings of the zephyr scatter through the cedared alleys of the Hesperides.

There are several of the minor poems of Milton on which we would willingly make a few remarks. Still more willingly would we enter into a detailed examination of that admirable poem, the Paradise Regained, which, strangely enough, is scarcely ever mentioned except as an instance of the blindness of the parental affection which men of letters bear towards the offspring of their intellects. That Milton was mistaken in preferring this work, excellent as it is, to the Paradise Lost, we readily admit. But we are sure

that the superiority of the Paradise Lost to the Paradise Regained is not more decided than the superiority of the Paradise Regained to every poem which has since made its appearance. Our limits, however, prevent us from discussing the point at length. We hasten on to that extraordinary production which the general suffrage of critics has placed in the highest class of human compositions.

The only poem of modern times which can be compared with the Paradise Lost is the Divine Comedy. The subject of Milton, in some points, resembled that of Dante; but he has treated it in a widely different manner. We cannot, we think, better illustrate our opinion respecting our own great poet than by contrasting him with the father of Tuscan literature.

The poetry of Milton differs from that of Dante as the hieroglyphics of Egypt differed from the picture writing of Mexico. The images which Dante employs speak for themselves; they stand simply for what they are. Those of Milton have a signification which is often discernible only to the initiated. Their value depends less on what they directly represent than on what they remotely suggest. However strange, however grotesque, may be the appearance which Dante undertakes to describe, he never shrinks from describing it. He gives us the shape, the colour, the sound, the smell, the taste; he counts the numbers; he measures the size. His similes are the illustrations of a traveller. Unlike those of other poets, and especially of Milton, they are introduced in a plain, business-like manner; not for the sake of any beauty in the objects from which they are drawn; not for the sake of any ornament which they may impart to the poem; but simply in order to make the meaning of the writer as clear to the reader as it is to himself. The ruins of the precipice which led from the sixth to the seventh circle of hell were like those of the rock which fell into the Adige on the south of Trent. The cataract of Phlegethon was like that of Aqua Cheta at the monastery of St. Benedict. The place where the heretics were confined in burning tombs resembled the vast cemetery of Arles.

Now let us compare with the exact details of Dante the dim intimations of Milton. We will cite a few examples. The English poet has never thought of taking the measure of Satan. He gives us merely a vague idea of vast bulk. In one passage the fiend lies stretched out, huge in length, floating many a rood, equal in size to the earth-born enemies of Jove, or to the sea-monster which the mariner mistakes for an island. When he addresses himself to battle against the guardian angels, he stands like Teneriffe or Atlas: his stature reaches the sky. Contrast with these descriptions the lines in which Dante has described the gigantic spectre of Nimrod. "His face seemed to me as long and as broad as the ball of St. Peter's at Rome; and his other limbs were in proportion; so that the bank, which concealed him from the waist downwards, nevertheless showed so much of him that three tall Germans would in vain have attempted to reach to his hair." We are sensible that we do no justice to the admirable style of the Florentine poet. But Mr. Cary's translation is not at hand; and our version, however rude, is sufficient to illustrate our meaning.

Once more, compare the lazar-house in the eleventh book of the Paradise Lost with the last ward of Malebolge in Dante. Milton avoids the loathsome details, and takes refuge in indistinct but solemn and tremendous imagery; Despair hurrying from couch to couch to mock the wretches with his attendance; Death shaking his dart over them, but, in spite of supplications, delaying to strike. What says Dante? "There was such a moan there as there would be if all the sick who, between July and September, are in the hospitals of Valdichiana, and of the Tuscan swamps, and of Sardinia, were in one pit together; and such a stench was issuing forth as is wont to issue from decayed limbs."

We will not take upon ourselves the invidious office of settling precedency between two such writers. Each in his own department is incomparable; and each, we may remark, has wisely, or fortunately, taken a subject adapted to exhibit his peculiar talent to the greatest advantage. The Divine Comedy is a personal narrative. Dante is the eye-

witness and ear-witness of that which he relates. He is the very man who has heard the tormented spirits crying out for the second death; who has read the dusky characters on the portal within which there is no hope; who has hidden his face from the terrors of the Gorgon; who has fled from the hooks and the seething pitch of Barbariccia and Draghignazzo. His own hands have grasped the shaggy sides of Lucifer. His own feet have climbed the mountain of expiation. His own brow has been marked by the purifying angel. The reader would throw aside such a tale in incredulous disgust, unless it were told with the strongest air of veracity, with sobriety even in its horrors, with the greatest precision and multiplicity in its details. The narrative of Milton in this respect differs from that of Dante, as the adventures of Amadis differ from those of Gulliver. The author of Amadis would have made his book ridiculous if he had introduced those minute particulars which give such a charm to the work of Swift, the nautical observations, the affected delicacy about names, the official documents transcribed at full length, and all the unmeaning gossip and scandal of the court, springing out of nothing, and tending to nothing. We are not shocked at being told that a man who lived, nobody knows when, saw many very strange sights, and we can easily abandon ourselves to the illusion of the romance. But when Lemuel Gulliver, surgeon, resident at Rotherhithe, tells us of pygmies and giants, flying islands, and philosophising horses, nothing but such circumstantial touches could produce for a single moment a deception on the imagination.

Of all the poets who have introduced into their works the agency of supernatural beings, Milton has succeeded best. Here Dante decidedly yields to him; and as this is a point on which many rash and ill-considered judgments have been pronounced, we feel inclined to dwell on it a little longer. The most fatal error which a poet can possibly commit in the management of his machinery, is that of attempting to philosophise too much. Milton has been often censured for ascribing to spirits many functions of which spirits must be

incapable. But these objections, though sanctioned by eminent names, originate, we venture to say, in profound ignorance of the art of poetry.

What is spirit? What are our own minds, the portion of spirit with which we are best acquainted? We observe certain phænomena. We cannot explain them into material causes. We therefore infer that there exists something which is not material. But of this something we have no idea. We can define it only by negatives. We can reason about it only by symbols. We use the word, but we have no image of the thing; and the business of poetry is with images, and not with words. The poet uses words indeed; but they are merely the instruments of his art, not its objects. They are the materials which he is to dispose in such a manner as to present a picture to the mental eye. And if they are not so disposed, they are no more entitled to be called poetry than a bale of canvas and a box of colours to be called a painting.

Logicians may reason about abstractions; but the great mass of men must have images. The strong tendency of the multitude in all ages and nations to idolatry can be explained on no other principle. The first inhabitants of Greece, there is reason to believe, worshipped one invisible Deity. But the necessity of having something more definite to adore produced, in a few centuries, the innumerable crowd of gods and goddesses. In like manner the ancient Persians thought it impious to exhibit the Creator under a human form. Yet even these transferred to the sun the worship which, in speculation, they considered due only to the Supreme Mind. The history of the Jews is the record of a continued struggle between pure Theism, supported by the most terrible sanctions, and the strangely fascinating desire of having some visible and tangible object of adoration. Perhaps none of the secondary causes which Gibbon has assigned for the rapidity with which Christianity spread over the world, while Judaism scarcely ever acquired a proselyte, operated more powerfully than this feeling. God, the uncreated, the incomprehensible, the invisible, attracted

few worshippers. A philosopher might admire so noble a conception; but the crowd turned away in disgust from words which presented no image to their minds. It was before Deity, embodied in a human form, walking among men, partaking of their infirmities, leaning on their bosoms, weeping over their graves, slumbering in the manger, bleeding on the cross, that the prejudices of the Synagogue, and the doubts of the Academy, and the pride of the Portico, and the fasces of the Lictor, and the swords of thirty legions, were humbled in the dust. Soon after Christianity had achieved its triumph, the principle which had assisted it began to corrupt it. It became a new paganism. Patron saints assumed the offices of household gods. St. George took the place of Mars. St. Elmo consoled the mariner for the loss of Castor and Pollux. The Virgin Mother and Cecilia succeeded to Venus and the Muses. The fascination of sex and loveliness was again joined to that of celestial dignity; and the homage of chivalry was blended with that of religion. Reformers have often made a stand against these feelings; but never with more than apparent and partial success. The men who demolished the images in cathedrals have not always been able to demolish those which were enshrined in their minds. It would not be difficult to show that in politics the same rule holds good. Doctrines, we are afraid, must generally be embodied before they can excite a strong public feeling. The multitude is more easily interested for the most unmeaning badge, or the most insignificant name, than for the most important principle.

From these considerations, we infer that no poet who should affect that metaphysical accuracy for the want of which Milton has been blamed, would escape a disgraceful failure. Still, however, there was another extreme which, though far less dangerous, was also to be avoided. The imaginations of men are in a great measure under the control of their opinions. The most exquisite art of poetical colouring can produce no illusion when it is employed to represent that which is at once perceived to be incongruous and absurd. Milton wrote in an age of philosophers and

theologians. It was necessary, therefore, for him to abstain from giving such a shock to their understandings as might break the charm which it was his object to throw over their imaginations. This is the real explanation of the indistinctness and inconsistency with which he has often been reproached. Dr. Johnson acknowledges that it was absolutely necessary that the spirits should be clothed with material forms. "But," says he, "the poet should have secured the consistency of his system by keeping immateriality out of sight, and seducing the reader to drop it from his thoughts." This is easily said; but what if Milton could not seduce his readers to drop immateriality from their thoughts? What if the contrary opinion had taken so full a possession of the minds of men as to leave no room even for the half-belief which poetry requires? Such we suspect to have been the case. It was impossible for the poet to adopt altogether the material or the immaterial system. He therefore took his stand on the debatable ground. He left the whole in ambiguity. He has doubtless, by so doing, laid himself open to the charge of inconsistency. But, though philosophically in the wrong, we cannot but believe that he was poetically in the right. This task, which almost any other writer would have found impracticable, was easy to him. The peculiar art which he possessed of communicating his meaning circuitously through a long succession of associated ideas, and of intimating more than he expressed, enabled him to disguise those incongruities which he could not avoid.

Poetry which relates to the beings of another world ought to be at once mysterious and picturesque. That of Milton is so. That of Dante is picturesque indeed beyond any that ever was written. Its effect approaches to that produced by the pencil or the chisel. But it is picturesque to the exclusion of all mystery. This is a fault on the right side, a fault inseparable from the plan of Dante's poem, which, as we have already observed, rendered the utmost accuracy of description necessary. Still it is a fault. The supernatural agents excite an interest; but it is not the interest

which is proper to supernatural agents. We feel that we could talk to the ghosts and dæmons without any emotion of unearthly awe. We could, like Don Juan, ask them to supper, and eat heartily in their company. Dante's angels are good men with wings. His devils are spiteful, ugly executioners. His dead men are merely living men in strange situations. The scene which passes between the poet and Farinata is justly celebrated. Still, Farinata in the burning tomb is exactly what Farinata would have been at an *auto da fé*. Nothing can be more touching than the first interview of Dante and Beatrice. Yet what is it, but a lovely woman chiding, with sweet austere composure, the lover for whose affection she is grateful, but whose vices she reprobates? The feelings which give the passage its charm would suit the streets of Florence as well as the summit of the mount of Purgatory.

The spirits of Milton are unlike those of almost all other writers. His fiends, in particular, are wonderful creations. They are not metaphysical abstractions. They are not wicked men. They are not ugly beasts. They have no horns, no tails, none of the fee-faw-fum of Tasso and Klopstock. They have just enough in common with human nature to be intelligible to human beings. Their characters are, like their forms, marked by a certain dim resemblance to those of men, but exaggerated to gigantic dimensions, and veiled in mysterious gloom.

Perhaps the gods, and dæmons of Æschylus may best bear a comparison with the angels and devils of Milton. The style of the Athenian had, as we have remarked, something of the Oriental character; and the same peculiarity may be traced in his mythology. It has nothing of the amenity and elegance which we generally find in the superstitions of Greece. All is rugged, barbaric, and colossal. The legends of Æschylus seem to harmonise less with the fragrant groves and graceful porticoes in which his countrymen paid their vows to the God of Light and the Goddess of Desire, than with those huge and grotesque labyrinths of eternal granite in which Egypt enshrined her mystic Osiris, or in which

Hindoostan still bows down to her seven-headed idols. His favourite gods are those of the elder generation, the sons of heaven and earth, compared with whom Jupiter himself was a stripling and an upstart, the gigantic Titans, and the inexorable Furies. Foremost among his creations of this class stands Prometheus, half fiend, half redeemer, the friend of man, the sullen and implacable enemy of heaven. Prometheus bears undoubtedly a considerable resemblance to the Satan of Milton. In both we find the same impatience of control, the same ferocity, the same unconquerable pride. In both characters also are mingled, though in very different proportions, some kind and generous feelings. Prometheus, however, is hardly superhuman enough. He talks too much of his chains and his uneasy posture; he is rather too much depressed and agitated. His resolution seems to depend on the knowledge which he possesses that he holds the fate of his torturer in his hands, and that the hour of his release will surely come. But Satan is a creature of another sphere. The might of his intellectual nature is victorious over the extremity of pain. Amidst agonies which cannot be conceived without horror, he deliberates, resolves, and even exults. Against the sword of Michael, against the thunder of Jehovah, against the flaming lake, and the marl burning with solid fire, against the prospect of an eternity of unintermitted misery, his spirit bears up unbroken, resting on its own innate energies, requiring no support from anything external, nor even from hope itself.

To return for a moment to the parallel which we have been attempting to draw between Milton and Dante, we would add that the poetry of these great men has in a considerable degree taken its character from their moral qualities. They are not egotists. They rarely obtrude their idiosyncrasies on their readers. They have nothing in common with those modern beggars for fame who extort a pittance from the compassion of the inexperienced by exposing the nakedness and sores of their minds. Yet it would be difficult to name two writers whose works have been more completely, though undesignedly, coloured by their personal feelings.

The character of Milton was peculiarly distinguished by loftiness of spirit; that of Dante by intensity of feeling. In every line of the Divine Comedy we discern the asperity which is produced by pride struggling with misery. There is perhaps no work in the world so deeply and uniformly sorrowful. The melancholy of Dante was no fantastic caprice. It was not, as far as at this distance of time can be judged, the effect of external circumstances. It was from within. Neither love nor glory, neither the conflicts of earth nor the hope of heaven, could dispel it. It turned every consolation and every pleasure into its own nature. It resembled that noxious Sardinian soil of which the intense bitterness is said to have been perceptible even in its honey. His mind was, in the noble language of the Hebrew poet, "a land of darkness, as darkness itself, and where the light was as darkness." The gloom of his character discolours all the passions of men and all the face of nature, and tinges with its own livid hue the flowers of Paradise and the glories of the eternal throne. All the portraits of him are singularly characteristic. No person can look on the features, noble even to ruggedness, the dark furrows of the cheek, the haggard and woful stare of the eye, the sullen and contemptuous curve of the lip, and doubt that they belong to a man too proud and too sensitive to be happy.

Milton was, like Dante, a statesman and a lover; and, like Dante, he had been unfortunate in ambition and in love. He had survived his health and his sight, the comforts of his home, and the prosperity of his party. Of the great men by whom he had been distinguished at his entrance into life, some had been taken away from the evil to come; some had carried into foreign climates their unconquerable hatred of oppression; some were pining in dungeons; and some had poured forth their blood on scaffolds. Venal and licentious scribblers, with just sufficient talent to clothe the thoughts of a pandar in the style of a bellman, were now the favourite writers of the sovereign and of the public. It was a loathsome herd, which could be compared to nothing so fitly as to the rabble of Comus, grotesque monsters, half bestial, half

human, dropping with wine, bloated with gluttony, and reeling in obscene dances. Amidst these that fair Muse was placed, like the chaste lady of the Masque, lofty, spotless, and serene, to be chattered at, and pointed at, and grinned at, by the whole rout of Satyrs and Goblins. If ever despondency and asperity could be excused in any man, they might have been excused in Milton. But the strength of his mind overcame every calamity. Neither blindness, nor gout, nor age, nor penury, nor domestic afflictions, nor political disappointments, nor abuse, nor proscription, nor neglect, had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience. His spirits do not seem to have been high, but they were singularly equable. His temper was serious, perhaps stern; but it was a temper which no sufferings could render sullen or fretful. Such as it was when, on the eve of great events, he returned from his travels, in the prime of health and manly beauty, loaded with literary distinctions, and glowing with patriotic hopes, such it continued to be when, after having experienced every calamity which is incident to our nature, old, poor, sightless, and disgraced, he retired to his hovel to die.

Hence it was that, though he wrote the Paradise Lost at a time of life when images of beauty and tenderness are in general beginning to fade, even from those minds in which they have not been effaced by anxiety and disappointment, he adorned it with all that is most lovely and delightful in the physical and in the moral world. Neither Theocritus nor Ariosto had a finer or a more healthful sense of the pleasantness of external objects, or loved better to luxuriate amidst sunbeams and flowers, the songs of nightingales, the juice of summer fruits, and the coolness of shady fountains. His conception of love unites all the voluptuousness of the Oriental harem, and all the gallantry of the chivalric tournament, with all the pure and quiet affection of an English fireside. His poetry reminds us of the miracles of Alpine scenery. Nooks and dells, beautiful as fairyland, are embosomed in its most rugged and gigantic elevations. The roses and myrtles bloom unchilled on the verge of the avalanche.

Traces, indeed, of the peculiar character of Milton may be found in all his works; but it is most strongly displayed in the Sonnets. Those remarkable poems have been undervalued by critics who have not understood their nature. They have no epigrammatic point. There is none of the ingenuity of Filicaja in the thought, none of the hard and brilliant enamel of Petrarch in the style. They are simple but majestic records of the feelings of the poet; as little tricked out for the public eye as his diary would have been. A victory, an expected attack upon the city, a momentary fit of depression or exultation, a jest thrown out against one of his books, a dream which for a short time restored to him that beautiful face over which the grave had closed forever, led him to musings which, without effort, shaped themselves into verse. The unity of sentiment and severity of style which characterised these little pieces remind us of the Greek Anthology, or perhaps still more of the Collects of the English Liturgy. The noble poem on the Massacres of Piedmont is strictly a collect in verse.

The Sonnets are more or less striking, according as the occasions which gave birth to them are more or less interesting. But they are, almost without exception, dignified by a sobriety and greatness of mind to which we know not where to look for a parallel. It would, indeed, be scarcely safe to draw any decided inferences as to the character of a writer from passages directly egotistical. But the qualities which we have ascribed to Milton, though perhaps most strongly marked in those parts of his works which treat of his personal feelings, are distinguishable in every page, and impart to all his writings, prose and poetry, English, Latin, and Italian, a strong family likeness.

His public conduct was such as was to be expected from a man of a spirit so high and of an intellect so powerful. He lived at one of the most memorable eras in the history of mankind; at the very crisis of the great conflict between Oromasdes and Arimanes, liberty and despotism, reason and prejudice. That great battle was fought for no single generation, for no single land. The destinies of the human race

were staked on the same cast with the freedom of the English people. Then were first proclaimed those mighty principles which have since worked their way into the depths of the American forests, which have roused Greece from the slavery and degradation of two thousand years, and which, from one end of Europe to the other, have kindled an unquenchable fire in the hearts of the oppressed, and loosed the knees of the oppressors with an unwonted fear.

Of those principles, then struggling for their infant existence, Milton was the most devoted and eloquent literary champion. We need not say how much we admire his public conduct. But we cannot disguise from ourselves that a large portion of his countrymen still think it unjustifiable. The Civil War, indeed, has been more discussed, and is less understood, than any event in English history. The friends of liberty laboured under the disadvantage of which the lion in the fable complained so bitterly. Though they were the conquerors, their enemies were the painters. As a body, the Roundheads had done their utmost to decry and ruin literature; and literature was even with them, as, in the long run, it always is with its enemies. The best book on their side of the question is the charming narrative of Mrs. Hutchinson. May's History of the Parliament is good; but it breaks off at the most interesting crisis of the struggle. The performance of Ludlow is foolish and violent; and most of the later writers who have espoused the same cause, Oldmixon, for instance, and Catharine Macaulay, have, to say the least, been more distinguished by zeal than either by candour or by skill. On the other side are the most authoritative and the most popular historical works in our language, that of Clarendon, and that of Hume. The former is not only ably written and full of valuable information, but has also an air of dignity and sincerity which makes even the prejudices and errors with which it abounds respectable. Hume, from whose fascinating narrative the great mass of the reading public are still contented to take their opinions, hated religion so much that he hated liberty for having been allied with religion, and has pleaded the cause of tyranny with the dexterity

of an advocate, while affecting the impartiality of a judge.

The public conduct of Milton must be approved or condemned, according as the resistance of the people to Charles the First shall appear to be justifiable or criminal. We shall therefore make no apology for dedicating a few pages to the discussion of that interesting and most important question. We shall not argue it on general grounds. We shall not recur to those primary principles from which the claim of any government to the obedience of its subjects is to be deduced. We are entitled to that vantage-ground; but we will relinquish it. We are, on this point, so confident of superiority, that we are not unwilling to imitate the ostentatious generosity of those ancient knights, who vowed to joust without helmet or shield against all enemies, and to give their antagonists the advantage of sun and wind. We will take the naked constitutional question. We confidently affirm, that every reason which can be urged in favour of the Revolution of 1688 may be urged with at least equal force in favour of what is called the Great Rebellion.

In one respect only, we think, can the warmest admirers of Charles venture to say that he was a better sovereign than his son. He was not, in name and profession, a Papist; we say in name and profession, because both Charles himself and his creature Laud, while they abjured the innocent badges of Popery, retained all its worst vices, a complete subjection of reason to authority, a weak preference of form to substance, a childish passion for mummeries, an idolatrous veneration for the priestly character, and, above all, a merciless intolerance. This, however, we waive. We will concede that Charles was a good Protestant; but we say that his Protestantism does not make the slightest distinction between his case and that of James.

The principles of the Revolution have often been grossly misrepresented, and never more than in the course of the present year. There is a certain class of men who, while they profess to hold in reverence the great names and great actions of former times, never look at them for any other

purpose than in order to find in them some excuse for existing abuses. In every venerable precedent they pass by what is essential, and take only what is accidental: they keep out of sight what is beneficial, and hold up to public imitation all that is defective. If, in any part of any great example there be anything unsound, these flesh-flies detect it with an unerring instinct, and dart upon it with a ravenous delight. If some good end has been attained in spite of them, they feel, with their prototype, that their

> "... labour must be to pervert that end,
> And out of good still to find means of evil."

To the blessings which England has derived from the Revolution these people are utterly insensible. The expulsion of a tyrant, the solemn recognition of popular rights, liberty, security, toleration, all go for nothing with them. One sect there was, which, from unfortunate temporary causes, it was thought necessary to keep under close restraint. One part of the empire there was so unhappily circumstanced, that at that time its misery was necessary to our happiness, and its slavery to our freedom. These are the parts of the Revolution which the politicians of whom we speak love to contemplate, and which seem to them not indeed to vindicate, but in some degree to palliate, the good which it has produced. Talk to them of Naples, of Spain, or of South America: they stand forth zealots for the doctrine of Divine Right, which has now come back to us, like a thief from transportation, under the *alias* of Legitimacy. But mention the miseries of Ireland. Then William is a hero. Then Somers and Shrewsbury are great men. Then the Revolution is a glorious era. The very same persons who, in this country, never omit an opportunity of reviving every wretched Jacobite slander respecting the Whigs of that period, have no sooner crossed St. George's Channel, than they begin to fill their bumpers to the glorious and immortal memory. They may truly boast that they look not at men, but at measures. So that evil be done, they care not who does it; the arbitrary Charles or

the liberal William, Ferdinand the Catholic or Frederic the Protestant. On such occasions their deadliest opponents may reckon upon their candid construction. The bold assertions of these people have of late impressed a large portion of the public with an opinion that James the Second was expelled simply because he was a Catholic, and that the Revolution was essentially a Protestant Revolution.

But this certainly was not the case, nor can any person who has acquired more knowledge of the history of those times than is to be found in Goldsmith's Abridgment, believe that, if James had held his own religious opinions without wishing to make proselytes, or if, wishing even to make proselytes, he had contented himself with exerting only his constitutional influence for that purpose, the Prince of Orange would ever have been invited over. Our ancestors, we suppose, knew their own meaning; and, if we may believe them, their hostility was primarily not to Popery, but to tyranny. They did not drive out a tyrant because he was a Catholic; but they excluded Catholics from the crown, because they thought them likely to be tyrants. The ground on which they, in their famous resolution, declared the throne vacant, was this, "that James had broken the fundamental laws of the kingdom." Every man, therefore, who approves of the Revolution of 1688 must hold that the breach of fundamental laws on the part of the sovereign justifies resistance. The question, then, is this: Had Charles the First broken the fundamental laws of England?

No person can answer in the negative unless he refuses credit, not merely to all the accusations brought against Charles by his opponents, but to the narratives of the warmest Royalists, and to the confessions of the king himself. If there be any truth in any historian of any party who has related the events of that reign, the conduct of Charles from his accession to the meeting of the Long Parliament, had been a continued course of oppression and treachery. Let those who applaud the Revolution and condemn the Rebellion mention one act of James the Second to which a parallel

is not to be found in the history of his father. Let them lay their fingers on a single article in the Declaration of Right, presented by the two Houses to William and Mary, which Charles is not acknowledged to have violated. He had, according to the testimony of his own friends, usurped the functions of the legislature, raised taxes without the consent of parliament, and quartered troops on the people in the most illegal and vexatious manner. Not a single session of parliament had passed without some unconstitutional attack upon the freedom of debate. The right of petition was grossly violated; arbitrary judgments, exorbitant fines, and unwarranted imprisonments, were grievances of daily occurrence. If these things do not justify resistance, the Revolution was treason; if they do, the great Rebellion was laudable.

But, it is said, why not adopt milder measures? Why, after the King had consented to so many reforms and renounced so many oppressive prerogatives, did the parliament continue to rise in their demands at the risk of provoking a civil war? The ship-money had been given up, the Star Chamber had been abolished, provision had been made for the frequent convocation and secure deliberation of parliaments. Why not pursue an end confessedly good by peaceable and regular means? We recur again to the analogy of the Revolution. Why was James driven from the throne? Why was he not retained upon conditions? He too had offered to call a free parliament, and to submit to its decision all the matters in dispute. Yet we are in the habit of praising our forefathers, who preferred a revolution, a disputed succession, a dynasty of strangers, twenty years of foreign and intestine war, a standing army, and a national debt, to the rule, however restricted, of a tried and proved tyrant. The Long Parliament acted on the same principle, and is entitled to the same praise. They could not trust the king. He had, no doubt, passed salutary laws; but what assurance was there that he would not break them? He had renounced oppressive prerogatives; but where was the security that he would not resume them? The nation had to deal with a man whom

no tie could bind, a man who made and broke promises with equal facility, a man whose honour had been a hundred times pawned, and never redeemed.

Here, indeed, the Long Parliament stands on still stronger ground than the Convention of 1688. No action of James can be compared to the conduct of Charles with respect to the Petition of Right. The Lords and Commons present him with a bill in which the constitutional limits of his power are marked out. He hesitates; he evades; at last he bargains to give his assent for five subsidies. The bill receives his solemn assent: the subsidies are voted; but no sooner is the tyrant relieved than he returns at once to all the arbitrary measures which he had bound himself to abandon, and violates all the clauses of the very Act which he had been paid to pass.

For more than ten years the people had seen the rights which were theirs by a double claim, by immemorable inheritance, and by recent purchase, infringed by the perfidious king who had recognized them. At length circumstances compelled Charles to summon another parliament. Another chance was given to our fathers: were they to throw it away as they had thrown away the former? Were they again to be cozened by *le Roi le veut?* Were they again to advance their money on pledges which had been forfeited over and over again? Were they to lay a second Petition of Right at the foot of the throne, to grant another lavish aid in exchange for another unmeaning ceremony, and then to take their departure, till, after ten years more of fraud and oppression, their prince should again require a supply, and again repay it with a perjury? They were compelled to choose whether they would trust a tyrant or conquer him. We think that they chose wisely and nobly.

The advocates of Charles, like the advocates of other malefactors against whom overwhelming evidence is produced, generally decline all controversy about the facts, and content themselves with calling testimony to character. He had so many private virtues! and had James the Second no private virtues? Was Oliver Cromwell, his bitterest enemies them-

selves being judges, destitute of private virtues? And what, after all, are the virtues ascribed to Charles? A religious zeal, not more sincere than that of his son, and fully as weak and narrow-minded, and a few of the ordinary household decencies which half the tombstones in England claim for those who lie beneath them. A good father! A good husband! Ample apologies indeed for fifteen years of persecution, tyranny, and falsehood!

We charge him with having broken his coronation oath; and we are told that he kept his marriage vow! We accuse him of having given up his people to the merciless inflictions of the most hot-headed and hard-hearted of prelates; and the defence is that he took his little son on his knee and kissed him! We censure him for having violated the articles of the Petition of Right, after having, for a good and valuable consideration, promised to observe them; and we are informed that he was accustomed to hear prayers at six o'clock in the morning! It is to such considerations as these, together with his Vandyke dress, his handsome face, and his peaked beard, that he owes, we verily believe, most of his popularity with the present generation.

For ourselves, we own that we do not understand the common phrase, a good man, but a bad king. We can as easily conceive a good man and an unnatural father, or a good man and a treacherous friend. We cannot, in estimating the character of an individual, leave out of our consideration his conduct in the most important of all human relations; and if in that relation we find him to have been selfish, cruel, and deceitful, we shall take the liberty to call him a bad man, in spite of all his temperance at table, and all his regularity at chapel.

We cannot refrain from adding a few words respecting a topic on which the defenders of Charles are fond of dwelling. If, they say, he governed his people ill, he at least governed them after the example of his predecessors. If he violated their privileges, it was because those privileges had not been accurately defined. No act of oppression has ever been imputed to him which has not a parallel in the

annals of the Tudors. This point Hume has laboured, with an art which is as discreditable in an historical work as it would be admirable in a forensic address. The answer is short, clear, and decisive. Charles had assented to the Petition of Right. He had renounced the oppressive powers said to have been exercised by his predecessors, and he had renounced them for money. He was not entitled to set up his antiquated claims against his own recent release.

These arguments are so obvious that it may seem superfluous to dwell upon them; but those who have observed how much the events of that time are misrepresented and misunderstood, will not blame us for stating the case simply. It is a case of which the simplest statement is the strongest.

The enemies of the Parliament, indeed, rarely choose to take issue on the great points of the question. They content themselves with exposing some of the crimes and follies to which public commotions necessarily give birth. They bewail the unmerited fate of Strafford. They execrate the lawless violence of the army. They laugh at the Scriptural names of the preachers. Major-generals fleecing their districts; soldiers revelling on the spoils of a ruined peasantry; upstarts, enriched by the public plunder, taking possession of the hospitable firesides and hereditary trees of the old gentry; boys smashing the beautiful windows of cathedrals; Quakers riding naked through the market-place; Fifth-monarchy men shouting for King Jesus; agitators lecturing from the tops of tubs on the fate of Agag;—all these, they tell us, were the offspring of the Great Rebellion.

Be it so. We are not careful to answer in this matter. These charges, were they infinitely more important, would not alter our opinion of an event which alone has made us to differ from the slaves who crouch beneath despotic sceptres. Many evils, no doubt, were produced by the Civil War. They were the price of our liberty. Has the acquisition been worth the sacrifice? It is the nature of the Devil of tyranny to tear and rend the body which he leaves. Are the miseries of continued possession less horrible than the struggles of the tremendous exorcism?

If it were possible that a people brought up under an intolerant and arbitrary system could subvert that system without acts of cruelty and folly, half the objections to despotic power would be removed. We should, in that case, be compelled to acknowledge that it at least produces no pernicious effects on the intellectual and moral character of a nation. We deplore the outrages which accompany revolutions. But the more violent the outrages, the more assured we feel that a revolution was necessary. The violence of those outrages will always be proportioned to the ferocity and ignorance of the people, and the ferocity and ignorance of the people will be proportioned to the oppression and degradation under which they have been accustomed to live. Thus it was in our Civil War. The heads of the church and state reaped only that which they had sown. The government had prohibited free discussion; it had done its best to keep the people unacquainted with their duties and their rights. The retribution was just and natural. If our rulers suffered from popular ignorance, it was because they had themselves taken away the key of knowledge. If they were assailed with blind fury, it was because they had exacted an equally blind submission.

It is the character of such revolutions that we always see the worst of them first. Till men have been some time free, they know not how to use their freedom. The natives of wine countries are generally sober. In climates where wine is a rarity intemperance abounds. A newly liberated people may be compared to a northern army encamped on the Rhine or the Xeres. It is said that, when soldiers in such a situation first find themselves able to indulge without restraint in such a rare and expensive luxury, nothing is to be seen but intoxication. Soon, however, plenty teaches discretion, and, after wine has been for a few months their daily fare, they become more temperate than they had ever been in their own country. In the same manner, the final and permanent fruits of liberty are wisdom, moderation, and mercy. Its immediate effects are often atrocious crimes, conflicting errors, scepticism on points the most clear, dog-

matism on points the most mysterious. It is just at this crisis that its enemies love to exhibit it. They pull down the scaffolding from the half-finished edifice; they point to the flying dust, the falling bricks, the comfortless rooms, the frightful irregularity of the whole appearance; and then ask in scorn where the promised splendour and comfort is to be found. If such miserable sophisms were to prevail, there would never be a good house or a good government in the world.

Ariosto tells a pretty story of a fairy, who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise were forever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love and victorious in war. Such a spirit is Liberty. At times she takes the form of a hateful reptile. She grovels, she hisses, she stings. But woe to those who in disgust shall venture to crush her! And happy are those who, having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and her glory.

There is only one cure for the evils which newly acquired freedom produces; and that cure is freedom. When a prisoner first leaves his cell he cannot bear the light of day; he is unable to discriminate colours, or recognise faces. But the remedy is, not to remand him into his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun. The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinion subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to contend, and begin to

coalesce. And at length a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos.

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim. If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait forever.

Therefore it is that we decidedly approve of the conduct of Milton and the other wise and good men who, in spite of much that was ridiculous and hateful in the conduct of their associates, stood firmly by the cause of Public Liberty. We are not aware that the poet has been charged with personal participation in any of the blameable excesses of that time. The favourite topic of his enemies is the line of conduct which he pursued with regard to the execution of the King. Of that celebrated proceeding we by no means approve. Still we must say, in justice to the many eminent persons who concurred in it, and in justice more particularly to the eminent person who defended it, that nothing can be more absurd than the imputations which, for the last hundred and sixty years, it has been the fashion to cast upon the Regicides. We have, throughout, abstained from appealing to first principles. We will not appeal to them now. We recur again to the parallel case of the Revolution. What essential distinction can be drawn between the execution of the father and the deposition of the son? What constitutional maxim is there which applies to the former and not to the latter? The King can do no wrong. If so, James was as innocent as Charles could have been. The minister only ought to be responsible for the acts of the Sovereign. If so, why not impeach Jefferies and retain James? The person of a King is sacred. Was the person of James considered sacred at the Boyne? To discharge cannon against an army in which a King is known to be posted is to approach pretty near to regicide. Charles, too, it should always be remembered, was put to death by men who had

been exasperated by the hostilities of several years, and who had never been bound to him by any other tie than that which was common to them with all their fellow citizens. Those who drove James from his throne, who seduced his army, who alienated his friends, who first imprisoned him in his palace and then turned him out of it, who broke in upon his very slumbers by imperious messages, who pursued him with fire and sword from one part of the empire to another, who hanged, drew, and quartered his adherents and attainted his innocent heir, were his nephew and his two daughters. When we reflect on all these things, we are at a loss to conceive how the same persons who, on the fifth of November, thank God for wonderfully conducting his servant William, and for making all opposition fall before him until he became our King and Governor, can, on the thirtieth of January, contrive to be afraid that the blood of the Royal Martyr may be visited on themselves and their children.

We disapprove, we repeat, of the execution of Charles; not because the constitution exempts the King from responsibility, for we know that all such maxims, however excellent, have their exceptions; nor because we feel any peculiar interest in his character, for we think that his sentence describes him with perfect justice as "a tyrant, a traitor, a murderer, and a public enemy"; but because we are convinced that the measure was most injurious to the cause of freedom. He whom it removed was a captive and a hostage: his heir, to whom the allegiance of every Royalist was instantly transferred, was at large. The Presbyterians could never have been perfectly reconciled to the father: they had no such rooted enmity to the son. The great body of the people also contemplated that proceeding with feelings which, however unreasonable, no government could safely venture to outrage.

But though we think the conduct of the Regicides blameable, that of Milton appears to us in a very different light. The deed was done. It could not be undone. The evil was incurred; and the object was to render it as small as pos-

sible. We censure the chiefs of the army for not yielding to the popular opinion; but we cannot censure Milton for wishing to change that opinion. The very feeling which would have restrained us from committing the act, would have led us, after it had been committed, to defend it against the ravings of servility and superstition. For the sake of public liberty, we wish that the thing had not been done while the people disapproved of it. But, for the sake of public liberty, we should also have wished the people to approve of it when it was done. If anything more were wanting to the justification of Milton, the book of Salmasius would furnish it. That miserable performance is now with justice considered only as a beacon to word-catchers who wish to become statesmen. The celebrity of the man who refuted it, the "Æneæ magni dextra," gives it all its fame with the present generation. In that age the state of things was different. It was not then fully understood how vast an interval separates the mere classical scholar from the political philosopher. Nor can it be doubted that a treatise which, bearing the name of so eminent a critic, attacked the fundamental principles of all free governments, must, if suffered to remain unanswered, have produced a most pernicious effect on the public mind.

We wish to add a few words relative to another subject on which the enemies of Milton delight to dwell, his conduct during the administration of the Protector. That an enthusiastic votary of liberty should accept office under a military usurper seems, no doubt, at first sight, extraordinary. But all the circumstances in which the country was then placed were extraordinary. The ambition of Oliver was of no vulgar kind. He never seems to have coveted despotic power. He at first fought sincerely and manfully for the Parliament, and never deserted it till it had deserted its duty. If he dissolved it by force, it was not till he found that the few members who remained after so many deaths, secessions, and expulsions, were desirous to appropriate to themselves a power which they held only in trust, and to inflict upon England the curse of a Venetian oligarchy. But even when thus placed

by violence at the head of affairs, he did not assume unlimited power. He gave the country a constitution far more perfect than any which had at that time been known in the world. He reformed the representative system in a manner which has extorted praise even from Lord Clarendon. For himself he demanded indeed the first place in the commonwealth; but with powers scarcely so great as those of a Dutch stadtholder or an American president. He gave the Parliament a voice in the appointment of ministers, and left to it the whole legislative authority, not even reserving to himself a veto on its enactments; and he did not require that the chief magistracy should be hereditary in his family. Thus far, we think, if the circumstances of the time and the opportunities which he had of aggrandising himself be fairly considered, he will not lose by comparison with Washington or Bolivar. Had his moderation been met by corresponding moderation, there is no reason to think that he would have overstepped the line which he had traced for himself. But when he found that his parliaments questioned the authority under which they met, and that he was in danger of being deprived of the restricted power which was absolutely necessary to his personal safety, then, it must be acknowledged, he adopted a more arbitrary policy.

Yet, though we believe that the intentions of Cromwell were at first honest, though we believe that he was driven from the noble course which he had marked out for himself by the almost irresistible force of circumstances, though we admire, in common with all men of all parties, the ability and energy of his splendid administration, we are not pleading for arbitrary and lawless power, even in his hands. We know that a good constitution is infinitely better than the best despot. But we suspect that, at the time of which we speak, the violence of religious and political enmities rendered a stable and happy settlement next to impossible. The choice lay, not between Cromwell and liberty, but between Cromwell and the Stuarts. That Milton chose well, no man can doubt who fairly compares the events of the Protectorate with those of the thirty years which succeeded it, the darkest

and most disgraceful in the English annals. Cromwell was evidently laying, though in an irregular manner, the foundations of an admirable system. Never before had religious liberty and the freedom of discussion been enjoyed in a greater degree. Never had the national honour been better upheld abroad, or the seat of justice better filled at home. And it was rarely that any opposition which stopped short of open rebellion provoked the resentment of the liberal and magnanimous usurper. The institutions which he had established, as set down in the Instrument of Government, and the Humble Petition and Advice, were excellent. His practice, it is true, too often departed from the theory of these institutions. But, had he lived a few years longer, it is probable that his institutions would have survived him, and that his arbitrary practice would have died with him. His power had not been consecrated by ancient prejudices. It was upheld only by his great personal qualities. Little, therefore, was to be dreaded from a second Protector, unless he were also a second Oliver Cromwell. The events which followed his decease are the most complete vindication of those who exerted themselves to uphold his authority. His death dissolved the whole frame of society. The army rose against the parliament, the different corps of the army against each other. Sect raved against sect. Party plotted against party. The Presbyterians, in their eagerness to be revenged on the Independents, sacrificed their own liberty, and deserted all their old principles. Without casting one glance on the past, or requiring one stipulation for the future, they threw down their freedom at the feet of the most frivolous and heartless of tyrants.

Then came those days, never to be recalled without a blush, the days of servitude without loyalty, and sensuality without love, of dwarfish talents and gigantic vices, the paradise of cold hearts and narrow minds; the golden age of the coward, the bigot, and the slave. The King cringed to his rival that he might trample on his people, sank into a viceroy of France, and pocketed, with complacent infamy, her degrading insults and her more degrading gold. The caresses of har-

lots, and the jests of buffoons, regulated the policy of the state. The government had just ability enough to deceive, and just religion enough to persecute. The principles of liberty were the scoff of every grinning courtier, and the Anathema Maranatha of every fawning dean. In every high place, worship was paid to Charles and James, Belial and Moloch; and England propitiated those obscene and cruel idols with the blood of her best and bravest children. Crime succeeded to crime, and disgrace to disgrace, till the race accursed of God and man was a second time driven forth, to wander on the face of the earth, and to be a by-word and a shaking of the head to the nations.

Most of the remarks which we have hitherto made on the public character of Milton, apply to him only as one of a large body. We shall proceed to notice some of the peculiarities which distinguished him from his contemporaries. And, for that purpose, it is necessary to take a short survey of the parties into which the political world was at that time divided. We must premise that our observations are intended to apply only to those who adhered, from a sincere preference, to one or to the other side. In days of public commotion, every faction, like an Oriental army, is attended by a crowd of camp-followers, a useless and heartless rabble, who prowl round its line of march in the hope of picking up something under its protection, but desert it in the day of battle, and often join to exterminate it after a defeat. England, at the time of which we are treating, abounded with fickle and selfish politicians, who transferred their support to every government as it rose; who kissed the hand of the king in 1640, and spat in his face in 1649; who shouted with equal glee when Cromwell was inaugurated in Westminster Hall, and when he was dug up to be hanged at Tyburn; who dined on calves' heads or on broiled rumps, and cut down oak branches or stuck them up, as circumstances altered, without the slightest shame or repugnance. These we leave out of the account. We take our estimate of parties from those who really deserve to be called partisans.

We would speak first of the Puritans, the most remarkable

body of men, perhaps, which the world has ever produced. The odious and ridiculous parts of their character lie on the surface. He that runs may read them; nor have there been wanting attentive and malicious observers to point them out. For many years after the Restoration, they were the theme of unmeasured invective and derision. They were exposed to the utmost licentiousness of the press and of the stage, at the time when the press and the stage were most licentious. They were not men of letters; they were, as a body, unpopular; they could not defend themselves; and the public would not take them under its protection. They were therefore abandoned, without reserve, to the tender mercies of the satirists and dramatists. The ostentatious simplicity of their dress, their sour aspect, their nasal twang, their stiff posture, their long graces, their Hebrew names, the Scriptural phrases which they introduced on every occasion, their contempt of human learning, their detestation of polite amusements, were indeed fair game for the laughers. But it is not from the laughers alone that the philosophy of history is to be learnt. And he who approaches this subject should carefully guard against the influence of that potent ridicule which has already misled so many excellent writers.

> *"Ecco il fonte del riso, ed ecco il rio*
> *Che mortali perigli in se contiene:*
> *Hor qui tener a fren nostro desio,*
> *Ed esser cauti molto a noi conviene."*

Those who roused the people to resistance; who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years; who formed, out of the most unpromising materials, the finest army that Europe had ever seen; who trampled down King, Church, and Aristocracy; who, in the short intervals of domestic sedition and rebellion, made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth, were no vulgar fanatics. Most of their absurdities were mere external badges, like the signs of freemasonry, or the dresses of friars. We regret that these badges were not more attractive. We regret that a body to whose courage and talents mankind has owed inestimable obligations had not the lofty

elegance which distinguished some of the adherents of Charles the First, or the easy good-breeding for which the court of Charles the Second was celebrated. But, if we must make our choice, we shall, like Bassanio in the play, turn from the specious caskets which contain only the Death's head and the Fool's head, and fix on the plain leaden chest which conceals the treasure.

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on his intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognised no title to superiority but his favour; and, confident of that favour, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language,

nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged, on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest; who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the Evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had risen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God.

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker; but he set foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half-maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or awoke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or in the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military

affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world, like Sir Artegal's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities; insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain; not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

Such we believe to have been the character of the Puritans. We perceive the absurdity of their manners. We dislike the sullen gloom of their domestic habits. We acknowledge that the tone of their minds was often injured by straining after things too high for mortal reach; and we know that, in spite of their hatred of Popery, they too often fell into the worst vices of that bad system, intolerance and extravagant austerity; that they had their anchorites and their crusades, their Dunstans and their De Montforts, their Dominics and their Escobars. Yet, when all circumstances are taken into consideration, we do not hesitate to pronounce them a brave, a wise, an honest, and an useful body.

The Puritans espoused the cause of civil liberty mainly because it was the cause of religion. There was another party, by no means numerous, but distinguished by learning and ability, which acted with them on very different principles. We speak of those whom Cromwell was accustomed to call the Heathens, men who were, in the phraseology of that time, doubting Thomases or careless Gallios with regard

to religious subjects, but passionate worshippers of freedom. Heated by the study of ancient literature, they set up their country as their idol, and proposed to themselves the heroes of Plutarch as their examples. They seem to have borne some resemblance to the Brissotines of the French Revolution. But it is not very easy to draw the line of distinction between them and their devout associates, whose tone and manner they sometimes found it convenient to affect, and sometimes, it is probable, imperceptibly adopted.

We now come to the Royalists. We shall attempt to speak of them, as we have spoken of their antagonists, with perfect candour. We shall not charge upon a whole party the profligacy and baseness of the horse-boys, gamblers, and bravoes, whom the hope of license and plunder attracted from all the dens of Whitefriars to the standard of Charles, and who disgraced their associates by excesses which, under the stricter discipline of the Parliamentary armies, were never tolerated. We will select a more favourable specimen. Thinking as we do that the cause of the King was the cause of bigotry and tyranny, we yet cannot refrain from looking with complacency on the character of the honest old Cavaliers. We feel a national pride in comparing them with the instruments which the despots of other countries are compelled to employ, with the mutes who throng their antechambers, and the Janissaries who mount guard at their gates. Our Royalist countrymen were not heartless, dangling courtiers, bowing at every step, and simpering at every word. They were not mere machines for destruction, dressed up in uniforms, caned into skill, intoxicated into valour, defending without love, destroying without hatred. There was a freedom in their subserviency, a nobleness in their very degradation. The sentiment of individual independence was strong within them. They were indeed misled, but by no base or selfish motive. Compassion and romantic honour, the prejudices of childhood, and the venerable names of history, threw over them a spell potent as that of Duessa; and, like the Red-Cross Knight, they thought that they were doing battle for an injured beauty, while they defended a

false and loathsome sorceress. In truth, they scarcely entered at all into the merits of the political question. It was not for a treacherous king or an intolerant church that they fought, but for the old banner which had waved in so many battles over the heads of their fathers, and for the altars at which they had received the hands of their brides. Though nothing could be more erroneous than their political opinions, they possessed, in a far greater degree than their adversaries, those qualities which are the grace of private life. With many of the vices of the Round Table, they had also many of its virtues,—courtesy, generosity, veracity, tenderness, and respect for women. They had far more both of profound and of polite learning than the Puritans. Their manners were more engaging, their tempers more amiable, their tastes more elegant, and their households more cheerful.

Milton did not strictly belong to any of the classes which we have described. He was not a Puritan. He was not a freethinker. He was not a Royalist. In his character the noblest qualities of every party were combined in harmonious union. From the parliament and from the court, from the conventicle and from the Gothic cloister, from the gloomy and sepulchral circles of the Roundheads, and from the Christmas revel of the hospitable Cavalier, his nature selected and drew to itself whatever was great and good, while it rejected all the base and pernicious ingredients by which those finer elements were defiled. Like the Puritans, he lived

> . . "As ever in his great task-master's eye."

Like them, he kept his mind continually fixed on an Almighty Judge and an eternal reward. And hence he acquired their contempt of external circumstances, their fortitude, their tranquillity, their inflexible resolution. But not the coolest sceptic or the most profane scoffer was more perfectly free from the contagion of their frantic delusions, their savage manners, their ludicrous jargon, their scorn of science, and their aversion to pleasure. Hating tyranny with

a perfect hatred, he had nevertheless all the estimable and ornamental qualities which were almost entirely monopolised by the party of the tyrant. There was none who had a stronger sense of the value of literature, a finer relish for every elegant amusement, or a more chivalrous delicacy of honour and lŏve. Though his opinions were democratic, his tastes and his associations were such as harmonise best with monarchy and aristocracy. He was under the influence of all the feelings by which the gallant Cavaliers were misled. But of those feelings he was the master and not the slave. Like the hero of Homer, he enjoyed all the pleasures of fascination; but he was not fascinated. He listened to the song of the Sirens; yet he glided by without being seduced to their fatal shore. He tasted the cup of Circe; but he bore about him a sure antidote against the effects of its bewitching sweetness. The illusions which captivated his imagination never impaired his reasoning powers. The statesman was proof against the splendour, the solemnity, and the romance which enchanted the poet. Any person who will contrast the sentiments expressed in his treatises on Prelacy with the exquisite lines on ecclesiastical architecture and music in the Penseroso, which was published about the same time, will understand our meaning. This is an inconsistency which, more than anything else, raises his character in our estimation, because it shows how many private tastes and feelings he sacrificed, in order to do what he considered his duty to mankind. It is the very struggle of the noble Othello. His heart relents; but his hand is firm. He does naught in hate, but all in honour. He kisses the beautiful deceiver before he destroys her.

That from which the public character of Milton derives its great and peculiar splendour, still remains to be mentioned. If he exerted himself to overthrow a forsworn king and a persecuting hierarchy, he exerted himself in conjunction with others. But the glory of the battle which he fought for the species of freedom which is the most valuable, and which was then the least understood, the freedom of the human mind, is all his own. Thousands and tens of thousands among his

contemporaries raised their voices against Ship-money and the Star Chamber. But there were few indeed who discerned the more fearful evils of moral and intellectual slavery, and the benefits which would result from the liberty of the press and the unfettered exercise of private judgment. These were the objects which Milton justly conceived to be the most important. He was desirous that the people should think for themselves as well as tax themselves, and should be emancipated from the dominion of prejudice as well as from that of Charles. He knew that those who, with the best intentions, overlooked these schemes of reform, and contented themselves with pulling down the King and imprisoning the malignants, acted like the heedless brothers in his own poem, who, in their eagerness to disperse the train of the sorcerer, neglected the means of liberating the captive. They thought only of conquering when they should have thought of disenchanting.

> "Oh, ye mistook! Ye should have snatched his wand
> And bound him fast. Without the rod reversed,
> And backward mutters of dissevering power,
> We cannot free the lady that sits here
> Bound in strong fetters fixed and motionless."

To reverse the rod, to spell the charm backward, to break the ties which bound a stupefied people to the seat of enchantment, was the noble aim of Milton. To this all his public conduct was directed. For this he joined the Presbyterians: for this he forsook them. He fought their perilous battle; but he turned away with disdain from their insolent triumph. He saw that they, like those whom they had vanquished, were hostile to the liberty of thought. He therefore joined the Independents, and called upon Cromwell to break the secular chain, and to save free conscience from the paw of the Presbyterian wolf. With a view to the same great object, he attacked the licensing system, in that sublime treatise which every statesman should wear as a sign upon his hand and as frontlets between his eyes. His attacks were, in general, directed less against particular abuses than

against those deeply seated errors on which almost all abuses are founded, the servile worship of eminent men and the irrational dread of innovation.

That he might shake the foundations of these debasing sentiments more effectually, he always selected for himself the boldest literary services. He never came up in the rear when the outworks had been carried and the breach entered. He pressed into the forlorn hope. At the beginning of the changes, he wrote with incomparable energy and eloquence against the bishops. But, when his opinion seemed likely to prevail, he passed on to other subjects, and abandoned prelacy to the crowd of writers who now hastened to insult a falling party. There is no more hazardous enterprise than that of bearing the torch of truth into those dark and infected recesses in which no light has ever shone. But it was the choice and the pleasure of Milton to penetrate the noisome vapours, and to brave the terrible explosion. Those who most disapprove of his opinions must respect the hardihood with which he maintained them. He, in general, left to others the credit of expounding and defending the popular parts of his religious and political creed. He took his own stand upon those which the great body of his countrymen reprobated as criminal, or derided as paradoxical. He stood up for divorce and regicide. He attacked the prevailing systems of education. His radiant and beneficent career resembled that of the god of light and fertility:—

"Nitor in adversum; nec me, qui cætera, vincit
Impetus, et rapido contrarius evehor orbi."

It is to be regretted that the prose writings of Milton should, in our time, be so little read. As compositions, they deserve the attention of every man who wishes to become acquainted with the full power of the English language. They abound with passages compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance. They are a perfect field of cloth of gold. The style is stiff with gorgeous embroidery. Not even in the earlier books of the Paradise Lost has the great poet ever risen higher than in those parts

of his controversial works in which his feelings, excited by conflict, find a vent in bursts of devotional and lyric rapture. It is, to borrow his own majestic language, "a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies."

We had intended to look more closely at these performances, to analyse the peculiarities of the diction, to dwell at some length on the sublime wisdom of the Areopagitica and the nervous rhetoric of the Iconoclast, and to point out some of those magnificent passages which occur in the Treatise of Reformation, and the Animadversions on the Remonstrant. But the length to which our remarks have already extended renders this impossible.

We must conclude. And yet we can scarcely tear ourselves away from the subject. The days immediately following the publication of this relic of Milton appear to be peculiarly set apart, and consecrated to his memory. And we shall scarcely be censured if, on this his festival, we be found lingering near his shrine, how worthless soever may be the offering which we bring to it. While this book lies on our table, we seem to be contemporaries of the writer. We are transported a hundred and fifty years back. We can almost fancy that we are visiting him in his small lodging; that we see him sitting at the old organ beneath the faded green hangings; that we can catch the quick twinkle of his eyes, rolling in vain to find the day; that we are reading in the lines of his noble countenance the proud and mournful history of his glory and his affliction. We image to ourselves the breathless silence in which we should listen to his slightest word; the passionate veneration with which we should kneel to kiss his hand and weep upon it; the earnestness with which we should endeavour to console him, if indeed such a spirit could need consolation, for the neglect of an age unworthy of his talents and his virtues; the eagerness with which we should contest with his daughters, or with his Quaker friend Elwood, the privilege of reading Homer to him, or of taking down the immortal accents which flowed from his lips.

These are perhaps foolish feelings. Yet we cannot be

ashamed of them; nor shall we be sorry if what we have written shall in any degree excite them in other minds. We are not much in the habit of idolizing either the living or the dead. And we think that there is no more certain indication of a weak and ill-regulated intellect than that propensity which, for want of a better name, we will venture to christen Boswellism. But there are a few characters which have stood the closest scrutiny and the severest tests, which have been tried in the furnace and have proved pure, which have been weighed in the balance and have not been found wanting, which have been declared sterling by the general consent of mankind, and which are visibly stamped with the image and superscription of the Most High. These great men we trust that we know how to prize; and of these was Milton. The sight of his books, the sound of his name, are pleasant to us. His thoughts resemble those celestial fruits and flowers which the Virgin Martyr of Massinger sent down from the gardens of Paradise to the earth, and which were distinguished from the productions of other soils, not only by superior bloom and sweetness, but by miraculous efficacy to invigorate and to heal. They are powerful, not only to delight, but to elevate and purify. Nor do we envy the man who can study either the life or the writings of the great poet and patriot, without aspiring to emulate, not indeed the sublime works with which his genius has enriched our literature, but the zeal with which he laboured for the public good, the fortitude with which he endured every private calamity, the lofty disdain with which he looked down on temptations and dangers, the deadly hatred which he bore to bigots and tyrants, and the faith which he so sternly kept with his country and with his fame.

John Henry Newman

1801–1890

SITE OF A UNIVERSITY

(From *The Office and Work of Universities*, 1854)

If we would know what a University is, considered in its elementary idea, we must betake ourselves to the first and most celebrated home of European literature and source of European civilization, to the bright and beautiful Athens,—Athens, whose schools drew to her bosom, and then sent back again to the business of life, the youth of the western world for a long thousand years. Seated on the verge of the continent, the city seemed hardly suited for the duties of a central metropolis of knowledge; yet, what it lost in convenience of approach, it gained in its neighbourhood to the traditions of the mysterious East, and of the loveliness of the regions in which it lay. Hither, then, as to a sort of ideal land, where all archetypes of the great and the fair were found in substantial being, and all departments of truth explored, and all diversities of intellectual power exhibited, where taste and philosophy were majestically enthroned as in a royal court, where there was no sovereignty but that of mind, and no nobility but that of genius, where professors were rulers, and princes did homage, hither flocked continually from the very corners of the *orbis terrarum*, the many-tongued generation, just rising, or just risen into manhood, in order to gain wisdom.

Pisistratus had in an early age discovered and nursed the infant genius of his people, and Cimon, after the Persian war, had given it a home. That war had established the naval supremacy of Athens; she had become an imperial state; and the Ionians, bound to her by the double chain of kindred and of subjection, were importing into her both their merchandise and their civilization. The arts and philosophy of the Asiatic coast were easily carried across the

sea, and there was Cimon, as I have said, with his ample fortune, ready to receive them with due honours. Not content with patronizing their professors, he built the first of those noble porticos, of which we hear so much in Athens, and he formed the groves, which in process of time became the celebrated Academy. Planting is one of the most graceful, as in Athens it was once the most beneficent, of employments. Cimon took in hand the wild wood, pruned and dressed it, and laid it out with handsome walks and welcome fountains. Nor, while hospitable to the authors of the city's civilization, was he ungrateful to the instruments of her prosperity. His trees extended their cool, umbrageous branches over the merchants, who assembled in the Agora, for many generations.

Those merchants certainly had deserved that act of bounty; for all the while their ships had been carrying forth the intellectual fame of Athens to the western world. Then commenced what may be called her University existence. Pericles, who succeeded Cimon both in the government and in the patronage of art, is said by Plutarch to have entertained the idea of making Athens the capital of federated Greece: in this he failed, but his encouragement of such men as Phidias and Anaxagoras led the way to her acquiring a far more lasting sovereignty over a far wider empire. Little understanding the sources of her own greatness, Athens would go to war: peace is the interest of a seat of commerce and the arts; but to war she went; yet to her, whether peace or war, it mattered not. The political power of Athens waned and disappeared; kingdoms rose and fell; centuries rolled away,—they did but bring fresh triumphs to the city of the poet and the sage. There at length the swarthy Moor and Spaniard were seen to meet the blue-eyed Gaul; and the Cappadocian, late subject of Mithridates, gazed without alarm at the haughty conquering Roman. Revolution after revolution passed over the face of Europe, as well as of Greece, but still she was there,—Athens, the city of mind,—as radiant, as splendid, as delicate, as young, as ever she had been.

Many a more fruitful coast or isle is washed by the blue Ægean, many a spot is there more beautiful or sublime to see, many a territory more ample; but there was one charm in Attica, which in the same perfection was nowhere else. The deep pastures of Arcadia, the plain of Argos, the Thessalian vale, these had not the gift; Bœotia, which lay to its immediate north, was notorious for its very want of it. The heavy atmosphere of that Bœotia might be good for vegetation, but it was associated in popular belief with the dulness of the Bœotian intellect: on the contrary, the special purity, elasticity, clearness, and salubrity of the air of Attica, fit concomitant and emblem of its genius, did that for it which earth did not;—it brought out every bright hue and tender shade of the landscape over which it was spread, and would have illuminated the face even of a more bare and rugged country.

A confined triangle, perhaps fifty miles its greatest length, and thirty its greatest breadth; two elevated rocky barriers, meeting at an angle; three prominent mountains, commanding the plain,—Parnes, Pentelicus, and Hymettus; an unsatisfactory soil; some streams, not always full;—such is about the report which the agent of a London company would have made of Attica. He would report that the climate was mild; the hills were limestone; there was plenty of good marble; more pasture land than at first survey might have been expected, sufficient certainly for sheep and goats; fisheries productive; silver mines once, but long since worked out; figs fair; oil first-rate; olives in profusion. But what he would not think of noting down, was, that the olive tree was so choice in nature and so noble in shape, that it excited a religious veneration; and that it took so kindly to the light soil, as to expand into woods upon the open plain, and to climb up and fringe the hills. He would not think of writing word to his employers, how that clear air, of which I have spoken, brought out, yet blended and subdued, the colours on the marble, till they had a softness and harmony, for all their richness, which in a picture looks exaggerated, yet is after all within the truth. He would not tell, how

that same delicate and brilliant atmosphere freshened up the pale olive, till the olive forgot its monotony, and its cheek glowed like the arbutus or beech of the Umbrian hills. He would say nothing of the thyme and thousand fragrant herbs which carpeted Hymettus; he would hear nothing of the hum of its bees; nor take much account of the rare flavour of its honey, since Gozo and Minorca were sufficient for the English demand. He would look over the Ægean from the height he had ascended; he would follow with his eye the chain of islands, which, starting from the Sunian headland, seemed to offer the fabled divinities of Attica, when they would visit their Ionian cousins, a sort of viaduct thereto across the sea: but that fancy would not occur to him, nor any admiration of the dark violet billows with their white edges down below; nor of those graceful, fan-like jets of silver upon the rocks, which slowly rise aloft like water spirits from the deep, then shiver, and break, and spread, and shroud themselves, and disappear, in a soft mist of foam; nor of the gentle, incessant heaving and panting of the whole liquid plain; nor of the long waves, keeping steady time, like a line of soldiery, as they resound upon the hollow shore,—he would not deign to notice that restless living element at all, except to bless his stars that he was not upon it. Nor the distinct detail, nor the refined colouring, nor the graceful outline and roseate golden hue of the jutting crags, nor the bold shadows cast from Otus or Laurium by the declining sun;—our agent of a mercantile firm would not value these matters even at a low figure. Rather we must turn for the sympathy we seek to yon pilgrim student, come from a semi-barbarous land to that small corner of the earth, as to a shrine, where he might take his fill of gazing on those emblems and coruscations of invisible unoriginate perfection. It was the stranger from a remote province, from Britain or from Mauritania, who in a scene so different from that of his chilly, woody swamps, or of his fiery choking sands, learned at once what a real University must be, by coming to understand the sort of country, which was its suitable home.

Nor was this all that a University required, and found in

Athens. No one, even there, could live on poetry. If the students at that famous place had nothing better than bright hues and soothing sounds, they would not have been able or disposed to turn their residence there to much account. Of course they must have the means of living, nay, in a certain sense, of enjoyment, if Athens was to be an Alma Mater at the time, or to remain afterwards a pleasant thought in their memory. And so they had: be it recollected Athens was a port, and a mart of trade, perhaps the first in Greece; and this was very much to the point, when a number of strangers were ever flocking to it, whose combat was to be with intellectual, not physical difficulties, and who claimed to have their bodily wants supplied, that they might be at leisure to set about furnishing their minds. Now, barren as was the soil of Attica, and bare the face of the country, yet it had only too many resources for an elegant, nay luxurious abode there. So abundant were the imports of the place, that it was a common saying, that the productions, which were found singly elsewhere, were brought all together in Athens. Corn and wine, the staple of subsistence in such a climate, came from the isles of the Ægean; fine wool and carpeting from Asia Minor; slaves, as now, from the Euxine, and timber too; and iron and brass from the coasts of the Mediterranean. The Athenian did not condescend to manufactures himself, but encouraged them in others; and a population of foreigners caught at the lucrative occupation both for home consumption and for exportation. Their cloth, and other textures for dress and furniture, and their hardware—for instance, armour—were in great request. Labour was cheap; stone and marble in plenty; and the taste and skill, which at first were devoted to public buildings, as temples and porticos, were in course of time applied to the mansions of public men. If nature did much for Athens, it is undeniable that art did much more.

Here some one will interrupt me with the remark: "By the bye, where are we, and whither are we going?—what has all this to do with a University? at least what has it to do with education? It is instructive doubtless; but still how

much has it to do with your subject?" Now I beg to assure the reader that I am most conscientiously employed upon my subject; and I should have thought every one would have seen this: however, since the objection is made, I may be allowed to pause awhile, and show distinctly the drift of what I have been saying, before I go farther. *What* has this to do with my subject! why, the question of the *site* is the very first that comes into consideration, when a *Studium Generale* is contemplated; for that site should be a liberal and a noble one; who will deny it? All authorities agree in this, and very little reflection will be sufficient to make it clear. I recollect a conversation I once had on this very subject with a very eminent man. I was a youth of eighteen, and was leaving my University for the Long Vacation, when I found myself in company in a public conveyance with a middle-aged person, whose face was strange to me. However, it was the great academical luminary of the day, whom afterwards I knew very well. Luckily for me, I did not suspect it; and luckily too, it was a fancy of his, as his friends knew, to make himself on easy terms especially with stage-coach companions. So, what with my flippancy and his condescension, I managed to hear many things which were novel to me at the time; and one point which he was strong upon, and was evidently fond of urging, was the material pomp and circumstance which should environ a seat of learning. He considered it was worth the consideration of the government, whether Oxford should not stand in a domain of its own. An ample range, say four miles in diameter, should be turned into wood and meadow, and the University should be approached on all sides by a magnificent park, with fine trees in groups and groves and avenues, and with glimpses and views of the fair city, as the traveller drew near it. There is nothing surely absurd in the idea, though it would cost a round sum to realize it. What has a better claim to the purest and fairest possessions of nature, than the seat of wisdom? So thought my coach companion; and he did but express the tradition of ages and the instinct of mankind.

For instance, take the great University of Paris. That famous school engrossed as its territory the whole south bank of the Seine, and occupied one half, and that the pleasanter half, of the city. King Louis had the island pretty well as his own,—it was scarcely more than a fortification; and the north of the river was given over to the nobles and citizens to do what they could with its marshes; but the eligible south rising from the stream, which swept around its base, to the fair summit of St. Genevieve, with its broad meadows, its vineyards and its gardens, and with the sacred elevation of Montmartre confronting it, all this was the inheritance of the University. There was that pleasant Pratum, stretching along the river's bank, in which the students for centuries took their recreation, which Alcuin seems to mention in his farewell verses to Paris, and which has given a name to the great Abbey of St. Germain-des-Prés. For long years it was devoted to the purposes of innocent and healthy enjoyment; but evil times came on the University; disorder arose within its precincts, and the fair meadow became the scene of party brawls; heresy stalked through Europe, and Germany and England no longer sending their contingent of students, a heavy debt was the consequence to the academical body. To let their land was the only resource left to them: buildings rose upon it, and spread along the green sod, and the country at length became town. Great was the grief and indignation of the doctors and masters, when this catastrophe occurred. "A wretched sight," said the Proctor of the German nation, "a wretched sight, to witness the sale of that ancient manor, whither the Muses were wont to wander for retirement and pleasure. Whither shall the youthful student now betake himself, what relief will he find for his eyes, wearied with intense reading, now that the pleasant stream is taken from him?" Two centuries and more have passed since this complaint was uttered; and time has shown that the outward calamity which it recorded, was but the emblem of the great moral revolution, which was to follow; till the institution itself has followed its green

meadows, into the region of things which once were and now are not.

And in like manner, when they were first contemplating a University in Belgium, some centuries ago, "Many," says Lipsius, "suggested Mechlin, as an abode salubrious and clean, but Louvain was preferred, as for other reasons, so because no city seemed, from the disposition of place and people, more suitable for learned leisure. Who will not approve the decision? Can a site be healthier or more pleasant? The atmosphere pure and cheerful; the spaces open and delightful; meadows, fields, vines, groves, nay, I may say, a *rus in urbe*. Ascend and walk round the walls; what do you look upon? Does not the wonderful and delightful variety smooth the brow and soothe the mind? You have corn, and apples, and grapes; sheep and oxen; and birds chirping or singing. Now carry your feet or your eyes beyond the walls; there are streamlets, the river meandering along; country-houses, convents, the superb fortress; copses or woods fill up the scene, and spots for simple enjoyment." And then he breaks out into poetry:

> *Salvete Athenæ nostræ, Athenæ Belgicæ,*
> *Te Gallus, te Germanus, et te Sarmata*
> *Invisit, et Britannus, et te duplicis*
> *Hispaniæ alumnus,* etc.

Extravagant, then, and wayward as might be the thought of my learned coach companion, when, in the nineteenth century, he imagined Norman-wise, to turn a score of villages into a park or pleasaunce, still, the waywardness of his fancy is excused by the justness of his principle; for certainly, such as he would have made it, a University ought to be. Old Anthony-à-Wood, discoursing on the demands of a University, had expressed the same sentiment long before him; as Horace in ancient times, with reference to Athens itself, when he spoke of seeking truth "in the *groves* of Academe." And to Athens, as will be seen, Wood himself appeals, when he would discourse of Oxford. Among "those things which are required to make a University," he puts down,—

"First, a good and pleasant site, where there is a wholesome and temperate constitution of the air; composed with waters, springs or wells, woods and pleasant fields; which being obtained, those commodities are enough to invite students to stay and abide there. As the Athenians in ancient times were happy for their conveniences, so also were the Britons, when by a remnant of the Grecians that came amongst them, they or their successors selected such a place in Britain to plant a school or schools therein, which for its pleasant situation was afterwards called Bellositum or Belosite, now Oxford, privileged with all those conveniences before mentioned."

By others the local advantages of that University have been more philosophically analyzed;—for instance, with a reference to its position in the middle of southern England; its situation on several islands in a broad plain, through which many streams flowed; the surrounding marshes, which, in times when it was needed, protected the city from invaders; its own strength as a military position; its easy communication with London, nay with the sea, by means of the Thames; while the London fortifications hindered pirates from ascending the stream, which all the time was so ready and convenient for a descent.

Alas! for centuries past that city has lost its prime honour and boast, as a servant and soldier of the Truth. Once named the second school of the Church, second only to Paris, the foster-mother of St. Edmund, St. Richard, St. Thomas Cantilupe, the theatre of great intellects, of Scotus the subtle Doctor, of Hales the irrefragible, of Occam the special, of Bacon the admirable, of Middleton the solid, and of Bradwardine the profound, Oxford has now lapsed to that level of mere human loveliness, which in its highest perfection we admire in Athens. Nor would it have a place, now or hereafter, in these pages, nor would it occur to me to speak its name, except that, even in its sorrowful deprivation, it still retains so much of that outward lustre, which, like the brightness on the prophet's face, ought to be a ray from an illumination within, as to afford me an illustration of the

point on which I am engaged, viz., what should be the material dwelling-place and appearance, the local circumstances, and the secular concomitants of a great University. Pictures are drawn in tales of romance, of spirits seemingly too beautiful in their fall to be really fallen, and the holy Pope at Rome, Gregory, in fact, and not in fiction, looked upon the blue eyes and golden hair of the fierce Saxon youth in the slave market, and pronounced them Angels, not Angles; and the spell which this once loyal daughter of the Church still exercises upon the foreign visitor, even now when her true glory is departed, suggests to us how far more majestic and more touching, how brimfull of indescribable influence would be the presence of a University, which was planted within, not without Jerusalem,—an influence, potent as her truth is strong, wide as her sway is world-wide, and growing, not lessening, by the extent of space over which its attraction would be exerted.

Let the reader then listen to the words of the last learned German, who has treated of Oxford, and judge for himself if they do not bear me out, in what I have said of the fascination which the very face and smile of a University possess over those who come within its range.

"There is scarce a spot in the world," says Huber, "that bears an historical stamp so deep and varied as Oxford; where so many noble memorials of moral and material power, coöperating to an honourable end, meet the eye all at once. He who can be proof against the strong emotions which the whole aspect and genius of the place tend to inspire, must be dull, thoughtless, uneducated, or of very perverted views. Others will bear us witness, that, even side by side with the Eternal Rome, the Alma Mater of Oxford may be fitly named, as producing a deep, a lasting, and peculiar impression.

"In one of the most fertile districts of the Queen of the Seas, whom nature has so richly blessed, whom for centuries past no footstep of foreign armies has desecrated, lies a broad green vale, where the Cherwell and the Isis mingle their full clear waters. Here and there primeval elms and oaks over-

shadow them; while in their various windings they encircle gardens, meadows and fields, villages, cottages, farm-houses, and country-seats, in motley mixture. In the midst rises a mass of mighty buildings, the general character of which varies between convent, palace, and castle. Some few Gothic church-towers and Romaic domes, it is true, break through the horizontal lines; yet the general impression at a distance and at first sight, is essentially different from that of any of the towns of the middle ages. The outlines are far from being so sharp, so angular, so irregular, so fantastical; a certain softness, a peculiar repose, reigns in those broader, terrace-like rising masses. Only in the creations of Claude Lorraine or Poussin could we expect to find a spot to compare with the prevailing character of this picture, especially when lit up by a favourable light. The principal masses consist of Colleges, the University buildings, and the city churches; and by the side of these the city itself is lost on distant view. But on entering the streets, we find around us all the signs of an active and prosperous trade. Rich and elegant shops in profusion afford a sight to be found nowhere but in England; but with all this glitter and show, they sink into a modest, and, as it were, a menial attitude, by the side of the grandly severe memorials of the higher intellectual life, memorials which have been growing out of that life from almost the beginning of Christianity itself. Those rich and elegant shops are, as it were, the domestic offices of these palaces of learning, which ever rivet the eye of the observer, while all besides seems perforce to be subservient to them. Each of the larger and more ancient Colleges looks like a separate whole—an entire town, whose walls and monuments proclaim the vigorous growth of many centuries; and the town itself has happily escaped the lot of modern beautifying, and in this respect harmonizes with the Colleges."

There are those who, having felt the influence of this ancient School, and being smit with its splendour and its sweetness, ask wistfully, if never again it is to be Catholic, or whether at least some footing for Catholicity may not be found there. All honour and merit to the charitable and

zealous hearts who so inquire! Nor can we dare to tell what in time to come may be the inscrutable purposes of that grace, which is ever more comprehensive than human hope and aspiration. But for me, from the day that I left its walls, I never, for good or bad, have had anticipation of its future; and never for a moment have I had a wish to see again a place, which I have never ceased to love, and where I lived for nearly thirty years. Nay, looking at the general state of things at this day, I desiderate for a School of the Church, if an additional School is to be granted to us, a more central position than Oxford has to show. Since the age of Alfred and of the first Henry, the world has grown, from the west and south of Europe, into four or five continents; and I look for a city less inland than that old sanctuary, and a country closer upon the highway of the seas. I look towards a land both old and young: old in its Christianity, young in the promise of its future; a nation, which received grace before the Saxon came to Britain, and which has never quenched it; a Church, which comprehends in its history the rise and fall of Canterbury and York, which Augustine and Paulinus found, and Pole and Fisher left behind them. I contemplate a people which has had a long night, and will have an inevitable day. I am turning my eyes towards a hundred years to come, and I dimly see the island I am gazing on, become the road of passage and union between two hemispheres, and the centre of the world. I see its inhabitants rival Belgium in its populousness, France in vigour, and Spain in enthusiasm; and I see England taught by advancing years to exercise in its behalf that good sense which is her characteristic towards every one else. The capital of that prosperous and hopeful land is situate in a beautiful bay and near a romantic region; and in it I see a flourishing University, which for a while had to struggle with fortune, but which, when its first founders and servants were dead and gone, had successes far exceeding their anxieties. Thither, as to a sacred soil, the home of their fathers, and the fountain-head of their Christianity, students are flocking from East, West and South, from America and Australia and

India, from Egypt and Asia Minor, with the ease and rapidity of a locomotion not yet discovered, and last, though not least, from England,—all speaking one tongue, all owning one faith, all eager for one large true wisdom; and thence, when their stay is over, going back again to carry over all the earth "peace to men of good will."

THE LOMBARDS

(From the same)

There never was, perhaps, in the history of this tumultuous world, prosperity so great, so far-spreading, so lasting, as that which began throughout the vast Empire of Rome, at the time when the Prince of Peace was born into it. Preternatural as was the tyranny of certain of the Cæsars, it did not reach the mass of the population; and the reigns of the Five good Emperors, who succeeded them, are proverbs of wise and gentle government. The sole great exception to this universal happiness was the cruel persecution of the Christians; the sufferings of a whole world fell and were concentrated on them, and the children of heaven were tormented, that the sons of men might enjoy their revel. Their Lord, while His shadow brought peace upon earth, foretold that in the event He came to send "not peace but a sword"; and that sword was first let loose upon His own people. "Judgment commenced with the House of God;" and though, as time went on, it left Jerusalem behind, and began to career round the world and sweep the nations as it travelled on, nevertheless, as if by some paradox of Providence, it seemed at first, that truth and wretchedness had "met together," and sin and prosperity had "kissed one another." The more the heathens enjoyed themselves, the more they scorned, hated, and persecuted their true Light and true Peace. They persecuted Him, for the very reason that they had little else to do; happy and haughty, they saw in Him the sole drawback, the sole exception, the sole hinderance, to a universal, a continual sunshine; they called Him "the enemy of the human race": and they felt them-

selves bound, by their loyalty to the glorious and immortal memory of their forefathers, by their traditions of state, and their duties towards their children, to trample upon, and, if they could, to stifle that teaching, which was destined to be the life and mould of a new world.

But our immediate subject here is, not Christianity, but the world that passed away; and before it passed, it had, I say, a tranquillity great in proportion to its former commotions. Ages of trouble terminated in two centuries of peace. The present crust of the earth is said to be the result of a long war of elements, and to have been made so beautiful, so various, so rich, and so useful, by the discipline of revolutions, by earthquake and lightning, by mountains of water and seas of fire; and so in like manner it required the events of two thousand years, the multiform fortunes of tribes and populations, the rise and fall of kings, the mutual collision of states, the spread of colonies, the vicissitudes and the succession of conquests, and the gradual adjustment and settlement of innumerous discordant ideas and interests, to carry on the human race to unity, and to shape and consolidate the great Roman Power.

And when once those unwieldy materials were welded together into one mass, what human force could split them up again? what "hammer of the earth" could shiver at a stroke a solidity which it had taken ages to form? Who can estimate the strength of a political establishment, which has been the slow birth of time? and what establishment ever equalled pagan Rome? Hence has come the proverb, "Rome was not built in a day;" it was the portentous solidity of its power that forced the gazer back upon an exclamation, which was the relief of his astonishment, as being his solution of the prodigy. And, when at length it was built, Rome, so long in building, was "Eternal Rome": it had been done once for all; its being was inconceivable beforehand, and its not being was inconceivable afterwards. It had been a miracle that it was brought to be; it would take a second miracle that it should cease to be. To remove it from its place was to cast a mountain into the sea. Look

at the Palatine Hill, penetrated, traversed, cased with brick-work, till it appears a work of man, not of nature; run your eye along the cliffs from Ostia to Terracina, covered with the débris of masonry; gaze round the bay of Baiæ, whose rocks have been made to serve as the foundations and the walls of palaces; and in those mere remains, lasting to this day, you will have a type of the moral and political strength of the establishments of Rome. Think of the aqueducts making for the imperial city, for miles across the plain; think of the straight roads stretching off again from that one centre to the ends of the earth; consider the vast territory round about it strewn to this day with countless ruins; follow in your imagination its suburbs, extending along its roads, for as much, at least in some directions, as forty miles; and number up its continuous mass of population, amounting, as grave authors say, to almost six million; and answer the question, how was Rome ever to be got rid of? why was it not to progress? why was it not to progress forever? where was that ancient civilization to end? Such were the questionings and anticipations of thoughtful minds, not specially proud or fond of Rome. "The world," says Tertullian, "has more of cultivation every day, and is better furnished than in times of old. All places are opened up now; all are familiarly known; all are scenes of business. Smiling farms have obliterated the notorious wilderness; tillage has tamed the forest land; flocks have put to flight the beasts of prey. Sandy tracts are sown; rocks are put into shape; marshes are drained. There are more cities now, than there were cottages at one time. Islands are no longer wild; the crag is no longer frightful; everywhere there is a home, a population, a state, and a livelihood." Such was the prosperity, such the promise of progress and permanence, in which the Assyrian, the Persian, the Greek, the Macedonian conquests had terminated. Education had gone through a similar course of difficulties, and had a place in the prosperous result. First, carried forth upon the wings of genius, and disseminated by the energy of individual minds, or by the colonizing missions of single cities, Knowl-

edge was irregularly extended to and fro over the spacious regions, of which the Mediterranean is the common basin. Introduced, in course of time, to a more intimate alliance with political power, it received the means, at the date of Alexander and his successors, both of its cultivation and its propagation. It was formally recognized and endowed under the Ptolemies, and at length became a direct object of the solicitude of the government under the Cæsars. It was honoured and dispensed in every considerable city of the Empire; it tempered the political administration of the conquering people; it civilized the manners of a hundred barbarian conquests; it gradually reconciled uncongenial, and associated distant countries, with each other; while it had ever ministered to the fine arts, it now proceeded to subserve the useful. It took in hand the reformation of the world's religion; it began to harmonize the legends of discordant worships; it purified the mythology by making it symbolical; it interpreted it, and gave it a moral, and explained away its idolatry. It began to develop a system of ethics, it framed a code of laws: what might not be expected of it, as time went on, were it not for that illiberal, unintelligible, fanatical, abominable sect of Galileans? If they were allowed to make play, and get power, what might not happen? There again Christians were in the way, as hateful to the philosopher, as to the statesman. Yet in truth it was not in this quarter that the peril of civilization lay: it lay in a very different direction, over against the Empire to the North and North-East, in a black cloud of inexhaustible barbarian populations: and when the storm mounted overhead and broke upon the earth, it was those scorned and detested Galileans, and none but they, the men-haters and God-despisers, who, returning good for evil, housed and lodged the scattered remnants of that old world's wisdom, which had so persecuted them, went forth valiantly to meet the savage destroyer, tamed him without arms, and became the founders of a new and higher civilization. Not a man in Europe now, who talks bravely against the Church, but owes it to the Church, that he can talk at all.

But what was to be the process, what the method, what the instruments, what the place, for sheltering the treasures of ancient intellect during the convulsion, of bridging over the abyss, and of linking the old world to the new? In spite of the consolidation of its power, Rome was to go, as all things human go, and vanish for ever. In the words of inspiration, "Great Babylon came in remembrance before God, and every island fled away, and the mountains were not found." All the fury of the elements was directed against it; and, as a continual dropping wears away the stone, so blow after blow, and revolution after revolution, sufficed at last to heave up, and hurl down, and smash into fragments, the noblest earthly power that ever was. First came the Goth, then the Hun, and then the Lombard. The Goth took possession, but he was of noble nature, and soon lost his barbarism. The Hun came next; he was irreclaimable, but did not stay. The Lombard kept both his savageness and his ground; he appropriated to himself the territory, not the civilization of Italy, fierce as the Hun, and powerful as the Goth, the most tremendous scourge of heaven. In his dark presence the poor remains of Greek and Roman splendour died away, and the world went more rapidly to ruin, material and moral, than it was advancing from triumph to triumph in the time of the Tertullian. Alas! the change between Rome in the hey-day of her pride, and in the agony of her judgment! Tertullian writes while she is exalted; Pope Gregory when she is in humiliation. He was delivering homilies upon the Prophet Ezekiel, when the news came to Rome of the advance of the Lombards upon the city, and in the course of them he several times burst out into lamentations at the news of miseries, which eventually obliged him to cut short his exposition.

"Sights and sounds of war," he says, "meet us on every side. The cities are destroyed; the military stations broken up; the land devastated; the earth depopulated. No one remains in the country; scarcely any inhabitants in the towns; yet even the poor remains of human kind are still smitten daily and without intermission. Before our eyes some are

carried away captive, some mutilated, some murdered. She herself, who once was mistress of the world, we behold how Rome fares: worn down by manifold and incalculable distresses, the bereavement of citizens, the attack of foes, the reiteration of overthrows, where is her senate? where are her people? We, the few survivors, are still the daily prey of the sword and of other innumerable tribulations. Where are they who in a former day revelled in her glory? where is their pomp, their pride, their frequent and immoderate joy?—youngsters, young men of the world, congregated here from every quarter, where they aimed at a secular advancement. Now no one hastens up to her for preferment; and so it is with other cities also; some places are laid waste by pestilence, others are depopulated by the sword, others are tormented by famine, and others are swallowed up by earthquakes."

These words, far from being a rhetorical lament, are but a meagre statement of some of the circumstances of a desolation, in which the elements themselves, as St. Gregory intimates, as well as the barbarians, took a principal part. In the dreadful age of that great Pope, a plague spread from the lowlands of Egypt to the Indies on the one hand, along Africa across to Spain on the other, till, reversing its course, it reached the eastern extremity of Europe. For fifty-two years did it retain possession of the infected atmosphere, and, in Constantinople, during three months, five thousand, and at length ten thousand persons, are said to have died daily. Many cities of the East were left without inhabitants; and in several districts of Italy there were no labourers to gather either harvest or vintage. A succession of earthquakes accompanied for years this heavy calamity. Constantinople was shaken for above forty days. Two hundred and fifty thousand persons are said to have perished in the earthquake of Antioch, crowded, as the city was, with strangers for the festival of the Ascension. Berytus, the Eastern school of Roman jurisprudence, called, from its literary and scientific importance, the eye of Phœnicia, shared a similar fate. These, however, were but local vis-

itations. Cities are indeed the homes of civilization, but the wide earth, with her hill and dale, open plain and winding valley, is its refuge. The barbarian invaders, spreading over the country, like a flight of locusts, did their very best to destroy every fragment of the old world, and every element of revival. Twenty-nine public libraries had been founded at Rome; but, had these been destroyed, as in Antioch, or Berytus, by earthquakes or by conflagration, yet a large aggregate of books would have still survived. Such collections had become a fashion and a luxury in the latter Empire, and every colony and municipium, every larger temple, every prætorium, the baths, and the private villas, had their respective libraries. When the ruin swept across the country, and these various libraries were destroyed, then the patient monks had begun again, in their quiet dwellings, to bring together, to arrange, to transcribe and to catalogue; but then again the new visitation of the Lombards fell, and Monte Cassino, the famous metropolis of the Benedictines, not to mention monasteries of lesser note, were sacked and destroyed.

Truly was Christianity revenged on that ancient civilization for the persecutions which it had inflicted on Christianity. Man ceased from the earth, and his works with him. The arts of life, architecture, engineering, agriculture, were alike brought to nought. The waters were let out over the face of the country; arable and pasture lands were drowned; landmarks disappeared. Pools and lakes intercepted the thoroughfares; whole districts became pestilential marshes; the strong stream, or the abiding morass, sapped and obliterated the very site of cities. Here the mountain torrent cut a channel in the plain; there it elevated ridges across it; elsewhere it disengaged masses of rock and earth in its precipitous passage, and, hurrying them on, left them as islands in the midst of the flood. Forests overspread the land, in rivalry of the waters, and became the habitation of wild animals, of wolves, and even bears. The dwindled race of man lived in scattered huts of mud, where best they might avoid marauder, and pestilence, and inundation; or clung to-

gether for mutual defence in cities, where wretched cottages, on the ruins of marble palaces, overbalanced the security of numbers by the frequency of conflagration.

In such a state of things, the very mention of education is a mockery, the very aim and effort to exist was occupation enough for mind and body. The heads of the Church bewailed a universal ignorance, which they could not remedy; it was a great thing that schools remained sufficient for clerical education, and this education was only sufficient, as Pope Agatho informs us, to enable them to hand on the traditions of the Fathers, without scientific exposition or polemical defence. In that Pope's time, the great Council of Rome, in its letter to the Emperor of the East, who had asked for episcopal legates of correct life and scientific knowledge of the Scriptures, made answer, that, if by science was meant knowledge of revealed truth, the demand could be supplied; not, if more was required; "since," continue the Fathers, "in these parts, the fury of our various heathen foes is ever breaking out, whether in conflicts, or in inroads and rapine. Hence our life is simply one of anxiety of soul and labour of body; of anxiety, because we are in the midst of the heathen; of labour, because the maintenance, which used to come to us as ecclesiastics, is at an end; so that faith is our only substance, to live in its possession our highest glory, to die for it our eternal gain." The very profession of the clergy is the knowledge of letters: if even these lost it, would others retain it in their miseries, to whom it was no duty? And what then was the hope and prospect of the world in the generations which were to follow?

"What is coming? what is to be the end?" Such was the question, that weighed so heavily upon the august line of Pontiffs, upon whom rested "the solicitude of all the churches," and whose failure in vigilance and decision in that miserable time would have been the loss of ancient learning, and the indefinite postponement of new civilization. What could be done for art, science, and philosophy, when towns had been burned up, and country devastated? In such distress, islands, or deserts, or the mountain-top

have commonly been the retreat, to which in the last instance the hopes of humanity have been conveyed. Thus the monks of the fourth century had preserved the Catholic faith from the tyranny of Arianism in the Egyptian desert; and so the inhabitants of Lombardy had taken refuge from the Huns in the shallows of the Adriatic; so too just then the Christian Goths were biding their time to revenge themselves on the Saracens, in the mountains of Asturias. Where should the Steward of the Household deposit the riches, which his predecessors had inherited from Jew and heathen, the things old as well as new, in an age, in which each succeeding century threatened them with woes worse than the centuries which had gone before! Pontiff after Pontiff looked out from the ruins of the Imperial City, which were to be his ever-lasting, ever-restless throne, if perchance some place was to be found, more tranquil than his own, where the hope of the future might be lodged. They looked over the Earth, towards great cities and far provinces, and whether it was Gregory, or Vitalian, or Agatho, or Leo, their eyes had all been drawn in one direction, and fixed upon one quarter for that purpose,—not to the East, from which the light of knowledge had arisen, not to the West, whither it had spread,—but to the North.

High in the region of the North, beyond the just limits of the Roman world, though partly included in its range, so secluded and secure in their sea-encircled domain that they have been thought to be the fabulous Hesperides where heroes dwelt in peace, lay two sister islands, ample in size, happy in soil and climate and beautiful in the face of the country. Alas! that the passions of man should alienate from one another, those whom nature and religion had bound together! So far away were they from foreign foes, that one of them the barbarians had never reached, and though a solitary wave of their invasion has passed over the other, it was not destined to be followed by a second for some centuries. In those days the larger of the two was called Britannia, the lesser Hibernia. The latter was then the seat of a flourishing Church. abounding in the fruits of sanctity, learning and

zeal; the former, at least its southern half, had formed part of the Empire, had partaken both of its civilization and its Christianity, but had lately been occupied, with the extermination of its population, by the right wing of the great barbaric host which was overrunning Europe. I need but allude to a well known history; we all recollect how some of those pagan invaders of Britain were brought for sale in a slave market at Rome, and were taken as samples of their brethren by the great Saint so often mentioned in these pages, who succeeded at length in buying the whole race, not for any human master, but for Christ. St. Gregory, who, amid his troubles at Rome, engaged in this sacred negotiation, was led by his charity towards a particular people, to do a deed which resulted in surpassing benefits on the whole of Christendom. Here lay the answer to the prayers and questionings of himself and other holy Popes, and the solution of the great problem which had so anxiously perplexed their minds. The old world was to pass away, and its wealth and wisdom with it; but these two islands were to be the storehouse of the past and the birth-place of the future.

James Anthony Froude

1818–1894

DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA

(From *English Seamen in the XVIth Century*, 1895)

In the gallery at Madrid there is a picture, painted by Titian, representing the Genius of Spain coming to the delivery of the afflicted Bride of Christ. Titian was dead, but the temper of the age survived, and in the study of that great picture you will see the spirit in which the Spanish nation had set out for the conquest of England. The scene is the seashore. The Church a naked Andromeda, with dishevelled hair, fastened to the trunk of an ancient disbranched tree. The cross lies at her feet, the cup overturned, the ser-

pents of heresy biting at her from behind with uplifted crests. Coming on before a leading breeze is the sea monster, the Moslem fleet, eager for their prey; while in front is Perseus, the Genius of Spain, banner in hand, with the legions of the faithful laying not raiment before him, but shield and helmet, the apparel of war for the Lady of Nations to clothe herself with strength and smite her foes.

In the Armada the crusading enthusiasm had reached its point and focus. England was the stake to which the Virgin, the daughter of Sion, was bound in captivity. Perseus had come at last in the person of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, and with him all that was best and brightest in the countrymen of Cervantes, to break her bonds and replace her on her throne. They had sailed into the channel in pious hope, with the blessed banner waving over their heads.

To be the executor of the decrees of Providence is a lofty ambition, but men in a state of high emotion overlook the precautions which are not to be dispensed with even on the sublimest of errands. Don Quixote, when he set out to redress the wrongs of humanity, forgot that a change of linen might be necessary, and that he must take money with him to pay his hotel bills. Philip II., in sending the Armada to England, and confident in supernatural protection, imagined an unresisted triumphal procession. He forgot that contractors might be rascals, that water four months in the casks in a hot climate turned putrid, and that putrid water would poison his ships' companies, though his crews were companies of angels. He forgot that the servants of the evil one might fight for their mistress after all, and that he must send adequate supplies of powder, and, worst forgetfulness of all, that a great naval expedition required a leader who understood his business. Perseus, in the shape of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, after a week of disastrous battles, found himself at the end of it in an exposed roadstead, where he ought never to have been, nine-tenths of his provisions thrown overboard as unfit for food, his ammunition exhausted by the unforeseen demands upon it, the seamen and soldiers harassed and dispirited, officers the whole week without

sleep, and the enemy, who had hunted him from Plymouth to Calais, anchored within half a league of him.

Still, after all his misadventures, he had brought the fleet, if not to the North Foreland, yet within a few miles of it, and to outward appearance not materially injured. Two of the galleons had been taken; a third, the *Santa Aña*, had strayed; and his galleys had left him, being found too weak for the channel sea; but the great armament had reached its destination substantially uninjured so far as English eyes could see. Hundreds of men had been killed and hundreds more wounded, and the spirit of the rest had been shaken. But the loss of life could only be conjectured on board the English fleet. The English admiral could only see that the Duke was now in touch with Parma. Parma, they knew, had an army at Dunkirk with him, which was to cross to England. He had been collecting men, barges, and transports all the winter and spring, and the backward state of Parma's preparations could not be anticipated, still less relied upon. The Calais anchorage was unsafe; but at that season of the year, especially after a wet summer, the weather usually settled; and to attack the Spaniards in a French port might be dangerous for many reasons. It was uncertain after the day of the Barricades whether the Duke of Guise or Henry of Valois was master of France, and a violation of the neutrality laws might easily at that moment bring Guise and France into the field on the Spaniards' side. It was, no doubt, with some such expectation that the Duke and his advisers had chosen Calais as the point at which to bring up. It was now Saturday, the 7th of August. The governor of the town came off in the evening to the *San Martin*. He expressed surprise to see the Spanish fleet in so exposed a position, but he was profuse in his offers of service. Anything which the Duke required should be provided, especially every facility for communicating with Dunkirk and Parma. The Duke thanked him, said that he supposed Parma to be already embarked with his troops, ready for the passage, and that his own stay in the roads would be but brief. On Monday morning at latest he expected that the attempt to cross

would be made. The governor took his leave, and the Duke, relieved from his anxieties, was left to a peaceful night. He was disturbed on the Sunday morning by an express from Parma informing him that, so far from being embarked, the army could not be ready for a fortnight. The barges were not in condition for sea. The troops were in camp. The arms and stores were on the quays at Dunkirk. As for the fly-boats and ammunition which the Duke had asked for, he had none to spare. He had himself looked to be supplied from the Armada. He promised to use his best expedition, but the Duke, meanwhile, must see to the safety of the fleet.

Unwelcome news to a harassed landsman thrust into the position of an admiral and eager to be rid of his responsibilities. If by evil fortune the northwester should come down upon him, with the shoals and sandbanks close under his lee, he would be in a bad way. Nor was the view behind him calculated for comfort. There lay the enemy almost within gunshot, who, though scarcely more than half his numbers, had hunted him like a pack of bloodhounds, and, worse than all, in double strength; for the Thames squadron—three Queen's ships and thirty London adventurers—under Lord H. Seymour and Sir John Hawkins, had crossed in the night. There they were between him and Cape Grisnez, and the reinforcements meant plainly enough that mischief was in the wind.

After a week so trying the Spanish crews would have been glad of a Sunday's rest if they could have had it; but the rough handling which they had gone through had thrown everything into disorder. The sick and wounded had to be cared for, torn rigging looked to, splintered timbers mended, decks scoured, and guns and arms cleaned up and put to rights. And so it was that no rest could be allowed; so much had to be done, and so busy was every one, that the usual rations were not served out and the Sunday was kept as a fast. In the afternoon the stewards went ashore for fresh meat and vegetables. They came back with their boats loaded, and the prospect seemed a little less gloomy. Suddenly, as the Duke and a group of officers were watching the

English fleet from the *San Martin's* poop deck, a small smart pinnace, carrying a gun in her bow, shot out from Howard's lines, bore down on the *San Martin*, sailed round her, sending in a shot or two as she passed, and went off unhurt. The Spanish officers could not help admiring such airy impertinence. Hugo de Monçada sent a ball after the pinnace, which went through her mainsail, but did no damage, and the pinnace again disappeared behind the English ships.

So a Spanish officer describes the scene. The English story says nothing of the pinnace; but she doubtless came and went as the Spaniard says, and for sufficient purpose. The English, too, were in straits, though the Duke did not dream of it. You will remember that the last supplies which the Queen had allowed to the fleet had been issued in the middle of June. They were to serve for a month, and the contractors were forbidden to prepare more. The Queen had clung to her hope that her differences with Philip were to be settled by the Commission at Ostend; and she feared that if Drake and Howard were too well furnished they would venture some fresh rash stroke on the coast of Spain, which might mar the negotiations. Their month's provisions had been stretched to serve for six weeks, and when the Armada appeared but two full days' rations remained. On these they had fought their way up Channel. Something had been brought out by private exertion on the Dorsetshire coast, and Seymour had, perhaps, brought a little more. But they were still in extremity. The contractors had warned the Government that they could provide nothing without notice, and notice had not been given. The adventurers were in better state, having been equipped by private owners. But the Queen's ships in a day or two more must either go home or their crews would be starving. They had been on reduced rations for near two months. Worse than that, they were still poisoned by the sour beer. The Queen had changed her mind so often, now ordering the fleet to prepare for sea, then recalling her instructions and paying off the men, that those whom Howard had with him had

been enlisted in haste, had come on board as they were, and their clothes were hanging in rags on them. The fighting and the sight of the flying Spaniards were meat and drink, and clothing too, and had made them careless of all else. There was no fear of mutiny; but there was a limit to the toughest endurance. If the Armada was left undisturbed a long struggle might be still before them. The enemy would recover from its flurry, and Parma would come out from Dunkirk. To attack them directly in French waters might lead to perilous complications, while delay meant famine. The Spanish fleet had to be started from the roads in some way. Done it must be, and done immediately.

Then, on that same Sunday afternoon a memorable council of war was held in the *Ark's* main cabin. Howard, Drake, Seymour, Hawkins, Martin Frobisher, and two or three others met to consult, knowing that on them at that moment the liberties of England were depending. Their resolution was taken promptly. There was no time for talk. After nightfall a strong flood tide would be setting up along shore to the Spanish anchorage. They would try what could be done with fire ships, and the excursion of the pinnace, which was taken for bravado, was probably for a survey of the Armada's exact position. Meantime eight useless vessels were coated with pitch—hulls, spars, and rigging. Pitch was poured on the decks and over the sides, and parties were told off to steer them to their destination and then fire and leave them.

The hours stole on, and twilight passed into dark. The night was without a moon. The Duke paced his deck late with uneasy sense of danger. He observed lights moving up and down the English lines, and imagining that the *endemoniada gente*—the infernal devils—might be up to mischief, ordered a sharp look-out. A faint westerly air was curling the water, and towards midnight the watchers on board the galleons made out dimly several ships which seemed to be drifting down upon them. Their experience since the action off Plymouth had been so strange and un-

looked for that anything unintelligible which the English did was alarming.

The phantom forms drew nearer, and were almost among them when they broke into a blaze from water-line to truck, and the two fleets were seen by the lurid light of the conflagration; the anchorage, the walls and windows of Calais, and the sea shining red as far as eye could reach, as if the ocean itself was burning. Among the dangers which they might have to encounter, English fireworks had been especially dreaded by the Spaniards. Fire ships—a fit device of heretics—had worked havoc among the Spanish troops, when the bridge was blown up, at Antwerp. They imagined that similar infernal machines were approaching the Armada. A capable commander would have sent a few launches to grapple the burning hulks, which of course were now deserted, and tow them out of harm's way. Spanish sailors were not cowards, and would not have flinched from duty because it might be dangerous; but the Duke and Diego Florez lost their heads again. A signal gun from the *San Martin* ordered the whole fleet to slip their cables and stand out to sea.

Orders given in panic are doubly unwise, for they spread the terror in which they originate. The danger from the fire ships was chiefly from the effect on the imagination, for they appear to have drifted by and done no real injury. And it speaks well for the seamanship and courage of the Spaniards that they were able, crowded together as they were, at midnight and in sudden alarm to set their canvas and clear out without running into one another. They buoyed their cables, expecting to return for them at daylight, and with only a single accident, to be mentioned directly, they executed successfully a really difficult manœuvre.

The Duke was delighted with himself. The fire ships burned harmlessly out. He had baffled the inventions of the *endemoniada gente*. He brought up a league outside the harbour, and supposed that the whole Armada had done the same. Unluckily for himself, he found it at daylight divided into two bodies. The *San Martin* with forty of the

best appointed of the galleons were riding together at their anchors. The rest, two thirds of the whole, having no second anchors ready, and inexperienced in Channel tides and currents, had been lying to. The west wind was blowing up. Without seeing where they were going they had drifted to leeward, and were two leagues off, towards Gravelines, dangerously near the shore. The Duke was too ignorant to realise the full peril of his situation. He signalled to them to return and rejoin him. As the wind and tide stood it was impossible. He proposed to follow them. The pilots told him that if he did the whole fleet might be lost on the banks. Towards the land the look of things was not more encouraging.

One accident only had happened the night before. The *Capitana* galleass, with Don Hugo de Monçada and eight hundred men on board, had fouled her helm in a cable in getting under way and had become unmanageable. The galley slaves disobeyed orders, or else Don Hugo was as incompetent as his commander-in-chief. The galleass had gone on the sands, and as the tide ebbed had fallen over on her side. Howard, seeing her condition, had followed her in the *Ark* with four or five other of the Queen's ships, and was furiously attacking her with his boats, careless of neutrality laws. Howard's theory was, as he said, to pluck the feathers one by one from the Spaniard's wing, and here was a feather worth picking up. The galleass was the most splendid vessel of her kind afloat, Don Hugo one of the greatest of Spanish grandees.

Howard was making a double mistake. He took the galleass at last after three hours' fighting. Don Hugo was killed by a musket ball. The vessel was plundered, and Howard's men took possession, meaning to carry her away when the tide rose. The French authorities ordered him off, threatening to fire upon him; and after wasting the forenoon, he was obliged at last to leave her where she lay. Worse than this, he had lost three precious hours, and had lost along with them, in the opinion of the Prince of Parma, the honours of the great day.

Drake and Hawkins knew better than to waste time plucking single feathers. The fire ships had been more effective than they could have dared to hope. The enemy was broken up. The Duke was shorn of half his strength, and the Lord had delivered him into their hand. He had got under way, still signalling wildly, and uncertain in which direction to turn. His uncertainties were ended for him by seeing Drake bear down upon him with the whole English fleet, save those which were loitering about the galleass. The English had now the advantage of numbers. The superiority of their guns he knew already, and their greater speed allowed him no hope to escape a battle. Forty ships alone were left to him to defend the banner of the crusade and the honour of Castile; but those forty were the largest and most powerfully armed and manned that he had, and on board them were Oquendo, De Leyva, Recalde, Bretandona, the best officers in the Spanish navy next to the lost Don Pedro.

It was now or never for England. The scene of the action which was to decide the future of Europe was between Calais and Dunkirk, a few miles off shore, and within sight of Parma's camp. There was no more manœuvring for the weather-gage, no more fighting at long range. Drake dashed straight upon his prey as the falcon swoops upon its quarry. A chance had fallen to him which might never return; not for the vain distinction of carrying prizes into English ports, not for the ray of honour which would fall on him if he could carry off the sacred banner itself and hang it in the Abbey at Westminster, but a chance so to handle the Armada that it should never be seen again in English waters, and deal such a blow on Philip that the Spanish Empire should reel with it. The English ships had the same superiority over the galleons which steamers have now over sailing vessels. They had twice the speed; they could lie two points nearer to the wind. Sweeping round them at cable's length, crowding them in one upon the other, yet never once giving them a chance to grapple, they hurled in their cataracts of round shot. Short as was the powder supply, there was no sparing it that morning. The hours

went on, and still the battle raged, if battle it could be called where the blows were all dealt on one side and the suffering was all on the other. Never on sea or land did the Spaniards show themselves worthier of their great name than on that day. But from the first they could do nothing. It was said afterwards in Spain that the Duke showed the white feather, that he charged his pilot to keep him out of harm's way, that he shut himself up in his cabin, buried in woolpacks, and so on. The Duke had faults enough, but poltroonery was not one of them. He, who till he entered the English Channel had never been in action on sea or land, found himself, as he said, in the midst of the most furious engagement recorded in the history of the world. As to being out of harm's way, the standard at his masthead drew the hottest of the fire upon him. The *San Martin's* timbers were of oak and a foot thick, but the shot, he said, went through them enough to shatter a rock. Her deck was a slaughterhouse; half his company were killed or wounded, and no more would have been heard or seen of the *San Martin* or her commander had not Oquendo and De Leyva pushed in to the rescue and enabled him to creep away under their cover. He himself saw nothing more of the action after this. The smoke, he said, was so thick that he could make out nothing, even from his masthead. But all round it was but a repetition of the same scene. The Spanish shot flew high, as before, above the low English hulls, and they were themselves helpless butts to the English guns. And it is noticeable and supremely creditable to them that not a single galleon struck her colours. One of them, after a long duel with an Englishman, was on the point of sinking. An English officer, admiring the courage which the Spaniards had shown, ran out upon his bowsprit, told them that they had done all which became men, and urged them to surrender and save their lives. For answer they cursed the English as cowards and chickens because they refused to close. The officer was shot. His fall brought a last broadside on them, which finished the work. They went down, and the water closed

over them. Rather death to the soldiers of the Cross than surrender to a heretic.

The deadly hail rained on. In some ships blood was seen streaming out of the scupper-holes. Yet there was no yielding; all ranks showed equal heroism. The priests went up and down in the midst of the carnage, holding the crucifix before the eyes of the dying. At midday Howard came up to claim a second share in a victory which was no longer doubtful. Towards the afternoon the Spanish fire slackened. Their powder was gone, and they could make no return to the cannonade which was still overwhelming them. They admitted freely afterwards that if the attack had been continued but two hours more they must all have struck or gone ashore. But the English magazines were empty also; the last cartridge was shot away, and the battle ended from mere inability to keep it up. It had been fought on both sides with peculiar determination. In the English there was the accumulated resentment of thirty years of menace to their country and their creed, with the enemy in tangible shape at last to be caught and grappled with; in the Spanish, the sense that if their cause had not brought them the help they looked for from above, the honour and faith of Castile should not suffer in their hands.

It was over. The English drew off, regretting that their thrifty mistress had limited their means of fighting for her, and so obliged them to leave their work half done. When the cannon ceased the wind rose, the smoke rolled away, and in the level light of the sunset they could see the results of the action.

A galleon in Recalde's squadron was sinking with all hands. The *San Philip* and the *San Matteo* were drifting dismasted towards the Dutch coast, where they were afterwards wrecked. Those which were left with canvas still showing were crawling slowly after their comrades who had not been engaged, the spars and rigging so cut up that they could scarce bear their sails. The loss of life could only be conjectured, but it had been obviously terrible. The nor'-wester was blowing up and was pressing the wounded ships

upon the shoals, from which, if it held, it seemed impossible in their crippled state they would be able to work off.

In this condition Drake left them for the night, not to rest, but from any quarter to collect, if he could, more food and powder. The snake had been scotched, but not killed. More than half the great fleet were far away, untouched by shot, perhaps able to fight a second battle if they recovered heart. To follow, to drive them on the banks if the wind held, or into the North Sea, anywhere so that he left them no chance of joining hands with Parma again, and to use the time before they had rallied from his blows, that was the present necessity. His own poor fellows were famished and in rags; but neither he nor they had leisure to think of themselves. There was but one thought in the whole of them, to be again in chase of the flying foe. Howard was resolute as Drake. All that was possible was swiftly done. Seymour and the Thames squadron were to stay in the straits and watch Parma. From every obtainable source food and powder were collected for the rest—far short in both ways of what ought to have been, but, as Drake said, 'we were resolved to put on a brag and go on as if we needed nothing.' Before dawn the admiral and he were again off on the chase.

The brag was unneeded. What man could do had been done, and the rest was left to the elements. Never again could Spanish seamen be brought to face the English guns with Medina Sidonia to lead them. They had a fool at their head. The Invisible Powers in whom they had been taught to trust had deserted them. Their confidence was gone and their spirit broken. Drearily the morning broke on the Duke and his consorts the day after the battle. The Armada had collected in the night. The nor'-wester had freshened to a gale, and they were labouring heavily along, making fatal leeway towards the shoals.

It was St. Lawrence's Day, Philip's patron saint, whose shoulder-bone he had lately added to the treasures of the Escurial; but St. Lawrence was as heedless as St. Dominic. The *San Martin* had but six fathoms under her. Those

nearer to the land signalled five, and right before them they could see the brown foam of the breakers curling over the sands, while on their weather-beam, a mile distant and clinging to them like the shadow of death, were the English ships which had pursued them from Plymouth like the dogs of the Furies. The Spanish sailors and soldiers had been without food since the evening when they anchored at Calais. All Sunday they had been at work, no rest allowed them to eat. On the Sunday night they had been stirred out of their sleep by the fire ships. Monday they had been fighting, and Monday night committing their dead to the sea. Now they seemed advancing directly upon inevitable destruction. As the wind stood there was still room for them to wear and thus escape the banks, but they would then have to face the enemy, who seemed only refraining from attacking them because while they continued on their present course the winds and waves would finish the work without help from man. Recalde, De Leyva, Oquendo, and other officers were sent for to the *San Martin* to consult. Oquendo came last. 'Ah, Señor Oquendo,' said the Duke as the heroic Biscayan stepped on board, 'que haremos?' (what shall we do?) 'Let your Excellency bid load the guns again,' was Oquendo's gallant answer. It could not be. De Leyva himself said that the men would not fight the English again. Florez advised surrender. The Duke wavered. It was said that a boat was actually lowered to go off to Howard and make terms, and that Oquendo swore that if the boat left the *San Martin* on such an errand he would fling Florez into the sea. Oquendo's advice would have, perhaps, been the safest if the Duke could have taken it. There were still seventy ships in the Armada little hurt. The English were 'bragging,' as Drake said, and in no condition themselves for another serious engagement. But the temper of the entire fleet made a courageous course impossible. There was but one Oquendo. Discipline was gone. The soldiers in their desperation had taken the command out of the hands of the seamen. Officers and men alike abandoned hope, and, with no human prospect of sal-

vation left to them, they flung themselves on their knees upon the decks and prayed the Almighty to have pity on them. But two weeks were gone since they had knelt on those same decks on the first sight of the English shore to thank Him for having brought them so far on an enterprise so glorious. Two weeks; and what weeks! Wrecked, torn by cannon shot, ten thousand of them dead or dying—for this was the estimated loss by battle—the survivors could now but pray to be delivered from a miserable death by the elements. In cyclones the wind often changes suddenly back from north-west to west, from west to south. At that moment, as if in answer to their petition, one of these sudden shifts of wind saved them from the immediate peril. The gale backed round to S.S.W., and ceased to press them on the shoals. They could ease their sheets, draw off into open water, and steer a course up the middle of the North Sea.

So only that they went north, Drake was content to leave them unmolested. Once away into the high latitudes they might go where they would. Neither Howard nor he, in the low state of their own magazines, desired any unnecessary fighting. If the Armada turned back they must close with it. If it held its present course they must follow it till they could be assured it would communicate no more for that summer with the Prince of Parma. Drake thought they would perhaps make for the Baltic or some port in Norway. They would meet no hospitable reception from either Swedes or Danes, but they would probably try. One only imminent danger remained to be provided against. If they turned into the Forth, it was still possible for the Spaniards to redeem their defeat, and even yet shake Elizabeth's throne. Among the many plans which had been formed for the invasion of England, a landing in Scotland had long been the favourite. Guise had always preferred Scotland when it was intended that Guise should be the leader. Santa Cruz had been in close correspondence with Guise on this very subject, and many officers in the Armada must have been acquainted with Santa Cruz's views. The Scotch

Catholic nobles were still savage at Mary Stuart's execution, and had the Armada anchored in Leith Roads with twenty thousand men, half a million ducats, and a Santa Cruz at its head, it might have kindled a blaze at that moment from John o'Groat's Land to the Border.

But no such purpose occurred to the Duke of Medina Sidonia. He probably knew nothing at all of Scotland or its parties. Among the many deficiencies which he had pleaded to Philip as unfitting him for the command, he had said that Santa Cruz had acquaintances among the English and Scotch peers. He had himself none. The small information which he had of anything did not go beyond his orange gardens and his tunny fishing. His chief merit was that he was conscious of his incapacity; and, detesting a service into which he had been fooled by a hysterical nun, his only anxiety was to carry home the still considerable fleet which had been trusted to him without further loss. Beyond Scotland and the Scotch isles there was the open ocean, and in the open ocean there were no sandbanks and no English guns. Thus, with all sail set he went on before the wind. Drake and Howard attended him till they had seen him past the Forth, and knew then that there was no more to fear. It was time to see to the wants of their own poor fellows, who had endured so patiently and fought so magnificently. On the 13th of August they saw the last of the Armada, turned back, and made their way to the Thames.

But the story has yet to be told of the final fate of the great 'enterprise of England' (the 'empresa de Inglaterra'), the object of so many prayers, on which the hopes of the Catholic world had been so long and passionately fixed. It had been ostentatiously a religious crusade. The preparations had been attended with peculiar solemnities. In the eyes of the faithful it was to be the execution of Divine justice on a wicked princess and a wicked people. In the eyes of millions whose convictions were less decided it was an appeal to God's judgment to decide between the Reformation and the Pope. There was an appropriateness, there-

fore, if due to accident, that other causes besides the action of man should have combined in its overthrow.

The Spaniards were experienced sailors; a voyage round the Orkneys and round Ireland to Spain might be tedious, but at that season of the year need not have seemed either dangerous or difficult. On inquiry, however, it was found that the condition of the fleet was seriously alarming. The provisions placed on board at Lisbon had been found unfit for food, and almost all had been thrown into the sea. The fresh stores taken in at Corunna had been consumed, and it was found that at the present rate there would be nothing left in a fortnight. Worse than all, the water-casks refilled there had been carelessly stowed. They had been shot through in the fighting and were empty; while of clothing or other comforts for the cold regions which they were entering no thought had been taken. The mules and horses were flung overboard, and Scotch smacks, which had followed the retreating fleet, reported that they had sailed for miles through floating carcasses.

The rations were reduced for each man to a daily half-pound of biscuit, a pint of water, and a pint of wine. Thus, sick and hungry, the wounded left to the care of a medical officer, who went from ship to ship, the subjects of so many prayers were left to encounter the climate of the North Atlantic. The Duke blamed all but himself; he hanged one poor captain for neglect of orders, and would have hanged another had he dared; but his authority was gone. They passed the Orkneys in a single body. They then parted, it was said in a fog; but each commander had to look out for himself and his men. In many ships water must be had somewhere, or they would die. The *San Martin*, with sixty consorts, went north to the sixtieth parallel. From that height the pilots promised to take them down clear of the coast. The wind still clung to the west, each day blowing harder than the last. When they braced round to it their wounded spars gave way. Their rigging parted. With the greatest difficulty they made at last sufficient offing, and rolled down somehow out of sight of land, dipping their

yards in the enormous seas. Of the rest, one or two went down among the Western Isles and became wrecks there, their crews, or part of them, making their way through Scotland to Flanders. Others went north to Shetland or the Faroe Islands. Between thirty or forty were tempted in upon the Irish coasts. There were Irishmen in the fleet, who must have told them that they would find the water there for which they were perishing, safe harbours, and a friendly Catholic people; and they found either harbours which they could not reach or sea-washed sands and reefs. They were all wrecked at various places between Donegal and the Blaskets. Something like eight thousand half-drowned wretches struggled on shore alive. Many were gentlemen, richly dressed, with velvet coats, gold chains, and rings. The common sailors and soldiers had been paid their wages before they started, and each had a bag of ducats lashed to his waist when he landed through the surf. The wild Irish of the coast, tempted by the booty, knocked unknown numbers of them on the head with their battle-axes, or stripped them naked and left them to die of the cold. On one long sand strip in Sligo an English officer counted eleven hundred bodies, and he heard that there were as many more a few miles distant.

The better educated of the Ulster chiefs, the O'Rourke and O'Donnell, hurried down to stop the butchery and spare Ireland the shame of murdering helpless Catholic friends. Many—how many cannot be said—found protection in their castles. But even so it seemed as if some inexorable fate pursued all who had sailed in that doomed expedition. Alonzo de Leyva, with half a hundred young Spanish nobles of high rank who were under his special charge, made his way in a galleass into Killibeg. He was himself disabled in landing. O'Donnell received and took care of him and his companions. After remaining in O'Donnell's castle for a month he recovered. The weather appeared to mend. The galleass was patched up, and De Leyva ventured an attempt to make his way in her to Scotland. He had passed the worst danger, and Scotland was almost in sight; but fate

would have its victims. The galleass struck a rock off Dunluce and went to pieces, and Don Alonzo and the princely youths who had sailed with him were washed ashore all dead, to find an unmarked grave in Antrim.

Most pitiful of all was the fate of those who fell into the hands of the English garrisons in Galway and Mayo. Galleons had found their way into Galway Bay—one of them had reached Galway itself—the crews half dead with famine and offering a cask of wine for a cask of water. The Galway townsmen were human, and tried to feed and care for them. Most were too far gone to be revived, and died of exhaustion. Some might have recovered, but recovered they would be a danger to the State. The English in the West of Ireland were but a handful in the midst of a sullen, half conquered population. The ashes of the Desmond rebellion were still smoking, and Dr. Sanders and his Legatine Commission were fresh in immediate memory. The defeat of the Armada in the Channel could only have been vaguely heard of. All that English officers could have accurately known must have been that an enormous expedition had been sent to England by Philip to restore the Pope; and Spaniards, they found, were landing in thousands in the midst of them with arms and money; distressed for the moment, but sure, if allowed time to get their strength again, to set Connaught in a blaze. They had no fortresses to hold so many prisoners, no means of feeding them, no men to spare to escort them to Dublin. They were responsible to the Queen's Government for the safety of the country. The Spaniards had not come on any errand of mercy to her or hers. The stern order went out to kill them all wherever they might be found, and two thousand or more were shot, hanged, or put to the sword. Dreadful! Yes, but war itself is dreadful and has its own necessities.

The sixty ships which had followed the *San Martin* succeeded at last in getting round Cape Clear, but in a condition scarcely less miserable than that of their companions who had perished in Ireland. Half their companions died—died of untended wounds, hunger, thirst, and famine fever. The

survivors were moving skeletons, more shadows and ghosts than living men, with scarce strength left them to draw a rope or handle a tiller. In some ships there was no water for fourteen days. The weather in the lower latitudes lost part of its violence, or not one of them would have seen Spain again. As it was they drifted on outside Scilly and into the Bay of Biscay, and in the second week of September they dropped in one by one. Recalde, with better success than the rest, made Corunna. The Duke, not knowing where he was, found himself in sight of Corunna also. The crew of the *San Martin* were prostrate, and could not work her in. They signalled for help, but none came, and they dropped away to leeward to Bilboa. Oquendo had fallen off still farther to Santander, and the rest of the sixty arrived in the following days at one or other of the Biscay ports. On board them, of the thirty thousand who had left those shores but two months before in high hope and passionate enthusiasm, nine thousand only came back alive—if alive they could be called. It is touching to read in a letter from Bilboa of their joy at warm Spanish sun, the sight of the grapes on the white walls, and the taste of fresh home bread and water again. But it came too late to save them, and those whose bodies might have rallied died of broken hearts and disappointed dreams. Santa Cruz's old companions could not survive the ruin of the Spanish navy. Recalde died two days after he landed at Bilboa. Santander was Oquendo's home. He had a wife and children there, but he refused to see them, turned his face to the wall, and died too. The common seamen and soldiers were too weak to help themselves. They had to be left on board the poisoned ships till hospitals could be prepared to take them in. The authorities of Church and State did all that men could do; but the case was past help, and before September was out all but a few hundred needed no further care.

Philip, it must be said for him, spared nothing to relieve the misery. The widows and orphans were pensioned by the State. The stroke which had fallen was received with a dignified submission to the inscrutable purposes of Heaven.

Diego Florez escaped with a brief imprisonment at Burgos. None else were punished for faults which lay chiefly in the King's own presumption in imagining himself the instrument of Providence.

The Duke thought himself more sinned against than sinning. He did not die, like Recalde or Oquendo, seeing no occasion for it. He flung down his command and retired to his palace at St. Lucan; and so far was Philip from resenting the loss of the Armada on its commander, that he continued him in his governorship of Cadiz, where Essex found him seven years later, and where he ran from Essex as he had run from Drake.

The Spaniards made no attempt to conceal the greatness of their defeat. Unwilling to allow that the Upper Powers had been against them, they set it frankly down to the superior fighting powers of the English.

The English themselves, the Prince of Parma said, were modest in their victory. They thought little of their own gallantry. To them the defeat and destruction of the Spanish fleet was a declaration of the Almighty in the cause of their country and the Protestant faith. Both sides had appealed to Heaven, and Heaven had spoken.

It was the turn of the tide. The wave of the reconquest of the Netherlands ebbed from that moment. Parma took no more towns from the Hollanders. The Catholic peers and gentlemen of England, who had held aloof from the Established Church, waiting *ad illud tempus* for a religious revolution, accepted the verdict of Providence. They discovered that in Anglicanism they could keep the faith of their fathers, yet remain in communion with their Protestant fellow-countrymen, use the same liturgy, and pray in the same temples. For the first time since Elizabeth's father broke the bonds of Rome the English became a united nation, joined in loyal enthusiasm for the Queen, and were satisfied that thenceforward no Italian priest should tithe or toll in her dominions.

But all that, and all that went with it, the passing from Spain to England of the sceptre of the seas, must be left to

other lectures, or other lecturers who have more years before them than I. My own theme has been the poor Protestant adventurers who fought through that perilous week in the English Channel and saved their country and their country's liberty.

John Ruskin

1819–1900

THE LAMP OF MEMORY

(From *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, 1849)

I. Among the hours of his life to which the writer looks back with peculiar gratitude, as having been marked by more than ordinary fulness of joy or clearness of teaching, is one passed, now some years ago, near time of sunset, among the broken masses of pine forest which skirt the course of the Ain, above the village of Champagnole, in the Jura. It is a spot which has all the solemnity, with none of the savageness, of the Alps; where there is the sense of a great power beginning to be manifested in the earth, and of a deep and majestic concord in the rise of the long low lines of piny hills; the first utterance of those mighty mountain symphonies, soon to be more loudly lifted and wildly broken along the battlements of the Alps. But their strength is as yet restrained; and the far reaching ridges of pastoral mountain succeed each other, like the long and sighing swell which moves over quiet waters from some far off stormy sea. And there is a deep tenderness pervading that vast monotony. The destructive forces and the stern expression of the central ranges are alike withdrawn. No frost-ploughed, dust-encumbered paths of ancient glacier fret the soft Jura pastures; no splintered heaps of ruin break the fair ranks of her forest; no pale, defiled, or furious rivers send their rude and changeful ways among her rocks. Patiently, eddy by eddy, the clear green streams wind along their well-known beds; and under the dark quietness of the undisturbed pines,

there spring up, year by year, such company of joyful flowers as I know not the like of among all the blessings of the earth. It was spring time, too; and all were coming forth in clusters crowded for very love; there was room enough for all, but they crushed their leaves into all manner of strange shapes only to be nearer each other. There was the wood anemone, star after star, closing every now and then into nebulæ; and there was the oxalis, troop by troop, like virginal processions of the Mois de Marie, the dark vertical clefts in the limestone choked up with them as with heavy snow, and touched with ivy on the edges—ivy as light and lovely as the vine; and, ever and anon, a blue gush of violets, and cowslip bells in sunny places; and in the more open ground, the vetch, and comfrey, and mezereon, and the small sapphire buds of the Polygala Alpina, and the wild strawberry, just a blossom or two, all showered amidst the golden softness of deep, warm, amber-coloured moss. I came out presently on the edge of the ravine: the solemn murmur of its waters rose suddenly from beneath, mixed with the singing of the thrushes among the pine boughs; and, on the opposite side of the valley, walled all along as it was by grey cliffs of limestone, there was a hawk sailing slowly off their brow, touching them nearly with his wings, and with the shadows of the pines flickering upon his plumage from above; but with the fall of a hundred fathoms under his breast, and the curling pools of the green river gliding and glittering dizzily beneath him, their foam globes moving with him as he flew. It would be difficult to conceive a scene less dependent upon any other interest than that of its own secluded and serious beauty; but the writer well remembers the sudden blankness and chill which were cast upon it when he endeavoured, in order more strictly to arrive at the sources of its impressiveness, to imagine it, for a moment, a scene in some aboriginal forest of the New Continent. The flowers in an instant lost their light, the river its music; the hills became oppressively desolate; a heaviness in the boughs of the darkened forest showed how much of their former power had been dependent upon a life which was not

theirs, how much of the glory of the imperishable, or continually renewed, creation is reflected from things more precious in their memories than it, in its renewing. Those ever springing flowers and ever flowing streams had been dyed by the deep colours of human endurance, valour, and virtue; and the crests of the sable hills that rose against the evening sky received a deeper worship, because their far shadows fell eastward over the iron wall of Joux, and the four-square keep of Granson.

II. It is as the centralisation and protectress of this sacred influence, that Architecture is to be regarded by us with the most serious thought. We may live without her, and worship without her, but we cannot remember without her. How cold is all history, how lifeless all imagery, compared to that which the living nation writes, and the uncorrupted marble bears!—how many pages of doubtful record might we not often spare, for a few stones left one upon another! The ambition of the old Babel builders was well directed for this world: there are but two strong conquerors of the forgetfulness of men, Poetry and Architecture; and the latter in some sort includes the former, and is mightier in its reality: it is well to have, not only what men have thought and felt, but what their hands have handled, and their strength wrought, and their eyes beheld, all the days of their life. The age of Homer is surrounded with darkness, his very personality with doubt. Not so that of Pericles: and the day is coming when we shall confess, that we have learned more of Greece out of the crumbled fragments of her sculpture than even from her sweet singers or soldier historians. And if indeed there be any profit in our knowledge of the past, or any joy in the thought of being remembered hereafter, which can give strength to present exertion, or patience to present endurance, there are two duties respecting national architecture whose importance it is impossible to overrate: the first, to render the architecture of the day, historical; and, the second, to preserve, as the most precious of inheritances, that of past ages.

TRAFFIC

(From *The Crown of Wild Olive*, 1866)

52. My good Yorkshire friends, you asked me down here among your hills that I might talk to you about this Exchange you are going to build: but, earnestly and seriously asking you to pardon me, I am going to do nothing of the kind. I cannot talk, or at least say very little, about this same Exchange. I must talk of quite other things, though not willingly;—I could not deserve your pardon, if, when you invited me to speak on one subject, I *wilfully* spoke on another. But I cannot speak, to purpose, of anything about which I do not care; and most simply and sorrowfully I have to tell you, in the outset, that I do *not* care about this Exchange of yours.

If, however, when you sent me your invitation, I had answered, 'I won't come, I don't care about the Exchange of Bradford,' you would have been justly offended with me, not knowing the reasons of so blunt a carelessness. So I have come down, hoping that you will patiently let me tell you why, on this, and many other occasions, I now remain silent, when formerly I should have caught at the opportunity of speaking to a gracious audience.

53. In a word then, I do not care about this Exchange,—because *you* don't; and because you know perfectly well I cannot make you. Look at the essential conditions of the case, which you, as business men, know perfectly well, though perhaps you think I forget them. You are going to spend 30,000*l.*, which to you, collectively, is nothing; the buying a new coat is, as to the cost of it, a much more important matter of consideration, to me, than building a new Exchange is to you. But you think you may as well have the right thing for your money. You know there are a great many odd styles of architecture about; you don't want to do anything ridiculous; you hear of me, among others, as a respectable architectural man-milliner; and you send for me, that I may tell you the leading fashion; and

what is, in our shops, for the moment, the newest and sweetest thing in pinnacles.

54. Now pardon me for telling you frankly, you cannot have good architecture merely by asking people's advice on occasion. All good architecture is the expression of national life and character; and it is produced by a prevalent and eager national taste, or desire for beauty. And I want you to think a little of the deep significance of this word 'taste'; for no statement of mine has been more earnestly or oftener controverted than that good taste is essentially a moral quality. 'No,' say many of my antagonists, 'taste is one thing, morality is another. Tell us what is pretty: we shall be glad to know that; but we need no sermons, even were you able to preach them, which may be doubted.'

Permit me, therefore, to fortify this old dogma of mine somewhat. Taste is not only a part and an index of morality;—it is the ONLY morality. The first, and last, and closest trial question to any living creature is, 'What do you like?' Tell me what you like, and I'll tell you what you are. Go out into the street, and ask the first man or woman you meet, what their 'taste' is; and if they answer candidly, you know them, body and soul. 'You, my friend in the rags, with the unsteady gait, what do *you* like?' 'A pipe, and a quartern of gin.' I know you. 'You, good woman, with the quick step and tidy bonnet, what do you like?' 'A swept hearth, and a clean tea-table; and my husband opposite me, and a baby at my breast.' Good, I know you also. 'You, little girl with the golden hair and the soft eyes, what do you like?' 'My canary, and a run among the wood hyacinths.' 'You, little boy, with the dirty hands, and the low forehead, what do you like?' 'A shy at the sparrows, and a game at pitch farthing.' Good; we know them all now. What more need we ask?

55. 'Nay,' perhaps you answer; 'we need rather to ask what these people and children do, than what they like. If they *do* right, it is no matter that they like what is wrong; and if they *do* wrong, it is no matter that they like what is right. Doing is the great thing; and it does not matter that

the man likes drinking, so that he does not drink; nor that the little girl likes to be kind to her canary, if she will not learn her lessons; nor that the little boy likes throwing stones at the sparrows, if he goes to the Sunday school.' Indeed, for a short time, and in a provisional sense, this is true. For if, resolutely, people do what is right, in time to come they like doing it. But they are only in a right moral state when they *have* come to like doing it; and as long as they don't like it, they are still in a vicious state. The man is not in health of body who is always thinking of the bottle in the cupboard, though he bravely bears his thirst; but the man who heartily enjoys water in the morning, and wine in the evening, each in its proper quantity and time. And the entire object of true education is to make people not merely *do* the right things, but *enjoy* the right things:—not merely industrious, but to love industry—not merely learned, but to love knowledge—not merely pure, but to love purity—not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice.

56. But you may answer or think, 'Is the liking for outside ornaments,—for pictures, or statues, or furniture, or architecture, a moral quality?' Yes, most surely, if a rightly set liking. Taste for *any* pictures or statues is not a moral quality, but taste for good ones is. Only here again we have to define the word 'good.' I don't mean by 'good,' clever—or learned—or difficult in the doing. Take a picture by Teniers, of sots quarrelling over their dice; it is an entirely clever picture; so clever that nothing in its kind has ever been done equal to it; but it is also an entirely base and evil picture. It is an expression of delight in the prolonged contemplation of a vile thing, and delight in that is an 'unmannered,' or 'immoral' quality. It is 'bad taste' in the profoundest sense—it is the taste of the devils. On the other hand, a picture of Titian's, or a Greek statue, or a Greek coin, or a Turner landscape, expresses delight in the perpetual contemplation of a good and perfect thing. That is an entirely moral quality—it is the taste of the angels. And all delight in fine art, and all love of it, resolve themselves into simple love of that which de-

serves love. That deserving is the quality which we call 'loveliness'—(we ought to have an opposite word, hateliness, to be said of the things which deserve to be hated); and it is not an indifferent nor optional thing whether we love this or that; but it is just the vital function of all our being. What we *like* determines what we *are*, and is the sign of what we are; and to teach taste is inevitably to form character.

57. As I was thinking over this, in walking up Fleet Street the other day, my eye caught the title of a book standing open in a bookseller's window. It was—'On the necessity of the diffusion of taste among all classes.' 'Ah,' I thought to myself, 'my classifying friend, when you have diffused your taste, where will your classes be? The man who likes what you like, belongs to the same class with you, I think. Inevitably so. You may put him to other work if you choose; but, by the condition you have brought him into, he will dislike the work as much as you would yourself. You get hold of a scavenger or a costermonger, who enjoyed the Newgate Calendar for literature, and "Pop goes the Weasel" for music. You think you can make him like Dante and Beethoven? I wish you joy of your lessons; but if you do, you have made a gentleman of him:—he won't like to go back to his costermongering.'

58. And so completely and unexceptionally is this so, that, if I had time to-night, I could show you that a nation cannot be affected by any vice, or weakness, without expressing it, legibly, and for ever, either in bad art, or by want of art; and that there is no national virtue, small or great, which is not manifestly expressed in all the art which circumstances enable the people possessing that virtue to produce. Take, for instance, your great English virtue of enduring and patient courage. You have at present in England only one art of any consequence—that is, iron-working. You know thoroughly well how to cast and hammer iron. Now, do you think, in those masses of lava which you build volcanic cones to melt, and which you forge at the mouths of the Infernos you have created; do you think, on those

iron plates, your courage and endurance are not written for ever,—not merely with an iron pen, but on iron parchment? And take also your great English vice—European vice—vice of all the world—vice of all other worlds that roll or shine in heaven, bearing with them yet the atmosphere of hell— the vice of jealousy, which brings competition into your commerce, treachery into your councils, and dishonour into your wars—that vice which has rendered for you, and for your next neighbouring nation, the daily occupations of existence no longer possible, but with the mail upon your breasts and the loose sword in its sheath; so that at last, you have realized for all the multitudes of the two great peoples who lead the so-called civilization of the earth,—you have realized for them all, I say, in person and in policy, what was once true only of the rough border riders of your Cheviot hills—

> 'They carved at the meal
> With gloves of steel,
> And they drank the red wine through the helmet barr'd;'—

do you think this national shame and dastardliness of heart are not written as legibly on every rivet of your iron armour as the strength of the right hands that forged it?

59. Friends, I know not whether this thing be the more ludicrous or the more melancholy. It is quite unspeakably both. Suppose, instead of being now sent for by you, I had been sent for by some private gentleman, living in a suburban house, with his garden separated only by a fruit wall from his next door neighbour's; and he had called me to consult with him on the furnishing of his drawing room. I begin looking about me, and find the walls rather bare; I think such and such a paper might be desirable—perhaps a little fresco here and there on the ceiling—a damask curtain or so at the windows. 'Ah,' says my employer, 'damask curtains, indeed! That's all very fine, but you know I can't afford that kind of thing just now!' 'Yet the world credits you with a splendid income!' 'Ah, yes,' says my friend, 'but do you know, at present I am obliged to spend it nearly

all in steel-traps?' 'Steel-traps! for whom?' 'Why, for that fellow on the other side the wall, you know: We're very good friends, capital friends; but we are obliged to keep our traps set on both sides of the wall; we could not possibly keep on friendly terms without them, and our spring guns. The worst of it is, we are both clever fellows enough; and there's never a day passes that we don't find out a new trap, or a new gun-barrel, or something; we spend about fifteen millions a year each in our traps, take it altogether; and I don't see how we're to do it with less.' A highly comic state of life for two private gentlemen! but for two nations, it seems to me, not wholly comic. Bedlam would be comic, perhaps, if there were only one madman in it; and your Christmas pantomime is comic, when there is only one clown in it; but when the whole world turns clown, and paints itself red with its own heart's blood instead of vermilion, it is something else than comic, I think.

60. Mind, I know a great deal of this is play, and willingly allow for that. You don't know what to do with yourselves for a sensation: fox-hunting and cricketing will not carry you through the whole of this unendurably long mortal life: you liked pop-guns when you were schoolboys, and rifles and Armstrongs are only the same things better made: but then the worst of it is, that what was play to you when boys, was not play to the sparrows; and what is play to you now, is not play to the small birds of State neither; and for the black eagles, you are somewhat shy of taking shots at them, if I mistake not.

61. I must get back to the matter in hand, however. Believe me, without farther instance, I could show you, in all time, that every nation's vice, or virtue, was written in its art: the soldiership of early Greece; the sensuality of late Italy; the visionary religion of Tuscany; the splendid human energy of Venice. I have no time to do this to-night (I have done it elsewhere before now); but I proceed to apply the principle to ourselves in a more searching manner.

I notice that among all the new buildings which cover your once wild hills, churches and schools are mixed in due,

that is to say, in large proportion, with your mills and mansions; and I notice also that the churches and schools are almost always Gothic, and the mansions and mills are never Gothic. May I ask the meaning of this; for, remember, it is peculiarly a modern phenomenon? When Gothic was invented, houses were Gothic as well as churches; and when the Italian style superseded the Gothic, churches were Italian as well as houses. If there is a Gothic spire to the cathedral of Antwerp, there is a Gothic belfry to the Hotel de Ville at Brussels; if Inigo Jones builds an Italian Whitehall, Sir Christopher Wren builds an Italian St. Paul's. But now you live under one school of architecture, and worship under another. What do you mean by doing this? Am I to understand that you are thinking of changing your architecture back to Gothic; and that you treat your churches experimentally, because it does not matter what mistakes you make in a church? Or am I to understand that you consider Gothic a pre-eminently sacred and beautiful mode of building, which you think, like the fine frankincense, should be mixed for the tabernacle only, and reserved for your religious services? For if this be the feeling, though it may seem at first as if it were graceful and reverent, at the root of the matter, it signifies neither more nor less than that you have separated your religion from your life.

62. For consider what a wide significance this fact has; and remember that it is not you only, but all the people of England, who are behaving thus, just now.

You have all got into the habit of calling the church 'the house of God.' I have seen, over the doors of many churches, the legend actually carved, '*This* is the house of God and this is the gate of heaven.' Now, note where that legend comes from, and of what place it was first spoken. A boy leaves his father's house to go on a long journey on foot, to visit his uncle: he has to cross a wild hill-desert; just as if one of your own boys had to cross the wolds to visit an uncle at Carlisle. The second or third day your boy finds himself somewhere between Hawes and Brough, in the midst of the moors, at sunset. It is stony ground, and boggy; he

cannot go one foot farther that night. Down he lies, to sleep, on Wharnside, where best he may, gathering a few of the stones together to put under his head;—so wild the place is, he cannot get anything but stones. And there, lying under the broad night, he has a dream; and he sees a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reaches to heaven, and the angels of God are seen ascending and descending upon it. And when he wakes out of his sleep, he says, 'How dreadful is this place; surely this is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.' This PLACE, observe; not this church; not this city; not this stone, even, which he puts up for a memorial—the piece of flint on which his head was lain. But this *place;* this windy slope of Wharnside; this moorland hollow, torrent-bitten, snow-blighted! this *any* place where God lets down the ladder. And how are you to know where that will be? or how are you to determine where it may be, but by being ready for it always? Do you know where the lightning is to fall next? You *do* know that, partly; you can guide the lightning; but you cannot guide the going forth of the Spirit, which is as that lightning when it shines from the east to the west.

63. But the perpetual and insolent warping of that strong verse to serve a merely ecclesiastical purpose, is only one of the thousand instances in which we sink back into gross Judaism. We call our churches 'temples.' Now, you know perfectly well they are *not* temples. They have never had, never can have, anything whatever to do with temples. They are 'synagogues'—'gathering places'—where you gather yourselves together as an assembly; and by not calling them so, you again miss the force of another mighty text—'Thou when thou prayest, shalt not be as the hypocrites are; for they love to pray standing in the *churches'* (we should translate it), 'that they may be seen of men. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father,'—which is, not in chancel nor in aisle, but 'in secret.'

64. Now, you feel, as I say this to you—I know you feel—as if I were trying to take away the honour of your churches.

Not so; I am trying to prove to you the honour of your houses and your hills; not that the Church is not sacred—but that the whole Earth is. I would have you feel what careless, what constant, what infectious sin there is in all modes of thought, whereby, in calling your churches only 'holy,' you call your hearths and homes 'profane'; and have separated yourselves from the heathen by casting all your household gods to the ground, instead of recognising, in the places of their many and feeble Lares, the presence of your One and Mighty Lord and Lar.

65. 'But what has all this to do with our Exchange?' you ask me, impatiently. My dear friends, it has just everything to do with it; on these inner and great questions depend all the outer and little ones; and if you have asked me down here to speak to you, because you had before been interested in anything I have written, you must know that all I have yet said about architecture was to show this. The book I called *The Seven Lamps* was to show that certain right states of temper and moral feeling were the magic powers by which all good architecture, without exception, had been produced. *The Stones of Venice* had, from beginning to end, no other aim than to show that the Gothic architecture of Venice had arisen out of, and indicated in all its features, a state of pure national faith, and of domestic virtue; and that its Renaissance architecture had arisen out of, and in all its features indicated, a state of concealed national infidelity, and of domestic corruption. And now, you ask me what style is best to build in, and how can I answer, knowing the meaning of the two styles, but by another question—do you mean to build as Christians or as infidels? And still more—do you mean to build as honest Christians or as honest infidels? as thoroughly and confessedly either one or the other? You don't like to be asked such rude questions. I cannot help it; they are of much more importance than this Exchange business; and if they can be at once answered, the Exchange business settles itself in a moment. But before I press them farther, I must ask leave to explain one point clearly.

66. In all my past work, my endeavour has been to show that good architecture is essentially religious—the production of a faithful and virtuous, not of an infidel and corrupted people. But in the course of doing this, I have had also to show that good architecture is not *ecclesiastical.* People are so apt to look upon religion as the business of the clergy, not their own, that the moment they hear of anything depending on 'religion,' they think it must also have depended on the priesthood, and I have had to take what place was to be occupied between these two errors, and fight both, often with seeming contradiction. Good architecture is the work of good and believing men; therefore, you say, at least some people say, 'Good architecture must essentially have been the work of the clergy, not of the laity.' No—a thousand times no; good architecture has always been the work of the commonalty, *not* of the clergy. What, you say, those glorious cathedrals—the pride of Europe—did their builders not form Gothic architecture? No; they corrupted Gothic architecture. Gothic was formed in the baron's castle, and the burgher's street. It was formed by the thoughts, and hands, and powers of labouring citizens and warrior kings. By the monk it was used as an instrument for the aid of his superstition: when that superstition became a beautiful madness, and the best hearts in Europe vainly dreamed and pined in the cloister, and vainly raged and perished in the crusade,—through that fury of that perverted faith and wasted war, the Gothic rose also to its loveliest, most fantastic, and finally, most foolish dreams; and in those dreams, was lost.

67. I hope, now, that there is no risk of your misunderstanding me when I come to the gist of what I want to say to-night;—when I repeat, that every great national architecture has been the result and exponent of a great national religion. You can't have bits of it here, bits there—you must have it everywhere or nowhere. It is not the monopoly of a clerical company—it is not the exponent of a theological dogma—it is not the hieroglyphic writing of an initiated priesthood; it is the manly language of a people inspired by

resolute and common purpose, and rendering resolute and common fidelity to the legible laws of an undoubted God.

68. Now there have been as yet three distinct schools of European architecture. I say, European, because Asiatic and African architectures belong so entirely to other races and climates, that there is no question of them here; only, in passing, I will simply assure you that whatever is good or great in Egypt, and Syria, and India, is just good or great for the same reasons as the buildings on our side of the Bosphorus. We Europeans, then, have had three great religions: the Greek, which was the worship of the God of Wisdom and Power; the Mediæval, which was the worship of the God of Judgment and Consolation; the Renaissance, which was the worship of the God of Pride and Beauty: these three we have had—they are past,—and now, at last, we English have got a fourth religion, and a God of our own, about which I want to ask you. But I must explain these three old ones first.

69. I repeat, first, the Greeks essentially worshipped the God of Wisdom; so that whatever contended against their religion,—to the Jews a stumbling-block,—was, to the Greeks—*Foolishness.*

The first Greek idea of deity was that expressed in the word, of which we keep the remnant in our words '*Di*-urnal' and '*Di*-vine'—the god of *Day,* Jupiter the revealer. Athena is his daughter, but especially daughter of the Intellect, springing armed from the head. We are only with the help of recent investigation beginning to penetrate the depth of meaning couched under the Athenaic symbols: but I may note rapidly, that her ægis, the mantle with the serpent fringes, in which she often, in the best statues, is represented as folding up her left hand, for better guard; and the Gorgon, on her shield, are both representative mainly of the chilling horror and sadness (turning men to stone, as it were,) of the out-most and superficial spheres of knowledge—that knowledge which separates, in bitterness, hardness, and sorrow, the heart of the full grown man from the heart of the child. For out of imperfect knowledge spring

terror, dissension, danger, and disdain; but from perfect knowledge, given by the full-revealed Athena, strength and peace, in sign of which she is crowned with the olive spray, and bears the resistless spear.

This, then, was the Greek conception of purest Deity; and every habit of life, and every form of his art developed themselves from the seeking this bright, serene, resistless wisdom; and setting himself, as a man, to do things evermore rightly and strongly; not with any ardent affection or ultimate hope; but with a resolute and continent energy of will, as knowing that for failure there was no consolation, and for sin there was no remission. And the Greek architecture rose unerring, bright, clearly defined, and self-contained.

70. Next followed in Europe the great Christian faith, which was essentially the religion of Comfort. Its great doctrine is the remission of sins; for which cause, it happens, too often, in certain phases of Christianity, that sin and sickness themselves are partly glorified, as if, the more you had to be healed of, the more divine was the healing. The practical result of this doctrine, in art, is a continual contemplation of sin and disease, and of imaginary states of purification from them; thus we have an architecture conceived in a mingled sentiment of melancholy and aspiration, partly severe, partly luxuriant, which will bend itself to every one of our needs, and every one of our fancies, and be strong or weak with us, as we are strong or weak ourselves. It is, of all architecture, the basest, when base people build it—of all, the noblest, when built by the noble.

71. And now note that both these religions—Greek and Mediæval—perished by falsehood in their own main purpose. The Greek religion of Wisdom perished in a false philosophy—'Oppositions of science, falsely so called.' The Mediæval religion of Consolation perished in false comfort; in remission of sins given lyingly. It was the selling of absolution that ended the Mediæval faith; and I can tell you more, it is the selling of absolution which, to the end of time, will mark false Christianity. Pure Christianity gives her remission of sins only by *ending* them; but false Chris-

tianity gets her remission of sins by *compounding for* them. And there are many ways of compounding for them. We English have beautiful little quiet ways of buying absolution, whether in low Church or high, far more cunning than any of Tetzel's trading.

72. Then, thirdly, there followed the religion of Pleasure, in which all Europe gave itself to luxury, ending in death. First, *bals masqués* in every saloon, and then guillotines in every square. And all these three worships issue in vast temple building. Your Greek worshipped Wisdom, and built you the Parthenon—the Virgin's temple. The Mediæval worshipped Consolation, and built you Virgin temples also—but to our Lady of Salvation. Then the Revivalist worshipped beauty, of a sort, and built you Versailles and the Vatican. Now, lastly, will you tell me what *we* worship, and what *we* build?

73. You know we are speaking always of the real, active, continual, national worship; that by which men act, while they live; not that which they talk of, when they die. Now, we have, indeed, a nominal religion, to which we pay tithes of property and sevenths of time; but we have also a practical and earnest religion, to which we devote nine-tenths of our property, and six-sevenths of our time. And we dispute a great deal about the nominal religion: but we are all unanimous about this practical one; of which I think you will admit that the ruling goddess may be best generally described as the 'Goddess of Getting-on,' or 'Britannia of the Market.' The Athenians had an 'Athena Agoraia,' or Athena of the Market; but she was a subordinate type of their goddess, while our Britannia Agoraia is the principal type of ours. And all your great architectural works are, of course, built to her. It is long since you built a great cathedral; and how you would laugh at me if I proposed building a cathedral on the top of one of these hills of yours, to make it an Acropolis! But your railroad mounds, vaster than the walls of Babylon; your railroad stations, vaster than the temple of Ephesus, and innumerable; your chimneys, how much more mighty and costly

than cathedral spires! your harbour-piers; your warehouses; your exchanges!—all these are built to your great Goddess of 'Getting-on'; and she has formed, and will continue to form, your architecture, as long as you worship her; and it is quite vain to ask me to tell you how to build to *her;* you know far better than I.

74. There might, indeed, on some theories, be a conceivably good architecture for Exchanges—that is to say, if there were any heroism in the fact or deed of exchange, which might be typically carved on the outside of your building. For, you know, all beautiful architecture must be adorned with sculpture or painting; and for sculpture or painting, you must have a subject. And hitherto it has been a received opinion among the nations of the world that the only right subjects for either, were *heroisms* of some sort. Even on his pots and his flagons, the Greek put a Hercules slaying lions, or an Apollo slaying serpents, or Bacchus slaying melancholy giants, and earthborn despondencies. On his temples, the Greek put contests of great warriors in founding states, or of gods with evil spirits. On his houses and temples alike, the Christian put carvings of angels conquering devils; or of hero-martyrs exchanging this world for another: subject inappropriate, I think, to our direction of exchange here. And the Master of Christians not only left His followers without any orders as to the sculpture of affairs of exchange on the outside of buildings, but gave some strong evidence of His dislike of affairs of exchange within them. And yet there might surely be a heroism in such affairs; and all commerce become a kind of selling of doves, not impious. The wonder has always been great to me, that heroism has never been supposed to be in any wise consistent with the practice of supplying people with food, or clothes; but rather with that of quartering one's self upon them for food, and stripping them of their clothes. Spoiling of armour is an heroic deed in all ages; but the selling of clothes, old, or new, has never taken any colour of magnanimity. Yet one does not see why feeding the hungry and clothing the naked should ever become base businesses, even when engaged in on a

large scale. If one could contrive to attach the notion of conquest to them anyhow! so that, supposing there were anywhere an obstinate race, who refused to be comforted, one might take some pride in giving them compulsory comfort! and, as it were, '*occupying* a country' with one's gifts, instead of one's armies? If one could only consider it as much a victory to get a barren field sown, as to get an eared field stripped; and contend who should build villages, instead of who should 'carry' them! Are not all forms of heroism conceivable in doing these serviceable deeds? You doubt who is strongest? It might be ascertained by push of spade, as well as push of sword. Who is wisest? There are witty things to be thought of in planning other business than campaigns. Who is bravest? There are always the elements to fight with, stronger than men; and nearly as merciless.

75. The only absolutely and unapproachably heroic element in the soldier's work seems to be—that he is paid little for it—and regularly: while you traffickers, and exchangers, and others occupied in presumably benevolent business, like to be paid much for it—and by chance. I never can make out how it is that a *knight*-errant does not expect to be paid for his trouble, but a *pedlar*-errant always does;—that people are willing to take hard knocks for nothing, but never to sell ribands cheap; that they are ready to go on fervent crusades, to recover the tomb of a buried God, but never on any travels to fulfil the orders of a living one;—that they will go anywhere barefoot to preach their faith, but must be well bribed to practice it, and are perfectly ready to give the Gospel gratis, but never the loaves and fishes.

76. If you chose to take the matter up on any such soldierly principle; to do your commerce, and your feeding of nations, for fixed salaries; and to be as particular about giving people the best food, and the best cloth, as soldiers are about giving them the best gunpowder, I could carve something for you on your exchange worth looking at. But I can only at present suggest decorating its frieze with pendent purses; and making its pillars broad at the base, for the sticking of bills. And in the innermost chambers of it there might be a

statue of Britannia of the Market, who may have, perhaps advisably, a partridge for her crest, typical at once of her courage in fighting for noble ideas, and of her interest in game; and round its neck, the inscription in golden letters, 'Perdix fovit quæ non peperit.' Then, for her spear, she might have a weaver's beam; and on her shield, instead of St. George's Cross, the Milanese boar, semi-fleeced, with the town of Gennesaret proper, in the field; and the legend, 'In the best market,' and her corslet, of leather, folded over her heart in the shape of a purse, with thirty slits in it, for a piece of money to go in at, on each day of the month. And I doubt not but that people would come to see your Exchange, and its goddess, with applause.

77. Nevertheless, I want to point out to you certain strange characters in this goddess of yours. She differs from the great Greek and Mediæval deities essentially in two things—first, as to the continuance of her presumed power; secondly, as to the extent of it.

1st, as to the Continuance.

The Greek Goddess of Wisdom gave continual increase of wisdom, as the Christian Spirit of Comfort (or Comforter) continual increase of comfort. There was no question, with these, of any limit or cessation of function. But with your Agora Goddess, that is just the most important question. Getting on—but where to? Gathering together—but how much? Do you mean to gather always—never to spend? If so, I wish you joy of your goddess, for I am just as well off as you, without the trouble of worshipping her at all. But if you do not spend, somebody else will—somebody else must. And it is because of this (among many other such errors) that I have fearlessly declared your so-called science of Political Economy to be no science; because, namely, it has omitted the study of exactly the most important branch of the business—the study of *spending*. For spend you must, and as much as you make, ultimately. You gather corn:—will you bury England under a heap of grain; or will you, when you have gathered, finally eat? You gather gold:—will you make your house-roofs of it, or pave your streets with it? That is

still one way of spending it. But if you keep it, that you may get more, I'll give you more; I'll give you all the gold you want—all you can imagine—if you can tell me what you'll do with it. You shall have thousands of gold pieces;—thousands of thousands — millions — mountains, of gold: where will you keep them? Will you put an Olympus of silver upon a golden Pelion—make Ossa like a wart? Do you think the rain and dew would then come down to you, in the streams from such mountains, more blessedly than they will down the mountains which God has made for you, of moss and whinstone? But it is not gold that you want to gather! What is it? greenbacks? No; not those neither. What is it then—is it ciphers after a capital I? Cannot you practise writing ciphers, and write as many as you want! write ciphers for an hour every morning, in a big book, and say every evening, I am worth all those noughts more than I was yesterday. Won't that do? Well, what in the name of Plutus is it you want? Not gold, not greenbacks, not ciphers after a capital I? You will have to answer, after all, 'No; we want, somehow or other, money's *worth*.' Well, what is that? Let your Goddess of Getting-on discover it, and let her learn to stay therein.

78. II. But there is yet another question to be asked respecting this Goddess of Getting-on. The first was of the continuance of her power; the second is of its extent.

Pallas and the Madonna were supposed to be all the world's Pallas, and all the world's Madonna. They could teach all men, and they could comfort all men. But, look strictly into the nature of the power of your Goddess of Getting-on; and you will find she is the Goddess—not of everybody's getting on—but only of somebody's getting on. This is a vital, or rather deathful, distinction. Examine it in your own ideal of the state of national life which this Goddess is to evoke and maintain. I asked you what it was, when I was last here;—you have never told me. Now, shall I try to tell you?

79. Your ideal of human life then is, I think, that it should be passed in a pleasant undulating world, with iron

and coal everywhere underneath it. On each pleasant bank of this world is to be a beautiful mansion, with two wings; and stables, and coach-houses; a moderately-sized park; a large garden and hothouses; and pleasant carriage-drives through the shrubberies. In this mansion are to live the favoured votaries of the Goddess; the English gentleman, with his gracious wife, and his beautiful family; he always able to have the boudoir and the jewels for the wife, and the beautiful ball dresses for the daughters, and hunters for the sons, and a shooting in the Highlands for himself. At the bottom of the bank, is to be the mill; not less than a quarter of a mile long, with one steam engine at each end, and two in the middle, and a chimney three hundred feet high. In this mill are to be in constant employment from eight hundred to a thousand workers, who never drink, never strike, always go to church on Sunday, and always express themselves in respectful language.

80. Is not that, broadly, and in the main features, the kind of thing you propose to yourselves? It is very pretty indeed, seen from above; not at all so pretty, seen from below. For, observe, while to one family this deity is indeed the Goddess of Getting-on, to a thousand families she is the Goddess of *not* Getting-on. 'Nay,' you say, 'they have all their chance.' Yes, so has every one in a lottery, but there must always be the same number of blanks. 'Ah! but in a lottery it is not skill and intelligence which take the lead, but blind chance.' What then! do you think the old practice, that 'they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can,' is less iniquitous, when the power has become power of brains instead of fist? and that, though we may not take advantage of a child's or a woman's weakness, we may of a man's foolishness? 'Nay, but finally, work must be done, and some one must be at the top, some one at the bottom.' Granted, my friends. Work must always be, and captains of work must always be; and if you in the least remember the tone of any of my writings, you must know that they are thought unfit for this age, because they are always insisting on need of government, and speaking with scorn of liberty. But I beg

you to observe that there is a wide difference between being captains or governors of work, and taking the profits of it. It does not follow, because you are general of an army, that you are to take all the treasure, or land, it wins; (if it fight for treasure or land;) neither, because you are king of a nation, that you are to consume all the profits of the nation's work. Real kings, on the contrary, are known invariably by their doing quite the reverse of this,—by their taking the least possible quantity of the nation's work for themselves. There is no test of real kinghood so infallible as that. Does the crowned creature live simply, bravely, unostentatiously? probably he *is* a King. Does he cover his body with jewels, and his table with delicates? in all probability he is *not* a King. It is possible he may be, as Solomon was; but that is when the nation shares his splendour with him. Solomon made gold, not only to be in his own palace as stones, but to be in Jerusalem as stones. But, even so, for the most part, these splendid kinghoods expire in ruin, and only the true kinghoods live, which are of royal labourers governing loyal labourers; who, both leading rough lives, establish the true dynasties. Conclusively you will find that because you are king of a nation, it does not follow that you are to gather for yourself all the wealth of that nation; neither, because you are king of a small part of the nation, and lord over the means of its maintainance—over field, or mill, or mine,—are you to take all the produce of that piece of the foundation of national existence for yourself.

81. You will tell me I need not preach against these things, for I cannot mend them. No, good friends, I cannot; but you can, and you will; or something else can and will. Even good things have no abiding power—and shall these evil things persist in victorious evil? All history shows, on the contrary, that to be the exact thing they never can do. Change *must* come; but it is ours to determine whether change of growth, or change of death. Shall the Parthenon be in ruins on its rock, and Bolton priory in its meadow, but these mills of yours be the consummation of the buildings of the earth, and their wheels be as the wheels of eternity?

Think you that 'men may come, and men may go,' but—mills—go on for ever? Not so; out of these, better or worse shall come; and it is for you to choose which.

82. I know that none of this wrong is done with deliberate purpose. I know, on the contrary, that you wish your workmen well; that you do much for them, and that you desire to do more for them, if you saw your way to such benevolence safely. I know that even all this wrong and misery are brought about by a warped sense of duty, each of you striving to do his best; but, unhappily, not knowing for whom this best should be done. And all our hearts have been betrayed by the plausible impiety of the modern economist, telling us that, 'To do the best for ourselves, is finally to do the best for others.' Friends, our great Master said not so; and most absolutely we shall find this world is not made so. Indeed, to do the best for others, is finally to do the best for ourselves; but it will not do to have our eyes fixed on that issue. The Pagans had got beyond that. Hear what a Pagan says of this matter; hear what were, perhaps, the last written words of Plato,—if not the last actually written (for this we cannot know), yet assuredly in fact and power his parting words—in which, endeavouring to give full crowning and harmonious close to all his thoughts, and to speak the sum of them by the imagined sentence of the Great Spirit, his strength and his heart fail him, and the words cease, broken off for ever.

83. They are at the close of the dialogue called 'Critias,' in which he describes, partly from real tradition, partly in ideal dream, the early state of Athens; and the genesis, and order, and religion, of the fabled isle of Atlantis; in which genesis he conceives the same first perfection and final degeneracy of man, which in our own scriptural tradition is expressed by saying that the Sons of God inter-married with the daughters of men, for he supposes the earliest race to have been indeed the children of God; and to have corrupted themselves, until 'their spot was not the spot of his children.' And this, he says, was the end; that indeed 'through many generations, so long as the God's nature in them yet was full,

they were submissive to the sacred laws, and carried themselves lovingly to all that had kindred with them in divineness; for their uttermost spirit was faithful and true, and in every wise great; so that, *in all meekness of wisdom, they dealt with each other,* and took all the chances of life; and despising all things except virtue, they cared little what happened day by day, and *bore lightly the burden* of gold and of possessions; for they saw that, if *only their common love and virtue increased, all these things would be increased together with them;* but to set their esteem and ardent pursuit upon material possession would be to lose that first, and their virtue and affection together with it, and by such reasoning, and what of the divine nature remained in them, they gained all this greatness of which we have already told; but when the God's part of them faded and became extinct, being mixed again and again, and effaced by the prevalent mortality; and the human nature at last exceeded, they then became unable to endure the courses of fortune; and fell into shapelessness of life, and baseness in the sight of him who could see, having lost everything that was fairest of their honour; while to the blind hearts which could not discern the true life, tending to happiness, it seemed that they were then chiefly noble and happy, being filled with all iniquity of inordinate possession and power. Whereupon the God of Gods, whose Kinghood is in laws, beholding a once just nation thus cast into misery, and desiring to lay such punishment upon them as might make them repent into restraining, gathered together all the gods into his dwelling place, which from heaven's centre overlooks whatever has part in creation; and having assembled them, he said'——

84. The rest is silence. Last words of the chief wisdom of the heathen, spoken of this idol of riches; this idol of yours; this golden image, high by measureless cubits, set up where your green fields of England are furnace-burnt into the likeness of the plain of Dura: this idol, forbidden to us, first of all idols, by our own Master and faith; forbidden to us also by every human lip that has ever, in any age or people, been accounted of as able to speak according to the

purposes of God. Continue to make that forbidden deity your principal one, and soon no more art, no more science, no more pleasure will be possible. Catastrophy will come; or, worse than catastrophy, slow mouldering and withering into Hades. But if you can fix some conception of a true human state of life to be striven for—life, good for all men, as for yourselves; if you can determine some honest and simple order of existence; following those trodden ways of wisdom, which are pleasantness, and seeking her quiet and withdrawn paths, which are peace;—then, and so sanctifying wealth into 'commonwealth,' all your art, your literature, your daily labours, your domestic affection, and citizen's duty, will join and increase into one magnificent harmony. You will know then how to build, well enough; you will build with stone well, but with flesh better; temples not made with hands, but riveted of hearts; and that kind of marble, crimson-veined, is indeed eternal.

William Makepeace Thackeray

1811–1863

THE RESTORATION DRAMA

(From "Congreve and Addison," in *The English Humourists*, written 1851.)

There is life and death going on in everything: truth and lies always at battle. Pleasure is always warring against self-restraint. Doubt is always crying Psha! and sneering. A man in life, a humourist in writing about life, sways over to one principle or the other, and laughs with the reverence for right and the love of truth in his heart, or laughs at these from the other side. Didn't I tell you that dancing was a serious business to Harlequin? I have read two or three of Congreve's plays over before speaking of him; and my feelings were rather like those, which I dare say most of us here have had, at Pompeii, looking at Sallust's house and the relics of an orgy: a dried wine-jar or two, a charred supper-table, the breast of a dancing-girl pressed against the

ashes, the laughing skull of a jester: a perfect stillness round about, as the cicerone twangs his moral, and the blue sky shines calmly over the ruin. The Congreve Muse is dead, and her song choked in Time's ashes. We gaze at the skeleton, and wonder at the life which once revelled in its mad veins. We take the skull up, and muse over the frolic and daring, the wit, scorn, passion, hope, desire, with which that empty bowl once fermented. We think of the glances that allured, the tears that melted, of the bright eyes that shone in those vacant sockets; and of lips whispering love, and cheeks dimpling with smiles, that once covered yon ghastly yellow framework. They used to call those teeth pearls once. See, there's the cup she drank from, the gold-chain she wore on her neck, the vase which held the rouge for her cheeks, her looking-glass, and the harp she used to dance to. Instead of a feast we find a gravestone, and in place of a mistress, a few bones!

Reading in these plays now, is like shutting your ears and looking at people dancing. What does it mean? the measures, the grimaces, the bowing, shuffling and retreating, the cavalier seul advancing upon those ladies—those ladies and men twirling round at the end in a mad gallop, after which everybody bows and the quaint rite is celebrated. Without the music we can't understand that comic dance of the last century—its strange gravity and gaiety, its decorum or its indecorum. It has a jargon of its own quite unlike life; a sort of moral of its own quite unlike life too. I'm afraid it's a Heathen mystery, symbolizing a Pagan doctrine; protesting—as the Pompeians very likely were, assembled at their theatre and laughing at their games; as Sallust and his friends, and their mistresses, protested, crowned with flowers, with cups in their hands—against the new, hard, ascetic pleasure-hating doctrine whose gaunt disciples, lately passed over from the Asian shores of the Mediterranean, were for breaking the fair images of Venus and flinging the altars of Bacchus down.

I fancy poor Congreve's theatre is a temple of Pagan delights, and mysteries not permitted except among heathens.

I fear the theatre carries down that ancient tradition and worship, as masons have carried their secret signs and rites from temple to temple. When the libertine hero carries off the beauty in the play, and the dotard is laughed to scorn for having the young wife: in the ballad, when the poet bids his mistress to gather roses while she may, and warns her that old Time is still a-flying: in the ballet, when honest Corydon courts Phillis under the treillage of the pasteboard cottage, and leers at her over the head of grandpapa in red stockings, who is opportunely asleep; and when seduced by the invitations of the rosy youth she comes forward to the footlights, and they perform on each other's tiptoes that *pas* which you all know, and which is only interrupted by old grandpapa awaking from his doze at the pasteboard châlet (whither he returns to take another nap in case the young people get an encore): when Harlequin, splendid in youth, strength, and agility, arrayed in gold and a thousand colours, springs over the heads of countless perils, leaps down the throat of bewildered giants, and, dauntless and splendid, dances danger down: when Mr. Punch, that Godless old rebel, breaks every law and laughs at it with odious triumph, outwits his lawyer, bullies the beadle, knocks his wife about the head, and hangs the hangman—don't you see in the comedy, in the song, in the dance, in the ragged little Punch's puppet-show—the Pagan protest? Doesn't it seem as if Life puts in its plea and sings its comment? Look how the lovers walk and hold each other's hands and whisper! Sing the chorus—"There is nothing like love, there is nothing like youth, there is nothing like beauty of your springtime. Look! how old age tries to meddle with merry sport! Beat him with his own crutch, the wrinkled old dotard! There is nothing like youth, there is nothing like beauty, there is nothing like strength. Strength and valour win beauty and youth. Be brave and conquer. Be young and happy. Enjoy, enjoy, enjoy! Would you know the *Segreto per esser felice?* Here it is, in a smiling mistress and a cup of Falernian." As the boy tosses the cup and sings his song—hark! what is that chaunt coming nearer and nearer?

What is that dirge which *will* disturb us? The lights of the festival burn dim—the cheeks turn pale—the voice quavers—and the cup drops on the floor. Who's there? Death and Fate are at the gate, and they *will* come in.

NIL NISI BONUM

(From *Roundabout Papers*, 1860–1862)

Almost the last words which Sir Walter spoke to Lockhart, his biographer, were, "Be a good man, my dear!" and with the last flicker of breath on his dying lips, he sighed a farewell to his family, and passed away blessing them.

Two men, famous, admired, beloved, have just left us, the Goldsmith and Gibbon of our time. Ere a few weeks are over, the critic's pen will be at work, reviewing their lives, and passing judgment on their works. This is no review, or history, or criticism: only a word in testimony of respect and regard from a man of letters, who owes to his own professional labour the honour of becoming acquainted with these two eminent literary men. One was the first ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old. He was born almost with the republic; the *pater patriæ* had laid his hand on the child's head. He bore Washington's name: he came amongst us bringing the kindest sympathy, the most artless, smiling good-will. His new country (which some people here might be disposed to regard rather superciliously) could send us, as he showed in his own person, a gentleman, who, though himself born in no very high sphere, was most finished, polished, easy, witty, quiet; and, socially, the equal of the most refined Europeans. If Irving's welcome in England was a kind one, was it not also gratefully remembered? If he ate our salt, did he not pay us with a thankful heart? Who can calculate the amount of friendliness and good feeling for our country which this writer's generous and untiring regard for us disseminated in his own? His books are read by millions of his countrymen, whom he has taught to love England, and why to

love her. It would have been easy to speak otherwise than he did: to inflame national rancours, which, at the time when he first became known as a public writer, war had just renewed: to cry down the old civilization at the expense of the new: to point out our faults, arrogance, short-comings, and give the republic to infer how much she was the parent state's superior. There are writers enough in the United States, honest and otherwise, who preach that kind of doctrine. But the good Irving, the peaceful, the friendly, had no place for bitterness in his heart, and no scheme but kindness. Received in England with extraordinary tenderness and friendship (Scott, Southey, Byron, a hundred others have borne witness to their liking for him), he was a messenger of good-will and peace between his country and ours. "See, friends!" he seems to say, "these English are not so wicked, rapacious, callous, proud, as you have been taught to believe them. I went amongst them a humble man; won my way by my pen; and, when known, found every hand held out to me with kindliness and welcome. Scott is a great man you acknowledge. Did not Scott's King of England give a gold medal to him, and another to me, your countryman, and a stranger?"

Tradition in the United States still fondly retains the history of the feasts and rejoicings which awaited Irving on his return to his native country from Europe. He had a national welcome; he stammered in his speeches, hid himself in confusion, and the people loved him the better. He had worthily represented America in Europe. In that young community a man who brings home with him abundant European testimonials is still treated with respect (I have found American writers, of wide-world reputation, strangely solicitous about the opinions of quite obscure British critics, and elated or depressed by their judgments); and Irving went home medalled by the King, diplomatized by the University, crowned and honoured and admired. He had not in any way intrigued for his honours, he had fairly won them; and, in Irving's instance, as in others, the old country was glad and eager to pay them.

In America the love and regard for Irving was a national sentiment. Party wars are perpetually raging there, and are carried on by the press with a rancour and fierceness against individuals which exceed British, almost Irish, virulence. It seemed to me, during a year's travel in the country, as if no one ever aimed a blow at Irving. All men held their hands from that harmless, friendly peacemaker. I had the good fortune to see him at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and remarked how in every place he was honoured and welcomed. Every large city has its "Irving House." The country takes pride in the fame of its men of letters. The gate of his own charming little domain on the beautiful Hudson River was for ever swinging before visitors who came to him. He shut out no one. I had seen many pictures of his house, and read descriptions of it, in both of which it was treated with a not unusual American exaggeration. It was but a pretty little cabin of a place; the gentleman of the press who took notes of the place, whilst his kind old host was sleeping, might have visited the whole house in a couple of minutes.

And how came it that this house was so small, when Mr. Irving's books were sold by hundreds of thousands, nay, millions, when his profits were known to be large, and the habits of life of the good old bachelor were notoriously modest and simple? He had loved once in his life. The lady he loved died; and he, whom all the world loved, never sought to replace her. I can't say how much the thought of that fidelity has touched me. Does not the very cheerfulness of his after life add to the pathos of that untold story? To grieve always was not in his nature; or, when he had his sorrow, to bring all the world in to condole with him and bemoan it. Deep and quiet he lays the love of his heart, and buries it; and grass and flowers grow over the scarred ground in due time.

Irving had such a small house and such narrow rooms, because there was a great number of people to occupy them. He could only afford to keep one old horse (which, lazy and aged as it was, managed once or twice to run away with that

careless old horseman). He could only afford to give plain sherry to that amiable British paragraph-monger, who saw the patriarch asleep over his modest, blameless cup, and fetched the public into his private chamber to look at him. Irving could only live very modestly, because the wifeless, childless man had a number of children to whom he was as a father. He had as many as nine nieces, I am told—I saw two of these ladies at his house—with all of whom the dear old man had shared the produce of his labour and genius. "*Be a good man, my dear.*" One can't but think of these last words of the veteran Chief of Letters, who had tasted and tested the value of worldly success, admiration, prosperity. Was Irving not good, and, of his works, was not his life the best part? In his family, gentle, generous, good-humoured, affectionate, self-denying: in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood; quite unspoiled by prosperity; never obsequious to the great (or, worse still, to the base and mean, as some public men are forced to be in his and other countries); eager to acknowledge every contemporary's merit; always kind and affable to the young members of his calling; in his professional bargains and mercantile dealings delicately honest and grateful; one of the most charming masters of our lighter language; the constant friend to us and to our nation; to men of letters doubly dear, not for his wit and genius merely, but as an exemplar of goodness, probity, and pure life:—I don't know what sort of testimonial will be raised to him in his own country, where generous and enthusiastic acknowledgment of American merit is never wanting: but Irving was in our service as well as theirs; and as they have placed a stone at Greenwich yonder in memory of that gallant young Bellot, who shared the perils and fate of some of our Arctic seamen, I would like to hear of some memorial raised by English writers and friends of letters in affectionate remembrance of the dear and good Washington Irving.

As for the other writer, whose departure many friends, some few most dearly-loved, and multitudes of admiring readers deplore, our republic has already decreed his statue,

and he must have known that he had earned this posthumous honour. He is not a poet and man of letters merely, but citizen, statesman, a great British worthy. Almost from the first moment when he appears amongst boys, amongst college students, amongst men, he is marked, and takes rank as a great Englishman. All sorts of successes are easy to him: as a lad he goes down into the arena with others, and wins all the prizes to which he has a mind. A place in the senate is straightway offered to the young man. He takes his seat there; he speaks, when so minded, without party anger or intrigue, but not without party faith and a sort of heroic enthusiasm for his cause. Still he is poet and philosopher even more than orator. That he may have leisure and means to pursue his darling studies, he absents himself for a while, and accepts a richly-remunerative post in the East. As learned a man may live in a cottage or a college common-room; but it always seemed to me that ample means and recognized rank were Macaulay's as of right. Years ago there was a wretched outcry raised because Mr. Macaulay dated a letter from Windsor Castle, where he was staying. Immortal gods! Was this man not a fit guest for any palace in the world? or a fit companion for any man or woman in it? I dare say, after Austerlitz, the old K. K. court officials and footmen sneered at Napoleon for dating from Schönbrunn. But that miserable "Windsor Castle" outcry is an echo out of fast-retreating old-word remembrances. The place of such a natural chief was amongst the first of the land; and that country is best, according to our British notion at least, where the man of eminence has the best chance of investing his genius and intellect.

If a company of giants were got together, very likely one or two of the mere six-feet-six people might be angry in the incontestable superiority of the very tallest of the party; and so I have heard some London wits, rather peevish at Macaulay's superiority, complain that he occupied too much of the talk, and so forth. Now that wonderful tongue is to speak no more, will not many a man grieve that he no longer has the chance to listen? To remember the talk is to won-

der: to think not only of the treasures he had in his memory, but of the trifles he had stored there, and could produce with equal readiness. Almost on the last day I had the fortune to see him, a conversation happened suddenly to spring up about senior wranglers, and what they had done in after life. To the almost terror of the persons present, Macaulay began with the senior wrangler of 1801–2–3–4, and so on, giving the name of each, and relating his subsequent career and rise. Every man who has known him has his story regarding that astonishing memory. It may be that he was not ill pleased that you should recognize it; but to those prodigious intellectual feats, which were so easy to him, who would grudge his tribute of homage? His talk was, in a word, admirable, and we admired it.

Of the notices which have appeared regarding Lord Macaulay, up to the day when the present lines are written (the 9th of January), the reader should not deny himself the pleasure of looking especially at two. It is a good sign of the times when such articles as these (I mean the articles in *The Times* and *Saturday Review*) appear in our public prints about our public men. They educate us, as it were, to admire rightly. An uninstructed person in a museum or at a concert may pass by without recognizing a picture or a passage of music, which the connoisseur by his side may show him is a masterpiece of harmony, or a wonder of artistic skill. After reading these papers you like and respect more the person you have admired so much already. And so with regard to Macaulay's style there may be faults of course—what critic can't point them out? But for the nonce we are not talking about faults: we want to say *nil nisi bonum*. Well—take at hazard any three pages of the "Essays" or "History";—and, glimmering below the stream of the narrative, as it were, you, an average reader, see one, two, three, a half-score of allusions to other historic facts, characters, literature, poetry, with which you are acquainted. Why is this epithet used? Whence is that simile drawn? How does he manage in two or three words, to paint an individual, or to indicate a landscape? Your

neighbor, who has *his* reading, and his little stock of literature stowed away in his mind, shall detect more points, allusions, happy touches, indicating not only the prodigious memory and vast learning of this master, but the wonderful industry, the honest, humble previous toil of this great scholar. He reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description.

Many Londoners—not all—have seen the British Museum Library. I speak *à cœur ouvert*, and pray the kindly reader to bear with me. I have seen all sorts of domes of Peters and Pauls, Sophia, Pantheon,—what not?—and have been struck by none of them so much as by that Catholic dome in Bloomsbury, under which our million volumes are housed. What peace, what love, what truth, what beauty, what happiness for all, what generous kindness for you and me, are here spread out! It seems to me one cannot sit down in that place without a heart full of grateful reverence. I own to have said my grace at the table, and to have thanked heaven for this my English birthright, freely to partake of these bountiful books, and to speak the truth I find there. Under the dome which held Macaulay's brain, and from which his solemn eyes looked out on the world but a fortnight since, what a vast, brilliant, and wonderful store of learning was ranged! what strange lore would he not fetch for you at your bidding! A volume of law, or history, a book of poetry familiar or forgotten (except by himself who forgot nothing), a novel ever so old, and he had it at hand. I spoke to him once about "Clarissa." "Not read 'Clarissa'!" he cried out. "If you have once thoroughly entered on 'Clarissa' and are infected by it, you can't leave it. When I was in India I passed one hot season at the hills, and there were the Governor-General, and the Secretary of Government, and the Commander-in-Chief, and their wives. I had 'Clarissa' with me: and, as soon as they began to read, the whole station was in a passion of excitement about Miss Harlowe and her misfortunes, and her scoundrelly Lovelace! The Governor's wife seized the book, and the Secretary waited for it, and the Chief Justice could not read it for tears!" He acted the

whole scene: he paced up and down the "Athenæum" library: I dare say he could have spoken pages of the book—of that book, and of what countless piles of others.

In this little paper let us keep to the text of *nil nisi bonum.* One paper I have read regarding Lord Macaulay says "he had no heart." Why, a man's books may not always speak the truth, but they speak his mind in spite of himself: and it seems to me this man's heart is beating through every page he penned. He is always in a storm of revolt and indignation against wrong, craft, tyranny. How he cheers heroic resistance; how he backs and applauds freedom struggling for its own; how he hates scoundrels, ever so victorious and successful; how he recognizes genius, though selfish villains possess it! The critic who says Macaulay had no heart, might say that Johnson had none: and two men more generous, and more loving, and more hating, and more partial, and more noble, do not live in our history. Those who knew Lord Macaulay knew how admirably tender and generous, and affectionate he was. It was not his business to bring his family before the theatre footlights, and call for bouquets from the gallery as he wept over them.

If any young man of letters reads this little sermon—and to him, indeed, it is addressed—I would say to him, "Bear Scott's words in your mind, and 'be good, my dear.'" Here are two literary men, gone to their account, and, *laus Deo,* as far as we know, it is fair, and open, and clean. Here is no need of apologies for shortcomings, or explanations of vices which would have been virtues but for unavoidable &c. Here are two examples of men most differently gifted: each pursuing his calling; each speaking his truth as God bade him; each honest in his life; just and irreproachable in his dealings; dear to his friends; honoured by his country; beloved at his fireside. It has been the fortunate lot of each to give incalculable happiness and delight to the world, which thanks them in return with an immense kindliness, respect, affection. It may not be our chance, brother scribe, to be endowed with such merit, or rewarded with such fame. But the rewards of these men are rewards paid to *our service.* We

may not win the baton or epaulettes; but God give us strength to guard the honour of the flag!

Matthew Arnold

1822–1888

THE STUDY OF POETRY

(From Introduction to Ward's *English Poets,* 1880)

'The future of poetry is immense, because in poetry, where it is worthy of its high destines, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay. There is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has materialized itself in the fact, in the supposed fact; it has attached its emotion to the fact, and now the fact is failing it. But for poetry the idea is everything; the rest is a world of illusion, of divine illusion. Poetry attaches its emotion to the idea; the idea *is* the fact. The strongest part of our religion to-day is its unconscious poetry.'

Let me be permitted to quote these words of my own, as uttering the thought which should, in my opinion, go with us and govern us in all our study of poetry. In the present work it is the course of one great contributory stream to the world-river of poetry that we are invited to follow. We are here invited to trace the stream of English poetry. But whether we set ourselves, as here, to follow only one of the several streams that make the mighty river of poetry, or whether we seek to know them all, our governing thought should be the same. We should conceive of poetry worthily, and more highly than it has been the custom to conceive of it. We should conceive of it as capable of higher uses, and called to higher destinies, than those which in general men have assigned to it hitherto. More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for

us, to console us, to sustain us. Without poetry, our science would appear incomplete; and most of what now passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry. Science, I say, will appear incomplete without it. For finely and truly does Wordsworth call poetry 'the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science'; and what is a countenance without its expression? Again, Wordsworth finely and truly calls poetry 'the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge': our religion, parading evidences such as those on which the popular mind relies now; our philosophy, pluming itself on its reasonings about causation and finite infinite being; what are they but the shadows and dreams and false shows of knowledge? The day will come when we shall wonder at ourselves for having trusted to them, for having taken them seriously; and the more we perceive their hollowness, the more we shall prize 'the breath and finer spirit of knowledge' offered to us by poetry.

But if we conceive thus highly of the destinies of poetry, we must also set our standard for poetry high, since poetry, to be capable of fulfilling such high destinies, must be poetry of a high order of excellence. We must accustom ourselves to a high standard and to a strict judgment. Sainte-Beuve relates that Napoleon one day said, when somebody was spoken of in his presence as a charlatan: 'Charlatan as much as you please; but where is there *not* charlatanism?'—'Yes,' answered Sainte-Beuve, 'in politics, in the art of governing mankind, that is perhaps true. But in the order of thought, in art, the glory, the eternal honour is that charlatanism shall find no entrance; herein lies the inviolableness of that noble portion of man's being.' It is admirably said, and let us hold fast to it. In poetry, which is thought and art in one, it is the glory, the eternal honour, that charlatanism shall find no entrance; that this noble sphere be kept inviolate and inviolable. Charlatanism is for confusing or obliterating the distinctions between excellent and inferior, sound and unsound or only half-sound, true and untrue or only half-true. It is charlatanism, conscious or unconscious, whenever we confuse or obliterate these. And in poetry,

more than anywhere else, it is unpermissible to confuse or obliterate them. For in poetry the distinction between excellent and inferior, sound and unsound or only half-sound, true and untrue or only half-true, is of paramount importance. It is of paramount importance because of the high destinies of poetry. In poetry, as a criticism of life under the conditions fixed for such a criticism by the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty, the spirit of our race will find, we have said, as time goes on and as other helps fail, its consolation and stay. But the consolation and stay will be of power in proportion to the power of the criticism of life. And the criticism of life will be of power in proportion as the poetry conveying it is excellent rather than inferior, sound rather than unsound or half-sound, true rather than untrue or half-true.

The best poetry is what we want; the best poetry will be found to have a power of forming, sustaining, and delighting us, as nothing else can. A clearer, deeper sense of the best in poetry, and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it, is the most precious benefit which we can gather from a poetical collection such as the present. And yet in the very nature and conduct of such a collection there is inevitably something which tends to obscure in us the consciousness of what our benefit should be, and to distract us from the pursuit of it. We should therefore steadily set it before our minds at the outset, and should compel ourselves to revert constantly to the thought of it as we proceed.

Yes; constantly in reading poetry, a sense for the best, the really excellent, and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it, should be present in our minds and should govern our estimate of what we read. But this real estimate, the only true one, is liable to be superseded, if we are not watchful, by two other kinds of estimate, the historic estimate and the personal estimate, both of which are fallacious. A poet or a poem may count to us historically, they may count to us on grounds personal to ourselves, and they may count to us really. They may count to us historically. The course of development of a nation's language, thought, and poetry, is

profoundly interesting; and by regarding a poet's work as a stage in this course of development we may easily bring ourselves to make it of more importance as poetry than in itself it really is, we may come to use a language of quite exaggerated praise in criticising it; in short, to over-rate it. So arises in our poetic judgments the fallacy caused by the estimate which we may call historic. Then, again, a poet or a poem may count to us on grounds personal to ourselves. Our personal affinities, likings, and circumstances, have great power to sway our estimate of this or that poet's work, and to make us attach more importance to it as poetry than in itself it really possesses, because to us it is, or has been of high importance. Here also we overrate the object of our interest, and apply to it a language of praise which is quite exaggerated. And thus we get the source of a second fallacy in our poetic judgments—the fallacy caused by an estimate which we may call personal.

Both fallacies are natural. It is evident how natural the study of the history and development of a poetry may incline a man to pause over reputations and works once conspicuous but now obscure, and to quarrel with a careless public for skipping, in obedience to mere tradition and habit, from one famous name or work in its national poetry to another, ignorant of what it misses, and of the reason for keeping what it keeps, and of the whole process of growth in its poetry. The French have become diligent students of their own early poetry, which they long neglected; the study makes many of them dissatisfied with their so-called classical poetry, the court-tragedy of the seventeenth century, a poetry which Pellison long ago reproached with its want of the true poetic stamp, with its *politesse stérile et rampante*, but which nevertheless has reigned in France as absolutely as if it had been the perfection of classical poetry indeed. The dissatisfaction is natural; yet a lively and accomplished critic, M. Charles d'Héricault, the editor of Clément Marot, goes too far when he says that 'the cloud of glory playing round a classic is a mist as dangerous to the future of a literature as it is intolerable for the purposes of history.' 'It hinders,'

he goes on, 'it hinders us from seeing more than one single point, the culminating and exceptional point; the summary, fictitious and arbitrary, of a thought and of a work. It substitutes a halo for a physiognomy, it puts a statue where there was once a man, and hiding from us all trace of the labour, the attempts, the weaknesses, the failures, it claims not study but veneration; it does not show us how the thing is done, it imposes upon us a model. Above all, for the historian this creation of classic personages is inadmissible; for it withdraws the poet from his time, from his proper life, it breaks historical relationships, it blinds criticism by conventional admiration, and renders the investigation of literary origins unacceptable. It gives us a human personage no longer, but a God seated immovable amidst His perfect work, like Jupiter on Olympus; and hardly will it be possible for the young student, to whom such work is exhibited at such a distance from him, to believe that it did not issue ready made from that divine head.'

All this is brilliantly and tellingly said, but we must plead for a distinction. Everything depends on the reality of a poet's classic character. If he is a dubious classic, let us sift him; if he is a false classic, let us explode him. But if he is a real classic, if his work belongs to the class of the very best (for this is the true and right meaning of the word *classic, classical*), then the great thing for us is to feel and enjoy his work as deeply as ever we can, and to appreciate the wide difference between it and all work which has not the same high character. This is what is salutary, this is what is formative; this is the great benefit to be got from the study of poetry. Everything which interferes with it, which hinders it, is injurious. True we must read our classic with open eyes, and not with eyes blinded with superstition; we must perceive when his work comes short, when it drops out of the class of the very best, and we must rate it, in such cases, at its proper value. But the use of this negative criticism is not in itself, it is entirely in its enabling us to have a clearer sense and a deeper enjoyment of what is truly excellent. To trace the labour, the attempts, the weak-

nesses, the failures of a genuine classic, to acquaint oneself with his time and his life and his historical relationships, is mere literary dilettantism unless it has that clear sense and deeper enjoyment for its end. It may be said that the more we know about a classic the better we shall enjoy him; and, if we lived as long as Methuselah and had all of us heads of perfect clearness and wills of perfect steadfastness, this might be true in fact as it is plausible in theory. But the case here is much the same as the case with the Greek and Latin studies of our schoolboys. The elaborate philological groundwork which we require them to lay is in theory an admirable preparation for appreciating the Greek and Latin authors worthily. The more thoroughly we lay the groundwork, the better we shall be able, it may be said, to enjoy the authors. True, if time were not so short, and schoolboys' wits not so soon tired and their power of attention exhausted; only, as it is, the elaborate philological preparation goes on, but the authors are little known and less enjoyed. So with the investigator of 'historic origins' in poetry. He ought to enjoy the true classic all the better for his investigations; he often is distracted from the enjoyment of the best, and with the less good he overbusies himself, and is prone to over-rate it in proportion to the trouble which it has cost him.

The idea of tracing historic origins and historical relationships cannot be absent from a compilation like the present. And naturally the poets to be exhibited in it will be assigned to those persons for exhibition who are known to prize them highly, rather than to those who have no special inclination towards them. Moreover the very occupation with an author, and the business of exhibiting him, disposes us to affirm and amplify his importance. In the present work, therefore, we are sure of frequent temptation to adopt the historic estimate, or the personal estimate, and to forget the real estimate; which latter, nevertheless, we must employ if we are to make poetry yield us its full benefit. So high is that benefit, the benefit of clearly feeling and of deeply enjoying the really excellent, the truly classic in poetry, that we do well, I say, to set it fixedly before our minds as our

object in studying poets and poetry, and to make the desire of attaining it the one principle to which, as the *Imitation* says, whatever we may read or come to know, we always return. *Cum multa legeris et cognoveris, ad unum semper oportet redire principium.*

The historic estimate is likely in especial to affect our judgment and our language when we are dealing with ancient poets; the personal estimate when we are dealing with poets our contemporaries, or at any rate modern. The exaggerations due to the historic estimate are not in themselves, perhaps, of very much gravity. Their report hardly enters the general ear; probably they do not always impose even on the literary men who adopt them. But they lead to a dangerous abuse of language. So we hear Cædmon, amongst our own poets, compared to Milton. I have already noticed the enthusiasm of one accomplished French critic for 'historic origins.' Another eminent French critic, M. Vitet, comments upon that famous document of the early poetry of his nation, the *Chanson de Roland.* It is indeed a most interesting document. The *joculator* or *jongleur* Taillefer, who was with William the Conqueror's army at Hastings, marched before the Norman troops, so said the tradition, singing 'of Charlemagne and of Roland and of Oliver, and of the vassals who died at Roncevaux'; and it is suggested that in the *Chanson de Roland* by one Turoldos or Théroulde, a poem preserved in a manuscript of the twelfth century in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, we have certainly the matter, perhaps even some of the words, of the chant which Taillefer sang. The poem has vigour and freshness; it is not without pathos. But M. Vitet is not satisfied with seeing in it a document of some poetic value, and of very high historic and linguistic value; he sees in it a grand and beautiful work, a monument of epic genius. In its general design he finds the grandiose conception, in its details he finds the constant union of simplicity with greatness, which are the marks, he truly says, of the genuine epic, and distinguish it from the artificial epic of literary ages. One thinks of Homer; this is the sort of praise which is given to Homer, and justly

given. Higher praise there cannot well be, and it is the praise due to epic poetry of the highest order only, and to no other. Let us try, then, the *Chanson de Roland* at its best. Roland, mortally wounded, lays himself down under a pine-tree, with his face turned towards Spain and the enemy—

> *'De plusurs choses à remembrer li prist,*
> *De tantes teres cume li bers cunquist,*
> *De dulce France, des humes de sun lign,*
> *De Carlemagne sun seignor ki l'nurrit.'*

('Then began he to call many things to remembrance,—all the lands which his valour conquered, and pleasant France, and the men of his lineage, and Charlemagne his liege lord who nourished him.'—*Chanson de Roland,* iii. 939–942.)

This is primitive work, I repeat, with an undeniable quality of its own. It deserves such praise, and such praise is sufficient for it. But now turn to Homer—

> *Ὣς φάτο τοὺς δ ἤδη κατέχεν φυσίζοος αἶα*
> *ἐν Λακεδαίμονι αὖθι, φίλῃ ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ.*

('So said she; they long since in Earth's soft arms were reposing,
There, in their own dear land, their fatherland, Lacedæmon.'
Iliad, iii. 243, 244 (translated by Dr. Hawtrey).)

We are here in another world, another order of poetry altogether; here is rightly due such supreme praise as that which M. Vitet gives to the *Chanson de Roland.* If our words are to have any meaning, if our judgments are to have any solidity, we must not heap that supreme praise upon poetry of an order immeasurably inferior.

Indeed there can be no more useful help for discovering what poetry belongs to the class of the truly excellent, and can therefore do us most good, than to have always in one's mind lines and expressions of the great masters, and to apply them as a touchstone to other poetry. Of course we are not to require this other poetry to resemble them; it may be very dissimilar. But if we have any tact we shall find them, when we have lodged them well in our minds, an infallible touchstone for detecting the presence or absence of high poetic quality, and also the degree of this quality, in all other poetry

which we may place beside them. Short passages, even single lines, will serve our turn quite sufficiently. Take the two lines which I have just quoted from Homer, the poet's comment on Helen's mention of her brothers;—or take his

Αἰ δειλω, τί σφῶϊ δομεν Πηλῆϊ ανακτι
θνητά; ὑμεῖς δ' ἐστὸν ἀγήρω τ' αθανάτω τε.
ἦ ἵνα δυστήνοισι μετ' ἀνδράσιν ἄλγε' ἔχητον;

('Ah, unhappy pair, why gave we you to King Peleus, to a mortal? but ye are without old age, and immortal. Was it that with men ye might have sorrow?'—*Iliad*, xvii. 443–445.)

the address of Zeus to the horses of Peleus;—or take finally his

Καὶ σέ, γέρον, τὸ πρὶν ακούομεν ὄλβιον εἶναι.

('Nay, and thou too, old man, in former days wast, as we hear, happy.'—*Iliad*, xxiv. 543.)

the words of Achilles to Priam, a suppliant before him. Take that incomparable line and a half of Dante, Ugolino's tremendous words—

'Io no piangeva; sì dentro impietrai.
Piangevan elli . . .'

('I wailed not, so of stone I grew within;—they wailed.'—*Inferno*, xxxiii. 39, 40.)

take the lovely words of Beatrice to Virgil—

'Io son fatta da Dio, sua mercè, tale,
Che la vostra miseria non mi tange,
Nè fiamma d'esto incendio non m'assale . . .'

('Of such sort hath God, thanked be His mercy, made me, that your misery toucheth me not, neither doth the flame of this fire strike me.'—*Inferno*, II. 91–93.)

take the simple, but perfect, single line—

'In la sua volontade è nostra pace.'

('In His will is our peace.'—*Paradiso*, III. 85.)

Take of Shakespeare a line or two of Henry the Fourth's expostulation with sleep—

> 'Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
> Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
> In cradle of the rude imperious surge . . . '

and take, as well, Hamlet's dying request to Horatio—

> 'If ever thou didst hold me in thy heart,
> Absent thee from felicity awhile,
> And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
> To tell my story . . . '

Take of Milton that Miltonic passage—

> 'Darken'd so, yet shone
> Above them all the archangel; but his face
> Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
> Sat on his faded cheek . . . '

add two such lines as—

> 'And courage never to submit or yield
> And what is else not to be overcome . . . '

and finish with the exquisite close to the loss of Proserpine, the loss

> '. . . which cost Ceres all that pain
> To seek her through the world.'

These few lines, if we have tact and can use them, are enough even of themselves to keep clear and sound our judgments about poetry, to save us from fallacious estimates of it, to conduct us to a real estimate.

The specimens I have quoted differ widely from one another, but they have in common this: the possession of the very highest poetical quality. If we are thoroughly penetrated by their power, we shall find that we have acquired a sense enabling us, whatever poetry may be laid before us, to feel the degree in which a high poetical quality is present or wanting there. Critics give themselves great labour to

draw out what in the abstract constitutes the characters of a high quality of poetry. It is much better simply to have recourse to concrete examples;—to take specimens of poetry of the high, the very highest quality, and to say: The characters of a high quality of poetry are what is expressed *there*. They are far better recognized by being felt in the verse of the master, than by being perused in the prose of the critic. Nevertheless if we are urgently pressed to give some critical account of them, we may safely, perhaps, venture on laying down, not indeed how and why the characters arise, but where and in what they arise. They are in the matter and substance of the poetry, and they are in its manner and style. Both of these, the substance and matter on the one hand, the style and manner on the other, have a mark, an accent, of high beauty, worth, and power. But if we are asked to define this mark and accent in the abstract, our answer must be: No, for we should thereby be darkening the question, not clearing it. The mark and accent are as given by the substance and matter of that poetry, by the style and manner of that poetry, and of all other poetry which is akin to it in quality.

Only one thing we may add as to the substance and matter of poetry, guiding ourselves by Aristotle's profound observation that the superiority of poetry over history consists in its possessing a higher truth and a higher seriousness (*φιλοσοφώτερον καὶ σπουδαιότερον*). Let us add, therefore, to what we have said, this: that the substance and matter of the best poetry acquire their special character from possessing, in an eminent degree, truth and seriousness. We may add yet further, what is in itself evident, that to the style and manner of the best poetry their special character, their accent, is given by their diction, and, even yet more, by their movement. And though we distinguish between the two characters, the two accents, of superiority, yet they are nevertheless vitally connected one with the other. The superior character of truth and seriousness, in the matter and substance of the best poetry, is inseparable from the superiority of diction and movement marking its

style and manner. The two superiorities are closely related, and are in steadfast proportion one to the other. So far as high poetic truth and seriousness are wanting to a poet's matter and substance, so far also, we may be sure, will a high poetic stamp of diction and movement be wanting to his style and manner. In proportion as this high stamp of diction and movement, again, is absent from a poet's style and manner, we shall find, also, that high poetic truth and seriousness are absent from his substance and matter.

So stated, these are but dry generalities; their whole force lies in their application. And I could wish every student of poetry to make the application of them for himself. Made by himself, the application would impress itself upon his mind far more deeply than made by me. Neither will my limits allow me to make any full application of the generalities above propounded; but in the hope of bringing out, at any rate, some significance in them, and of establishing an important principle more firmly by their means, I will, in the space which remains to me, follow rapidly from the commencement the course of our English poetry with them in my view.

Once more I return to the early poetry of France, with which our own poetry, in its origins, is indissolubly connected. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, that seed-time of all modern language and literature, the poetry of France had a clear predominance in Europe. Of the two divisions of that poetry, its productions in the *langue d'oil* and its productions in the *langue d'oc*, the poetry of the *langue d'oc*, of southern France, of the troubadours, is of importance because of its effect on Italian literature;—the first literature of modern Europe to strike the true and grand note, and to bring forth, as in Dante and Petrarch it brought forth, classics. But the predominance of French poetry in Europe, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, is due to its poetry of the *langue d'oil*, the poetry of northern France and of the tongue which is now the French language. In the twelfth century the bloom of this romance-poetry was earlier and stronger in England, at the court of our

Anglo-Norman kings, than in France itself. But it was a bloom of French poetry; and as our native poetry formed itself, it formed itself out of this. The romance-poems which took possession of the heart and imagination of Europe in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are French; 'they are,' as Southey justly says, 'the pride of French literature, nor have we anything which can be placed in competition with them.' Themes were supplied from all quarters; but the romance-setting which was common to them all, and which gained the ear of Europe, was French. This constituted for the French poetry, literature, and language, at the height of the Middle Age, an unchallenged predominance. The Italian Brunetto Latini, the master of Dante, wrote his *Treasure* in French because, he says, 'la parleure en est plus délitable et plus commune à toutes gens.' In the same century, the thirteenth, the French romance-writer, Christian of Troyes, formulates the claims, in chivalry and letters, of France, his native country, as follows:—

'Or vous ert par ce livre apris,
Que Gresse ot de chevalerie
Le premier los et de clergie;
Puis vint chevalerie à Rome,
Et de la clergie la some,
Qui ore est en France venue.
Diex doinst qu'ele i soit retenue,
Et qui li lius li abelisse
Tant que de France n'isse
L'onor qui s'i est arestée!'

'Now by this book you will learn that first Greece had the renown for chivalry and letters: then chivalry and the primacy in letters passed to Rome, and now it is come to France. God grant it may be kept there; and that the place may please it so well, that the honour which has come to make stay in France may never depart thence!'

Yet it is now all gone, this French romance-poetry, of which the weight of substance and the power of style are not unfairly represented by this extract from Christian of Troyes. Only by means of the historic estimate can we per-

suade ourselves now to think that any of it is of poetical importance.

But in the fourteenth century there comes an Englishman nourished on this poetry, taught his trade by this poetry, getting words, rhyme, metre from this poetry; for even of that stanza which the Italians used, and which Chaucer derived immediately from the Italians, the basis and suggestion was probably given in France. Chaucer (I have already named him) fascinated his contemporaries, but so too did Christian of Troyes and Wolfram of Eschenbach. Chaucer's power of fascination, however, is enduring; his poetical importance does not need the assistance of the historic estimate; it is real. He is a genuine source of joy and strength, which is flowing still for us and will flow always. He will be read, as time goes on, far more generally than he is read now. His language is a cause of difficulty for us; but so also, and I think in quite as great a degree, is the language of Burns. In Chaucer's case, as in that of Burns, it is a difficulty to be unhesitatingly accepted and overcome.

If we ask ourselves wherein consists the immense superiority of Chaucer's poetry over the romance-poetry—why it is that in passing from this to Chaucer we suddenly feel ourselves to be in another world, we shall find that his superiority is both in the substance of his poetry and in the style of his poetry. His superiority in substance is given by his large, free, simple, clear yet kindly view of human life,—so unlike the total want, in the romance-poets, of all intelligent command of it. Chaucer has not their helplessness; he has gained the power to survey the world from a central, a truly human point of view. We have only to call to mind the Prologue to *The Canterbury Tales.* The right comment upon it is Dryden's: 'It is sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that *here is God's plenty.*' And again: 'He is a perpetual fountain of good sense.' It is by a large, free, sound representation of things, that poetry, this high criticism of life, has truth of substance; and Chaucer's poetry has truth of substance.

Of his style and manner, if we think first of the romance-

poetry and then of Chaucer's divine liquidness of diction, his divine fluidity of movement, it is difficult to speak temperately. They are irresistible, and justify all the rapture with which his successors speak of his 'gold dew-drops of speech.' Johnson misses the point entirely when he finds fault with Dryden for ascribing to Chaucer the first refinement of our numbers, and says that Gower also can show smooth numbers and easy rhymes. The refinement of our numbers means something far more than this. A nation may have versifiers with smooth numbers and easy rhymes, and yet may have no real poetry at all. Chaucer is the father of our splendid English poetry; he is our 'well of English undefiled,' because by the lovely charm of his diction, the lovely charm of his movement, he makes an epoch and founds a tradition. In Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Keats, we can follow the tradition of the liquid diction, the fluid movement, of Chaucer; at one time it is his liquid diction of which in these poets we feel the virtue, and at another time it is his fluid movement. And the virtue is irresistible.

Bounded as is my space, I must yet find room for an example of Chaucer's virtue, as I have given examples to show the virtue of the great classics. I feel disposed to say that a single line is enough to show the charm of Chaucer's verse; that merely one line like this—

'O martyr souded in virginitee!'

has a virtue of manner and movement such as we shall not find in all the verse of romance-poetry;—but this is saying nothing. The virtue is such as we shall not find, perhaps, in all English poetry, outside the poets whom I have named as the special inheritors of Chaucer's tradition. A single line, however, is too little if we have not the strain of Chaucer's verse well in our memory; let us take a stanza. It is from *The Prioress's Tale*, the story of the Christian child murdered in a Jewry—

'My throte is cut unto my nekke-bone
Saidè this child, and as by way of kinde
I should have deyd, yea, longè time agone;
But Jesu Christ, as ye in bookès finde,

Will that his glory last and be in minde,
And for the worship of his mother dere
Yet may I sing *O Alma* loud and clere.'

Wordsworth has modernised this Tale, and to feel how delicate and evanescent is the charm of verse, we have only to read Wordsworth's first three lines of this stanza after Chaucer's—

'My throat is cut unto the bone, I trow,
Said this young child, and by the law of kind
I should have died, yea, many hours ago.'

The charm is departed. It is often said that the power of liquidness and fluidity in Chaucer's verse was dependent upon a free, a licentious dealing with language, such as is now impossible; upon a liberty, such as Burns too enjoyed, of making words like *neck, bird,* into a dissyllable by adding to them, and words like *cause, rhyme,* into a dissyllable by sounding the *e* mute. It is true that Chaucer's fluidity is conjoined with this liberty, and is admirably served by it; but we ought not to say that it was dependent upon it. It was dependent upon his talent. Other poets with a like liberty do not attain to the fluidity of Chaucer; Burns himself does not attain to it. Poets, again, who have a talent akin to Chaucer's, such as Shakespeare or Keats, have known how to attain to his fluidity without the like liberty.

And yet Chaucer is not one of the great classics. His poetry transcends and effaces, easily and without effort, all the romance-poetry of Catholic Christendom; it transcends all the English poetry contemporary with it, it transcends and effaces all the English poetry subsequent to it down to the age of Elizabeth. Of such avail is poetic truth of substance, in its natural and necessary union with poetic truth of style. And yet, I say, Chaucer is not one of the great classics. He has not their accent. What is wanting to him is suggested by the mere mention of the name of the first great classic of Christendom, the immortal poet who died eighty years before Chaucer,—Dante. The accent of such verse as

'*In la sua volontade è nostra pace . . .*'

is altogether beyond Chaucer's reach; we praise him, but we feel that this accent is out of the question for him. It may be said that it was necessarily out of the reach of any poet in the England of that stage of growth. Possibly; but we are to adopt a real, not a historic, estimate of poetry. However we may account for its absence, something is wanting, then, to the poetry of Chaucer, which poetry must have before it can be placed in the glorious class of the best. And there is no doubt what that something is. It is the σπουδαιότης, the high and excellent seriousness, which Aristotle assigns as one of the grand virtues of poetry. The substance of Chaucer's poetry, his view of things and his criticism of life, has largeness, freedom, shrewdness, benignity; but it has not this high seriousness. Homer's criticism of life has it, Dante's has it, Shakespeare's has it. It is this chiefly which gives to our spirits what they can rest upon; and with the increasing demands of our modern ages upon poetry, this virtue of giving us what we can rest upon will be more and more highly esteemed. A voice from the slums of Paris, fifty or sixty years after Chaucer, the voice of poor Villon out of his life of riot and crime, has at its happy moments (as, for instance, in the last stanza of *La Belle Heaulmière*) more of this important poetic virtue of seriousness than all the productions of Chaucer. But its apparition in Villon, and in men like Villon, is fitful; the greatness of the great poets, the power of their criticism of life, is that their virtue is sustained.

To our praise, therefore, of Chaucer as a poet there must be this limitation; he lacks the high seriousness of the great classics, and therewith an important part of their virtue. Still, the main fact for us to bear in mind about Chaucer is his sterling value according to that real estimate which we firmly adopt for all poets. He has poetic truth of substance, though he has not high poetic seriousness, and corresponding to his truth of substance he has an exquisite virtue of style and manner. With him is born our real poetry.

For my present purpose I need not dwell on our Elizabethan poetry, or on the continuation and close of this poetry in Milton. We all of us profess to be agreed in the esti-

mate of this poetry; we all of us recognise it as great poetry, our greatest, and Shakespeare and Milton as our poetical classics. The real estimate, here, has universal currency. With the next age of our poetry divergency and difficulty begin. An historic estimate of that poetry has established itself; and the question is, whether it will be found to coincide with the real estimate.

The age of Dryden, together with our whole eighteenth century which followed it, sincerely believed itself to have produced poetical classics of its own, and even to have made advance, in poetry, beyond all its predecessors. Dryden regards as not seriously disputable the opinion 'that the sweetness of English verse was never understood or practised by our fathers.' Cowley could see nothing at all in Chaucer's poetry. Dryden heartily admired it, and, as we have seen, praised its matter admirably; but of its exquisite manner and movement all he can find to say is that 'there is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect.' Addison, wishing to praise Chaucer's numbers, compares them with Dryden's own. And all through the eighteenth century, and down even into our own times, the stereotyped phrase of approbation for good verse found in our early poetry has been, that it even approached the verse of Dryden, Addison, Pope, and Johnson.

Are Dryden and Pope poetical classics? Is the historic estimate, which represents them as such, and which has been so long established that it cannot easily give way, the real estimate? Wordsworth and Coleridge, as is well known, denied it; but the authority of Wordsworth and Coleridge does not weigh much with the young generation, and there are many signs to show that the eighteenth century and its judgments are coming into favour again. Are the favourite poets of the eighteenth century classics?

It is impossible within my present limits to discuss the question fully. And what man of letters would not shrink from seeming to dispose dictatorially of the claims of two men who are, at any rate, such masters in letters as Dryden

and Pope; two men of such admirable talent, both of them, and one of them, Dryden, a man on all sides, of such energetic and genial power? And yet, if we are to gain the full benefit from poetry, we must have the real estimate of it. I cast about for some mode of arriving, in the present case, at such an estimate without offence. And perhaps the best way is to begin, as it is easy to begin, with cordial praise.

When we find Chapman, the Elizabethan translator of Homer, expressing himself in his preface thus: 'Though truth in her very nakedness sits in so deep a pit, that from Gades to Aurora and Ganges few eyes can sound her, I hope yet those few here will so discover and confirm that, the date being out of her darkness in this morning of our poet, he shall now gird his temples with the sun,'—we pronounce that such a prose is intolerable. When we find Milton writing: 'And long it was not after, when I was confirmed in this opinion, that he, who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem,'—we pronounce that such a prose has its own grandeur, but that it is obsolete and inconvenient. But when we find Dryden telling us: 'What Virgil wrote in the vigour of his age, in plenty and at ease, I have undertaken to translate in my declining years; struggling with wants, oppressed with sickness, curbed in my genius, liable to be misconstrued in all I write,'—then we exclaim that here at last we have the true English prose, a prose such as we would all gladly use if we only knew how. Yet Dryden was Milton's contemporary.

But after the Restoration the time had come when our nation felt the imperious need of a fit prose. So, too, the time had likewise come when our nation felt the imperious need of freeing itself from the absorbing preoccupation which religion in the Puritan age had exercised. It was impossible that this freedom should be brought about without some negative excess, without some neglect and impairment of the religious life of the soul; and the spiritual history of the eighteenth century shows us that the freedom was not achieved without them. Still, the freedom was

achieved; the preoccupation, an undoubtedly baneful and retarding one if it had continued, was got rid of. And as with religion amongst us at that period, so it was also with letters. A fit prose was a necessity; but it was impossible that a fit prose should establish itself amongst us without some touch of frost to the imaginative life of the soul. The needful qualities for a fit prose are regularity, uniformity, precision, balance. The men of letters, whose destiny it may be to bring their nation to the attainment of a fit prose, must of necessity, whether they work in prose or in verse, give a predominating, an almost exclusive attention to the qualities of regularity, uniformity, precision, balance. But an almost exclusive attention to these qualities involves some repression and silencing of poetry.

We are to regard Dryden as the puissant and glorious founder, Pope as the splendid high priest, of our age of prose and reason, of our excellent and indispensable eighteenth century. For the purposes of their mission and destiny their poetry, like their prose, is admirable. Do you ask me whether Dryden's verse, take it almost where you will, is not good?

> 'A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,
> Fed on the lawns and in the forest ranged.'

I answer: Admirable for the purposes of the inaugurator of an age of prose and reason. Do you ask me whether Pope's verse, take it almost where you will, is not good?

> 'To Hounslow Heath I point, and Banstead Down;
> Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own.'

I answer: Admirable for the purposes of the high priest of an age of prose and reason. But do you ask me whether such verse proceeds from men with an adequate poetic criticism of life, from men whose criticism of life has a high seriousness, or even, without that high seriousness, has poetic largeness, freedom, insight, benignity? Do you ask me whether the application of ideas to life in the verse of

these men, often a powerful application, no doubt, is a powerful *poetic* application? Do you ask me whether the poetry of these men has either the matter or the inseparable manner of such an adequate poetic criticism; whether it has the accent of

'Absent thee from felicity awhile . . .'

or of

'And what is else not to be overcome . . .'

or of

'O martyr souded in virginitee!'

I answer: It has not and cannot have them; it is the poetry of the builders of an age of prose and reason. Though they may write in verse, though they may in a certain sense be masters of the art of versification, Dryden and Pope are not classics of our poetry, they are classics of our prose.

Gray is our poetical classic of that literature and age; the position of Gray is singular, and demands a word of notice here. He has not the volume or the power of poets who, coming in times more favourable, have attained to an independent criticism of life. But he lived with the great poets, he lived, above all, with the Greeks, through perpetually studying and enjoying them; and he caught their poetic point of view for regarding life, caught their poetic manner. The point of view and the manner are not self-sprung in him, he caught them of others; and he had not the free and abundant use of them. But whereas Addison and Pope never had the use of them, Gray had the use of them at times. He is the scantiest and frailest of classics in our poetry, but he is a classic.

And now, after Gray, we are met, as we draw towards the end of the eighteenth century, we are met by the great name of Burns. We enter now on times where the personal estimate of poets begins to be rife, and where the real estimate of them is not reached without difficulty. But in spite of the disturbing pressures of personal partiality, of national partiality, let us try to reach a real estimate of the poetry of Burns.

By his English poetry Burns in general belongs to the eighteeenth century, and has little importance for us.

> 'Mark ruffian Violence, distain'd with crimes,
> Rousing elate in these degenerate times;
> View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,
> As guileful Fraud points out the erring way;
> While subtle Litigation's pliant tongue
> The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong!'

Evidently this is not the real Burns, or his name and fame would have disappeared long ago. Nor is Clarinda's love-poet, Sylvander, the real Burns either. But he tells us himself: 'These English songs gravel me to death. I have not the command of the language that I have of my native tongue. In fact, I think that my ideas are more barren in English than in Scotch. I have been at *Duncan Gray* to dress it in English, but all I can do is desperately stupid.' We English turn naturally, in Burns, to the poems in our own language, because we can read them easily; but in those poems we have not the real Burns.

The real Burns is of course in his Scotch poems. Let us boldly say that of much of this poetry, a poetry dealing perpetually with Scotch drink, Scotch religion, and Scotch manners, a Scotchman's estimate is apt to be personal. A Scotchman is used to this world of Scotch drink, Scotch religion, and Scotch manners; he has a tenderness for it; he meets its poet half way. In this tender mood he reads pieces like the *Holy Fair* or *Halloween*. But this world of Scotch drink, Scotch religion, and Scotch manners is against a poet, not for him, when it is not a partial countryman who reads him; for in itself it is not a beautiful world, and no one can deny that it is of advantage to a poet to deal with a beautiful world. Burns's world of Scotch drink, Scotch religion, and Scotch manners, is often a harsh, a sordid, a repulsive world; even the world of his *Cotter's Saturday Night* is not a beautiful world. No doubt a poet's criticism of life may have such truth and power that it triumphs over its world and delights us. Burns may triumph over his

world, often he does triumph over his world, but let us observe how and where. Burns is the first case we have had where the bias of the personal estimate tends to mislead; let us look at him closely, he can bear it.

Many of his admirers will tell us that we have Burns, convivial, genuine, delightful, here—

'Leeze me on drink! it gies us mair
Than either school or college;
It kindles wit, it waukens lair,
It pangs us fou o' knowledge.
Be't whiskey gill or penny wheep
Or ony stronger potion,
It never fails, on drinking deep,
To kittle up our notion
By night or day.'

There is a great deal of that sort of thing in Burns, and it is unsatisfactory, not because it is bacchanalian poetry, but because it has not that accent of sincerity which bacchanalian poetry, to do it justice, very often has. There is something in it of bravado, something which makes us feel that we have not the man speaking to us with his real voice; something, therefore, poetically unsound.

With still more confidence will his admirers tell us that we have the genuine Burns, the great poet, when his strain asserts the independence, equality, dignity, of men, as in the famous song *For a' that and a' that*—

'A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.'

Here they find his grand, genuine touches; and still more, when this puissant genius, who so often set morality at defiance, falls moralising—

'The sacred lowe o' weel-placed love
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
Tho' naething should divulge it.
I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard o' concealing,
But och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling.'

Or in a higher strain—

'Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord, its various tone;
Each spring, its various bias.
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.'

Or in a better strain yet, a strain, his admirers will say, unsurpassable—

'To make a happy fire-side clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.'

There is criticism of life for you, the admirers of Burns will say to us; there is the application of ideas to life! There is, undoubtedly. The doctrine of the last-quoted lines coincides almost exactly with what was the aim and end, Xenophon tells us, of all the teaching of Socrates. And the application is a powerful one; made by a man of vigorous understanding, and (need I say?) a master of language.

But for supreme poetical success more is required than the powerful application of ideas to life; it must be an application under the conditions fixed by the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty. Those laws fix as an essential condition, in the poet's treatment of such matters as are here in question, high seriousness;—the high seriousness which comes from absolute sincerity. The accent of high seri-

ousness, born of absolute sincerity, is what gives to such verse as

'In la sua volontade è nostra pace . . .'

to such criticism of life as Dante's, its power. Is this accent felt in the passages which I have been quoting from Burns? Surely not; surely, if our sense is quick, we must perceive that we have not in those passages a voice from the very inmost soul of the genuine Burns; he is not speaking to us from these depths, he is more or less preaching. And the compensation for admiring such passages less, from missing the perfect poetic accent in them, will be that we shall admire more the poetry where that accent is found.

No; Burns, like Chaucer, comes short of the high seriousness of the great classics, and the virtue of matter and manner which goes with that high seriousness is wanting to his work. At moments he touches it in a profound and passionate melancholy, as in those four immortal lines taken by Byron as a motto for *The Bride of Abydos*, but which have in them a depth of poetic quality such as resides in no verse of Byron's own—

'Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.'

But a whole poem of that quality Burns cannot make; the rest, in the *Farewell to Nancy*, is verbiage.

We arrive best at the real estimate of Burns, I think, by conceiving his work as having truth of matter and truth of manner, but not the accent or the poetic virtue of the highest masters. His genuine criticism of life, when the sheer poet in him speaks, is ironic; it is not—

'Thou Power Supreme, whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here firm I rest, they must be best
Because they are Thy will!'

It is far rather: *Whistle owre the lave o't!* Yet we may say of him as of Chaucer, that of life and the world, as they come before him, his view is large, free, shrewd, benignant,—truly poetic, therefore; and his manner of rendering what he sees is to match. But we must note, at the same time, his great difference from Chaucer. The freedom of Chaucer is heightened, in Burns, by a fiery, reckless energy; the benignity of Chaucer deepens, in Burns, into an overwhelming sense of the pathos of things;—of the pathos of human nature, the pathos, also, of non-human nature. Instead of the fluidity of Chaucer's manner, the manner of Burns has spring, bounding swiftness. Burns is by far the greater force, though he has perhaps less charm. The world of Chaucer is fairer, richer, more significant than that of Burns; but when the largeness and freedom of Burns get full sweep, as in *Tam o' Shanter,* or still more in that puissant and splendid production, *The Jolly Beggars,* his world may be what it will, his poetic genius triumphs over it. In the world of *The Jolly Beggars* there is more than hideousness and squalor, there is bestiality; yet the piece is a superb poetic success. It has a breadth, truth, and power which make the famous scene in Auerbach's Cellar, of Goethe's *Faust,* seem artificial and tame beside it, and which are only matched by Shakespeare and Aristophanes.

Here, where his largeness and freedom serve him so admirably, and also in those poems and songs where to shrewdness he adds infinite archness and wit, and to benignity infinite pathos, where his manner is flawless, and a perfect poetic whole is the result,—in things like the address to the mouse whose home he had ruined, in things like *Duncan Gray, Tam Glen, Whistle and I'll come to you my Lad, Auld Lang Syne* (this list might be made much longer),—here we have the genuine Burns, of whom the real estimate must be high indeed. Not a classic, nor with the excellent σπουδαιότης of the great classics, nor with a verse rising to a criticism of life and a virtue like theirs; but a poet with thorough truth of substance and an answering truth of style, giving us a poetry sound to the core. We all of us have a

leaning towards the pathetic, and may be inclined perhaps to prize Burns most for his touches of piercing, sometimes almost intolerable, pathos; for verse like—

> 'We twa hae paidl't i' the burn
> From mornin' sun till dine;
> But seas between us braid hae roar'd
> Sin auld lang syne . . . '

where he is as lovely as he is sound. But perhaps it is by the perfection of soundness of his lighter and archer masterpieces that he is poetically most wholesome for us. For the votary misled by a personal estimate of Shelley, as so many of us have been, are, and will be,—of that beautiful spirit building his many-coloured haze of words and images

> 'Pinnacled dim in the intense inane . . . '

no contact can be wholesomer than the contact with Burns at his archest and soundest. Side by side with the

> 'On the brink of the night and the morning
> My coursers are wont to respire,
> But the earth has just whispered a warning
> That their flight must be swifter than fire . . . '

of *Prometheus Unbound*, how salutary, how very salutary, to place this from *Tam Glen*—

> 'My minnie does constantly deave me
> And bids me beware o' young men;
> They flatter, she says, to deceive me;
> But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?'

But we enter on burning ground as we approach the poetry of times so near to us—poetry like that of Byron, Shelley, and Wordsworth—of which the estimates are so often not only personal, but personal with passion. For my purpose, it is enough to have taken the single case of Burns, the first poet we come to of whose work the estimate formed is evidently apt to be personal, and to have suggested how we

may proceed, using the poetry of the great classics as a sort of touchstone, to correct this estimate, as we had previously corrected by the same means the historic estimate where we met with it. A collection like the present, with its succession of celebrated names and celebrated poems, offers a good opportunity to us for resolutely endeavouring to make our estimates of poetry real. I have sought to point out a method which will help us in making them so, and to exhibit it in use so far as to put any one who likes in a way of applying it for himself.

At any rate the end to which the method and the estimate are designed to lead, and from leading to which, if they do lead to it, they get their whole value,—the benefit of being able clearly to feel and deeply to enjoy the best, the truly classic, in poetry,—is an end, let me say it once more at parting, of supreme importance. We are often told that an era is opening in which we are to see multitudes of a common sort of readers, and masses of a common sort of literature; that such readers do not want and could not relish anything better than such literature, and that to provide it is becoming a vast and profitable industry. Even if good literature entirely lost currency with the world, it would still be abundantly worth while to continue to enjoy it by oneself. But it never will lose currency with the world, in spite of momentary appearances; it never will lose supremacy. Currency and supremacy are insured to it, not indeed by the world's deliberate and conscious choice, but by something far deeper,—by the instinct of self-preservation in humanity

Walter Horatio Pater

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THE SCHOOL OF GIORGIONE

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It is the mistake of much popular criticism to regard poetry, music, and painting—all the various products of art—as but translations into different languages of one and the same fixed quantity of imaginative thought, supplemented by certain technical qualities of colour, in painting—of sound, in music—of rhythmical words, in poetry. In this way, the sensuous element in art, and with it almost everything in art that is essentially artistic, is made a matter of indifference; and a clear apprehension of the opposite principle—that the sensuous material of each art brings with it a special phase or quality of beauty, untranslatable into the forms of any other, an order of impressions distinct in kind—is the beginning of all true æsthetic criticism. For, as art addresses not pure sense, still less the pure intellect, but the "imaginative reason" through the senses, there are differences of kind in æsthetic beauty, corresponding to the differences in kind of the gifts of sense themselves. Each art, therefore, having its own peculiar and incommunicable sensuous charm, has its own special mode of reaching the imagination, its own special responsibilities to its material. One of the functions of æsthetic criticism is to define these limitations; to estimate the degree in which a given work of art fulfils its responsibilities to its special material; to note in a picture that true pictorial charm, which is neither a mere poetical thought nor sentiment, on the one hand, nor a mere result of communicable technical skill in colour or design, on the other; to define in a poem that true poetical quality, which is neither descriptive nor meditative merely, but comes of an inventive handling of rhythmical language—the element of song in the singing;

to note in music the musical charm—that essential music, which presents no words, no matter of sentiment or thought, separable from the special form in which it is conveyed to us.

To such a philosophy of the variations of the beautiful, Lessing's analysis of the spheres of sculpture and poetry, in the *Laocoon*, was a very important contribution. But a true appreciation of these things is possible only in the light of a whole system of such art-casuistries. And it is in the criticism of painting that this truth most needs enforcing, for it is in popular judgments on pictures that that false generalisation of all art into forms of poetry is most prevalent. To suppose that all is mere technical acquirement in delineation or touch, working through and addressing itself to the intelligence, on the one side, or a merely poetical, or what may be called literary interest, addressed also to the pure intelligence, on the other;—this is the way of most spectators, and of many critics, who have never caught sight, all the time, of that true pictorial quality which lies between (unique pledge of the possession of the pictorial gift) the inventive or creative handling of pure line and colour, which, as almost always in Dutch painting, as often also in the works of Titian or Veronese, is quite independent of anything definitely poetical in the subject it accompanies. It is the *drawing*—the design projected from that peculiar pictorial temperament or constitution, in which, while it may possibly be ignorant of true anatomical proportions, all things whatever, all poetry, every idea however abstract or obscure, floats up as a visible scene or image: it is the *colouring*—that weaving as of just perceptible gold threads of light through the dress, the flesh, the atmosphere, in Titian's *Lace-girl*—the staining of the whole fabric of the thing with a new, delightful physical quality. This *drawing*, then—the arabesque traced in the air by Tintoret's flying figures, by Titian's forest branches; this colouring—the magic conditions of light and hue in the atmosphere of Titian's *Lace-girl*, or Rubens's *Descent from the Cross*:—these essential pictorial qualities must first of all delight the sense, delight

it as directly and sensuously as a fragment of Venetian glass; and through this delight only be the medium of whatever poetry or science may lie beyond them, in the intention of the composer. In its primary aspect, a great picture has no more definite message for us than an accidental play of sunlight and shadow for a moment, on the wall or floor: is itself, in truth, a space of such fallen light, caught as the colours are caught in an Eastern carpet, but refined upon, and dealt with more subtly and exquisitely than by nature itself. And this primary and essential condition fulfilled, we may trace the coming of poetry into painting, by fine gradations upwards; from Japanese fan-painting, for instance, where we get, first, only abstract colour; then, just a little interfused sense of the poetry of flowers; then, sometimes, perfect flower-painting; and so, onwards, until in Titian we have, as his poetry in the *Ariadne*, so actually a touch of true childlike humour in the diminutive, quaint figure with its silk gown, which ascends the temple stairs, in his picture of the *Presentation of the Virgin*, at Venice.

But although each art has thus its own specific order of impressions, and an untranslatable charm, while a just apprehension of the ultimate differences of the arts is the beginning of æsthetic criticism; yet it is noticeable that, in its special mode of handling its given material, each art may be observed to pass into the condition of some other art, by what German critics term an *Anders-streben*—a partial alienation from its own limitations, by which the arts are able, not indeed to supply the place of each other, but reciprocally to lend each other new forces.

Thus some of the most delightful music seems to be always approaching to figure, to pictorial definition. Architecture, again, though it has its own laws—laws esoteric enough, as the true architect knows only too well—yet sometimes aims at fulfilling the conditions of a picture, as in the *Arena* chapel; or of sculpture, as in the flawless unity of Giotto's tower at Florence; and often finds a true poetry, as in those strangely twisted staircases of the *châteaux* of the country of the Loire, as if it were intended that among

their odd turnings the actors in a wild life might pass each other unseen: there being a poetry also of memory and of the mere effect of time, by which it often profits greatly. Thus, again, sculpture aspires out of the hard limitation of pure form towards colour, or its equivalent; poetry also, in many ways, finding guidance from the other arts, the analogy between a Greek tragedy and a work of Greek sculpture, between a sonnet and a relief, of French poetry generally with the art of engraving, being more than mere figures of speech; and all the arts in common aspiring towards the principle of music; music being the typical, or ideally consummate art, the object of the great *Anders-streben* of all art, of all that is artistic, or partakes of artistic qualities.

All art constantly aspires towards the condition of music. For while in all other works of art it is possible to distinguish the matter from the form, and the understanding can always make this distinction, yet it is the constant effort of art to obliterate it. That the mere matter of a poem, for instance—its subject, its given incidents or situation; that the mere matter of a picture—the actual circumstances of an event, the actual topography of a landscape—should be nothing without the form, the spirit, of the handling; that this form, this mode of handling, should become an end in itself, should penetrate every part of the matter:—this is what all art constantly strives after, and achieves in different degrees.

This abstract language becomes clear enough, if we think of actual examples. In an actual landscape we see a long white road, lost suddenly on the hill-verge. That is the matter of one of the etchings of M. Legros: only, in this etching, it is informed by an indwelling solemnity of expression, seen upon it or half-seen, within the limits of an exceptional moment, or caught from his own mood perhaps, but which he maintains as the very essence of the thing, throughout his work. Sometimes a momentary tint of stormy light may invest a homely or too familiar scene with a character which might well have been drawn from the deep places of the imagination. Then we might say that

this particular effect of light, this sudden inweaving of gold thread through the texture of the haystack, and the poplars, and the grass, gives the scene artistic qualities; that it is like a picture. And such tricks of circumstance are commonest in landscape which has little salient character of its own; because, in such scenery, all the material details are so easily absorbed by that informing expression of passing light, and elevated, throughout their whole extent, to a new and delightful effect by it. And hence the superiority, for most conditions of the picturesque, of a river-side in France to a Swiss valley, because, on the French river-side, mere topography, the simple material, counts for so little, and, all being so pure, untouched, and tranquil in itself, mere light and shade have such easy work in modulating it to one dominant tone. The Venetian landscape, on the other hand, has in its material conditions much which is hard, or harshly definite; but the masters of the Venetian school have shown themselves little burdened by them. Of its Alpine background they retain certain abstracted elements only, of cool colour and tranquillising line; and they use its actual details, the brown windy turrets, the straw-coloured fields, the forest arabesques, but as the notes of a music which duly accompanies the presence of their men and women, presenting us with the spirit or essence only of a certain sort of landscape—a country of the pure reason or half-imaginative memory.

Poetry, again, works with words addressed in the first instance to the mere intelligence; and it deals, most often, with a definite subject or situation. Sometimes it may find a noble and quite legitimate function in the expression of moral or political aspiration, as often in the poetry of Victor Hugo. In such instances it is easy enough for the understanding to distinguish between the matter and the form, however much the matter, the subject, the element which is addressed to the mere intelligence, has been penetrated by the informing, artistic spirit. But the ideal types of poetry are those in which this distinction is reduced to its *minimum;* so that lyrical poetry, precisely because in it we are

least able to detach the matter from the form, without a deduction of something from that matter itself, is, at least artistically, the highest and most complete form of poetry. And the very perfection of such poetry often seems to depend, in part, on a certain suppression or vagueness of mere subject, so that the meaning reaches us through ways not distinctly traceable by the understanding, as in some of the most imaginative compositions of William Blake, and often in Shakspere's songs, as pre-eminently in that song of Mariana's page in *Measure for Measure*, in which the kindling force and poetry of the whole play seems to pass for a moment into an actual strain of music.

And this principle holds good of all things that partake in any degree of artistic qualities, of the furniture of our houses, and of dress, for instance, of life itself, of gesture and speech, and the details of daily intercourse; these also, for the wise, being susceptible of a suavity and charm, caught from the way in which they are done, which gives them a worth in themselves; wherein, indeed, lies what is valuable and justly attractive, in what is called the fashion of a time, which elevates the trivialities of speech, and manner, and dress, into "ends in themselves," and gives them a mysterious grace and attractiveness in the doing of them.

Art, then, is thus always striving to be independent of the mere intelligence, to become a matter of pure perception, to get rid of its responsibilities to its subject or material; the ideal examples of poetry and painting being those in which the constituent elements of the composition are so welded together, that the material or subject no longer strikes the intellect only; nor the form, the eye or the ear only; but form and matter, in their union or identity, present one single effect to the "imaginative reason," that complex faculty for which every thought and feeling is twin-born with its sensible analogue or symbol.

It is the art of music which most completely realises this artistic ideal, this perfect identification of form and matter. In its ideal, consummate moments, the end is not distinct from the means, the form from the matter, the subject from

the expression; they inhere in and completely saturate each other; and to it, therefore, to the condition of its perfect moments, all the arts may be supposed constantly to tend and aspire. Music, then, and not poetry, as is so often supposed, is the true type or measure of perfected art. Therefore, although each art has its incommunicable element, its untranslatable order of impressions, its unique mode of reaching the "imaginative reason," yet the arts may be represented as continually struggling after the law or principle of music, to a condition which music alone completely realises; and one of the chief functions of æsthetic criticism, dealing with the products of art, new or old, is to estimate the degree in which each of those products approaches, in this sense, to musical law.

By no school of painters have the necessary limitations of the art of painting been so unerringly though instinctively apprehended, and the essence of what is pictorial in a picture so justly conceived, as by the school of Venice; and the train of thought suggested in what has been now said is, perhaps, a not unfitting introduction to a few pages about Giorgione, who, though much has been taken by recent criticism from what was reputed to be his work, yet, more entirely than any other painter, sums up, in what we know of himself and his art, the spirit of the Venetian school.

The beginnings of Venetian painting link themselves to the last, stiff, half-barbaric splendours of Byzantine decoration, and are but the introduction into the crust of marble and gold on the walls of the *Duomo* of Murano, or of Saint Mark's, of a little more of human expression. And throughout the course of its later development, always subordinate to architectural effect, the work of the Venetian school never escaped from the influence of its beginnings. Unassisted, and therefore unperplexed, by naturalism, religious mysticism, philosophical theories, it had no Giotto, no Angelico, no Botticelli. Exempt from the stress of thought and sentiment, which taxed so severely the resources of the generations of Florentine artists, those earlier Venetian painters, down to Carpaccio and the Bellini, seem never for a moment

to have been tempted even to lose sight of the scope of their art in its strictness, or to forget that painting must be before all things decorative, a thing for the eye, a space of colour on the wall, only more dexterously blent than the marking of its precious stone or the chance interchange of sun and shade upon it—this, to begin and end with—whatever higher matter of thought, or poetry, or religious reverie might play its part therein, between. At last, with final mastery of all the technical secrets of his art, and with somewhat more than "a spark of the divine fire" to his share, comes Giorgione. He is the inventor of *genre*, of those easily movable pictures which serve neither for uses of devotion, nor of allegorical or historic teaching—little groups of real men and women, amid congruous furniture or landscape—morsels of actual life, conversation or music or play, refined upon or idealised, till they come to seem like glimpses of life from afar. Those spaces of more cunningly blent colour, obediently filling their places, hitherto, in a mere architectural scheme, Giorgione detaches from the wall; he frames them by the hands of some skilful carver, so that people may move them readily and take with them where they go, like a poem in manuscript, or a musical instrument, to be used, at will, as a means of self-education, stimulus or solace, coming like an animated presence, into one's cabinet, to enrich the air as with some choice aroma, and, like persons, live with us, for a day or a lifetime. Of all art like this, art which has played so large a part in men's culture since that time, Giorgione is the initiator. Yet in him too that old Venetian clearness or justice, in the apprehension of the essential limitations of the pictorial art, is still undisturbed; and, while he interfuses his painted work with a high-strung sort of poetry, caught directly from a singularly rich and high-strung sort of life, yet in his selection of subject, or phase of subject, in the subordination of mere subject to pictorial design, to the main purpose of a picture, he is typical of that aspiration of all the arts towards music, which I have endeavoured to explain,—towards the perfect identification of matter and form.

Born so near to Titian, though a little before him, that these two companion pupils of the aged Giovanni Bellini may almost be called contemporaries, Giorgione stands to Titian in something like the relationship of Sordello to Dante, in Mr. Browning's poem. Titian, when he leaves Bellini, becomes, in turn, the pupil of Giorgione; he lives in constant labour more than sixty years after Giorgione is in his grave; and with such fruit, that hardly one of the greater towns of Europe is without some fragment of it. But the slightly older man, with his so limited actual product (what remains to us of it seeming, when narrowly examined, to reduce itself to almost one picture, like Sordello's one fragment of lovely verse), yet expresses, in elementary motive and principle, that spirit—itself the final acquisition of all the long endeavours of Venetian art—which Titian spreads over his whole life's activity.

And, as we might expect, something fabulous and illusive has always mingled itself in the brilliancy of Giorgione's fame. The exact relationship to him of many works—drawings, portraits, painted idylls—often fascinating enough, which in various collections went by his name, was from the first uncertain. Still, six or eight famous pictures at Dresden, Florence and the Louvre, were undoubtedly attributed to him, and in these, if anywhere, something of the splendour of the old Venetian humanity seemed to have been preserved. But of those six or eight famous pictures it is now known that only one is certainly from Giorgione's hand. The accomplished science of the subject has come at last, and, as in other instances, has not made the past more real for us, but assured us that we possess of it less than we seemed to possess. Much of the work on which Giorgione's immediate fame depended, work done for instantaneous effect, in all probability passed away almost within his own age, like the frescoes on the façade of the *fondaco dei Tedeschi* at Venice, some crimson traces of which, however, still give a strange additional touch of splendour to the scene of the *Rialto*. And then there is a barrier or borderland, a period about the middle of the sixteenth century, in passing through which

the tradition miscarries, and the true outlines of Giorgione's work and person become obscured. It became fashionable for wealthy lovers of art, with no critical standard of authenticity, to collect so-called works of Giorgione, and a multitude of imitations came into circulation. And now, in the "new Vasari," the great traditional reputation, woven with so profuse demand on men's admiration, has been scrutinised thread by thread; and what remains of the most vivid and stimulating of Venetian masters, a live flame, as it seemed, in those old shadowy times, has been reduced almost to a name by his most recent critics.

Yet enough remains to explain why the legend grew up, above the name, why the name attached itself, in many instances, to the bravest work of other men. The *Concert* in the *Pitti* Palace, in which a monk, with cowl and tonsure, touches the keys of a harpsichord, while a clerk, placed behind him, grasps the handle of a viol, and a third, with cap and plume, seems to wait upon the true interval for beginning to sing, is undoubtedly Giorgione's. The outline of the lifted finger, the trace of the plume, the very threads of the fine linen, which fasten themselves on the memory, in the moment before they are lost altogether in that calm unearthly glow, the skill which has caught the waves of wandering sound, and fixed them for ever on the lips and hands—these are indeed the master's own; and the criticism which, while dismissing so much hitherto believed to be Giorgione's, has established the claims of this one picture, has left it among the most precious things in the world of art.

It is noticeable that the "distinction" of this *Concert*, its sustained evenness of perfection, alike in design, in execution, and in choice of personal type, becomes for the "new Vasari" the standard of Giorgione's genuine work. Finding here enough to explain his influence, and the true seal of mastery, its authors assign to Pellegrino da San Daniele the *Holy Family* in the Louvre, for certain points in which it comes short of that standard, but which will hardly diminish the spectator's enjoyment of a singular charm of liquid air,

with which the whole picture seems instinct, filling the eyes and lips, the very garments, of its sacred personages, with some wind-searched brightness and energy; of which fine air the blue peak, clearly defined in the distance, is, as it were, the visible pledge. Similarly, another favourite picture in the Louvre, the subject of a sonnet by a poet whose own painted work often comes to mind as one ponders over these precious things—the *Fête Champêtre*, is assigned to an imitator of Sebastian del Piombo; and the *Tempest*, in the Academy at Venice (a slighter loss, perhaps, though not without its pleasant effect of clearing weather, towards the left, its one untouched morsel), to Paris Bordone, or perhaps to "some advanced craftsman of the sixteenth century." From the gallery at Dresden, the *Knight embracing a Lady*, where the knight's broken gauntlets seem to mark some well-known pause in a story we would willingly hear the rest of, is conceded to "a Brescian hand," and *Jacob meeting Rachel* to a pupil of Palma; and, whatever their charm, we are called on to give up the *Ordeal*, and the *Finding of Moses* with its jewel-like pools of water, perhaps to Bellini.

Nor has the criticism, which thus so freely diminishes the number of his authentic works, added anything important to the well-known outline of the life and personality of the man: only, it has fixed one or two dates, one or two circumstances, a little more exactly. Giorgione was born before the year 1477, and spent his childhood at Castelfranco, where the last crags of the Venetian Alps break down romantically, with something of parklike grace, to the plain. A natural child of the family of the Barbarelli by a peasant-girl of Vedelago, he finds his way early into the circle of notable persons—people of courtesy; and becomes initiated into those differences of personal type, manner, and even of dress, which are best understood there—that "distinction" of the *Concert* of the *Pitti* Palace. Not far from his home lives Catherine of Cornara, formerly Queen of Cyprus; and, up in the towers which still remain, Tuzio Costanzo, the famous *condottiére*—a picturesque remnant of medieval manners, amid a civilisation rapidly changing. Giorgione paints their portraits; and

when Tuzio's son, Matteo, dies in early youth, adorns in his memory a chapel in the church of Castelfranco, painting on this occasion, perhaps, the altar-piece, foremost among his authentic works, still to be seen there, with the figure of the warrior-saint, Liberale, of which the original little study in oil, with the delicately gleaming, silver-gray armour, is one of the greater treasures of the National Gallery, and in which, as in some other knightly personages attributed to him, people have supposed the likeness of his own presumably gracious presence. Thither, at last, he is himself brought home from Venice, early dead, but celebrated. It happened, about his thirty-fourth year, that in one of those parties at which he entertained his friends with music, he met a certain lady of whom he became greatly enamoured, and "they rejoiced greatly," says Vasari, "the one and the other, in their loves." And two quite different legends concerning it agree in this, that it was through this lady he came by his death: Ridolfi relating that, being robbed of her by one of his pupils, he died of grief at the double treason;—Vasari, that she being secretly stricken of the plague, and he making his visits to her as usual, he took the sickness from her mortally, along with her kisses, and so briefly departed.

But, although the number of Giorgione's extant works has been thus limited by recent criticism, all is not done when the real and the traditional elements in what concerns him have been discriminated; for, in what is connected with a great name, much that is not real is often very stimulating; and, for the æsthetic philosopher, over and above the real Giorgione and his authentic extant works, there remains the *Giorgionesque* also—an influence, a spirit or type in art, active in men so different as those to whom many of his supposed works are really assignable—a veritable school, which grew together out of all those fascinating works rightly or wrongly attributed to him; out of many copies from, or variations on him, by unknown or uncertain workmen, whose drawings and designs were, for various reasons, prized as his; out of the immediate impression he made upon his contemporaries, and with which he continued in men's minds; out of many tra-

ditions of subject and treatment, which really descend from him to our own time, and by retracing which we fill out the original image; Giorgione thus becoming a sort of impersonation of Venice itself, its projected reflex or ideal, all that was intense or desirable in it thus crystallising about the memory of this wonderful young man.

And now, finally, let me illustrate some of the characteristics of this *School of Giorgione*, as we may call it, which, for most of us, notwithstanding all that negative criticism of the "new Vasari," will still identify itself with those famous pictures at Florence, Dresden and Paris; and in which a certain artistic ideal is defined for us—the conception of a peculiar aim and procedure in art, which we may understand as the *Giorgionesque*, wherever we find it, whether in Venetian work generally, or in work of our own time—and of which the *Concert*, that undoubted work of Giorgione in the *Pitti* Palace, is the typical instance, and a pledge authenticating the connexion of the school with the master.

I have spoken of a certain interpenetration of the matter or subject of a work of art with the form of it, a condition realised absolutely only in music, as the condition to which every form of art is perpetually aspiring. In the art of painting, the attainment of this ideal condition, this perfect interpenetration of the subject with colour and design, depends, of course, in great measure, on dexterous choice of that subject, or phase of subject; and such choice is one of the secrets of Giorgione's school. It is the school of *genre*, and employs itself mainly with "painted idylls," but, in the production of this pictorial poetry, exercises a wonderful tact in the selecting of such matter as lends itself most readily and entirely to pictorial form, to complete expression by drawing and colour. For although its productions are painted poems, they belong to a sort of poetry which tells itself without an articulated story. The master is pre-eminent for the resolution, the ease and quickness, with which he reproduces instantaneous motion—the lacing-on of armour, with the head bent back so stately—the fainting

lady—the embrace, rapid as the kiss caught, with death itself, from dying lips—the momentary conjunction of mirrors and polished armour and still water, by which all the sides of a solid image are presented at once, solving that casuistical question whether painting can present an object as completely as sculpture. The sudden act, the rapid transition of thought, the passing expression—this, he arrests with that vivacity which Vasari has attributed to him, *il fuoco Giorgionesco*, as he terms it. Now it is part of the ideality of the highest sort of dramatic poetry, that it presents us with a kind of profoundly significant and animated instants, a mere gesture, a look, a smile, perhaps—some brief and wholly concrete moment—into which, however, all the motives, all the interests and effects of a long history, have condensed themselves, and which seem to absorb past and future in an intense consciousness of the present. Such ideal instants the school of Giorgione selects, with its admirable tact, from that feverish, tumultuously coloured life of the old citizens of Venice—exquisite pauses in time, in which, arrested thus, we seem to be spectators of all the fulness of existence, and which are like some consummate extract or quintessence of life.

It is to the law or condition of music, as I said, that all art like this is really aspiring; and, in the school of Giorgione, the perfect moments of music itself, the making or hearing of music, song or its accompaniment, are themselves prominent as subjects. On that background of the silence of Venice, which the visitor there finds so impressive, the world of Italian music was then forming. In choice of subject, as in all besides, the *Concert* of the *Pitti* Palace is typical of all that Giorgione, himself an admirable musician, touched with his influence; and in sketch or finished picture, in various collections, we may follow it through many intricate variations—men fainting at music, music heard at the pool-side while people fish, or mingled with the sound of the pitcher in the well, or heard across running water, or among the flocks; the tuning of instruments—people with intent faces, as if listening, like those described by Plato in an ingenious pas-

sage, to detect the smallest interval of musical sound, the smallest undulation in the air, or feeling for music in thought on a stringless instrument, ear and finger refining themselves infinitely, in the appetite for sweet sound—a momentary touch of an instrument in the twilight, as one passes through some unfamiliar room, in a chance company.

In such favourite incidents, then, of Giorgione's school, music or music-like intervals in our existence, life itself is conceived as a sort of listening—listening to music, to the reading of Bandello's novels, to the sound of water, to time as it flies. Often such moments are really our moments of play, and we are surprised at the unexpected blessedness of what may seem our least important part of time; not merely because play is in many instances that to which people really apply their own best powers, but also because at such times, the stress of our servile, every-day attentiveness being relaxed, the happier powers in things without us are permitted free passage, and have their way with us. And so, from music, the school of Giorgione passes often to the play which is like music; to those masques in which men avowedly do but play at real life, like children "dressing-up," disguised in the strange old Italian dresses, particoloured, or fantastic with embroidery and furs, of which the master was so curious a designer, and which, above all the spotless white linen at wrist and throat, he painted so dexterously.

And when people are happy in this thirsty land water will not be far off; and in the school of Giorgione, the presence of water—the well, or marble-rimmed pool, the drawing or pouring of water, as the woman pours it from a pitcher with her jewelled hand in the *Fête Champêtre*, listening, perhaps, to the cool sound as it falls, blent with the music of the pipes —is as characteristic, and almost as suggestive, as that of music itself. And the landscape feels, and is glad of it also —a landscape full of clearness, of the effects of water, of fresh rain newly passed through the air, and collected into the grassy channels; the air, too, in the school of Giorgione, seeming as vivid as the people who breathe it, and literally empyrean, all impurities being burnt out of it, and no taint,

no floating particle of anything but its own proper elements allowed to subsist within it.

Its scenery is such as in England we call "park scenery," with some elusive refinement felt about the rustic buildings, the choice grass, the grouped trees, the undulations deftly economised for graceful effect. Only, in Italy all natural things are, as it were, woven through and through with gold thread, even the cypress revealing it among the folds of its blackness. And it is with gold dust, or gold thread, that these Venetian painters seem to work, spinning its fine filaments, through the solemn human flesh, away into the white plastered walls of the thatched huts. The harsher details of the mountains recede to a harmonious distance, the one peak of rich blue above the horizon remaining but as the visible warrant of that due coolness which is all we need ask here of the Alps, with their dark rains and streams. Yet what real, airy space, as the eye passes from level to level, through the long-drawn valley in which Jacob embraces Rachel among the flocks! Nowhere is there a truer instance of that balance, that modulated unison of landscape and persons—of the human image and its accessories—already noticed as characteristic of the Venetian school, so that, in it, neither personage nor scenery is ever a mere pretext for the other.

Something like this seems to me to be the *vraie vérité* about Giorgione, if I may adopt a serviceable expression, by which the French recognise those more liberal and durable impressions which, in respect of any really considerable person or subject, anything that has at all intricately occupied men's attention, lie beyond, and must supplement, the narrower range of the strictly ascertained facts about it. In this, Giorgione is but an illustration of a valuable general caution we may abide by in all criticism. As regards Giorgione himself, we have indeed to take note of all those negations and exceptions, by which, at first sight, a "new Vasari" seems merely to have confused our apprehension of a delightful object, to have explained away out of our inheritance from past time what seemed of high value there. Yet it is not with a full

understanding even of those exceptions that one can leave off just at this point. Properly qualified, such exceptions are but a salt of genuineness in our knowledge; and beyond all those strictly ascertained facts, we must take note of that indirect influence by which one like Giorgione, for instance, enlarges his permanent efficacy and really makes himself felt in our culture. In a just impression of that, is the essential truth, the *vraie vérité*, concerning him.

Robert Louis Stevenson

1845–1894

ÆS TRIPLEX

(From *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881)

The changes wrought by death are in themselves so sharp and final, and so terrible and melancholy in their consequences, that the thing stands alone in man's experience, and has no parallel upon earth. It outdoes all other accidents because it is last of them. Sometimes it leaps suddenly upon its victims, like a Thug; sometimes it lays a regular siege and creeps upon their citadel during a score of years. And when the business is done, there is sore havoc made in other people's lives, and a pin knocked out by which many subsidiary friendships hung together. There are empty chairs, solitary walks, and single beds at night. Again, in taking away our friends, death does not take them away utterly, but leaves behind a mocking, tragical, and soon intolerable residue, which must be hurriedly concealed. Hence a whole chapter of sights and customs striking to the mind, from the pyramids of Egypt to the gibbets and dule trees of mediæval Europe. The poorest persons have a bit of pageant going towards the tomb; memorial stones are set up over the least memorable; and, in order to preserve some show of respect for what remains of our old loves and friendships, we must accompany it with much grimly ludicrous ceremonial, and

the hired undertaker parades before the door. All this, and much more of the same sort, accompanied by the eloquence of poets, has gone a great way to put humanity in error; nay, in many philosophies the error has been embodied and laid down with every circumstance of logic; although in real life the bustle and swiftness, in leaving people little time to think, have not left them time enough to go dangerously wrong in practice.

As a matter of fact, although few things are spoken of with more fearful whisperings than this prospect of death, few have less influence on conduct under healthy circumstances. We have all heard of cities in South America built upon the side of fiery mountains, and how, even in this tremendous neighbourhood, the inhabitants are not a jot more impressed by the solemnity of mortal conditions than if they were delving gardens in the greenest corner of England. There are serenades and suppers and much gallantry among the myrtles overhead; and meanwhile the foundation shudders underfoot, the bowels of the mountain growl, and at any moment living ruin may leap sky-high into the moonlight, and tumble man and his merry-making in the dust. In the eyes of very young people, and very dull old ones, there is something indescribably reckless and desperate in such a picture. It seems not credible that respectable married people, with umbrellas, should find appetite for a bit of supper within quite a long distance of a fiery mountain; ordinary life begins to smell of high-handed debauch when it is carried on so close to a catastrophe; and even cheese and salad, it seems, could hardly be relished in such circumstances without something like a defiance of the Creator. It should be a place for nobody but hermits dwelling in prayer and maceration, or mere born-devils drowning care in a perpetual carouse.

And yet, when one comes to think upon it calmly, the situation of these South American citizens forms only a very pale figure for the state of ordinary mankind. This world itself, travelling blindly and swiftly in overcrowded space, among a million other worlds travelling blindly and swiftly

in contrary directions, may very well come by a knock that would set it into explosion like a penny squib. And what, pathologically looked at, is the human body with all its organs, but a mere bagful of petards? The least of these is as dangerous to the whole economy as the ship's powder-magazine to the ship; and with every breath we breathe, and every meal we eat, we are putting one or more of them in peril. If we clung as devotedly as some philosophers pretend we do to the abstract idea of life, or were half as frightened as they make out we are, for the subversive accident that ends it all, the trumpets might sound by the hour and no one would follow them into battle—the blue-peter might fly at the truck, but who would climb into a sea-going ship? Think (if these philosophers were right) with what a preparation of spirit we should affront the daily peril of the dinner-table: a deadlier spot than any battle-field in history, where the far greater proportion of our ancestors have miserably left their bones! What woman would ever be lured into marriage, so much more dangerous than the wildest sea? And what would it be to grow old? For, after a certain distance, every step we take in life we find the ice growing thinner below our feet, and all around us and behind us we see our contemporaries going through. By the time a man gets well into the seventies, his continued existence is a mere miracle; and when he lays his old bones in bed for the night, there is an overwhelming probability that he will never see the day. Do the old men mind it, as a matter of fact? Why, no. They were never merrier; they have their grog at night, and tell the raciest stories; they hear of the death of people about their own age, or even younger, not as if it were a grisly warning, but with a simple childlike pleasure at having outlived some one else; and when a draft might puff them out like a guttering candle, or a bit of a stumble shatter them like so much glass, their old hearts keep sound and unaffrighted, and they go on, bubbling with laughter, through years of man's age compared to which the valley at Balaklava was as safe and peaceful as a village cricket-green on Sunday. It may fairly be questioned (if we look to the peril only)

whether it was a much more daring feat for Curtius to plunge into the gulf, than for any old gentleman of ninety to doff his clothes and clamber into bed.

Indeed, it is a memorable subject for consideration, with what unconcern and gaiety mankind pricks on along the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The whole way is one wilderness of snares, and the end of it, for those who fear the last pinch, is irrevocable ruin. And yet we go spinning through it all, like a party for the Derby. Perhaps the reader remembers one of the humorous devices of the deified Caligula: how he encouraged a vast concourse of holidaymakers on to his bridge over Baiæ bay; and when they were in the height of their enjoyment, turned loose the Prætorian guards among the company, and had them tossed into the sea. This is no bad miniature of the dealings of nature with the transitory race of man. Only, what a chequered picnic we have of it, even while it lasts! and into what great waters, not to be crossed by any swimmer, God's pale Prætorian throws us over in the end!

We live the time that a match flickers; we pop the cork of a ginger-beer bottle, and the earthquake swallows us on the instant. Is it not odd, is it not incongruous, is it not, in the highest sense of the human speech, incredible, that we should think so highly of the ginger-beer, and regard so little the devouring earthquake? The love of Life and the fear of Death are two famous phrases that grow harder to understand the more we think about them. It is a well-known fact that an immense proportion of boat accidents would never happen if people held the sheet in their hands instead of making it fast; and yet, unless it be some martinet of a professional mariner or some landsman with shattered nerves, every one of God's creatures makes it fast. A strange instance of man's unconcern and brazen boldness in the face of death!

We confound ourselves with metaphysical phrases, which we import into daily talk with noble inappropriateness. We have no idea of what death is, apart from its circumstances and some of its consequences to others; and although we

have some experience of living, there is not a man on earth who has flown so high into abstraction as to have any practical guess at the meaning of the word *life*. All literature, from Job and Omar Khayam to Thomas Carlyle or Walt Whitman, is but an attempt to look upon the human state with such largeness of view as shall enable us to rise from the consideration of living to the Definition of Life. And our sages give us about the best satisfaction in their power when they say it is a vapour, or a show, or made out of the same stuff with dreams. Philosophy, in its more rigid sense, has been at the same work for ages; and after a myriad bald heads have wagged over the problem, and piles of words have been heaped one upon another into dry and cloudy volumes without end, philosophy has the honour of laying before us, with modest pride, her contribution towards the subject: that life is a Permanent Possibility of Sensation. Truly a fine result! A man may very well love beef, or hunting, or a woman; but surely, surely, not a Permanent Possibility of Sensation! He may be afraid of a precipice, or a dentist, or a large enemy with a club, or even an undertaker's man; but not certainly of abstract death. We may trick with the word life in its dozen senses until we are weary of tricking; we may argue in terms of all the philosophies on earth, but one fact remains true throughout—that we do not love life, in the sense that we are greatly preoccupied about its conservation; that we do not, properly speaking, love life at all, but living. Into the views of the least careful there will enter some degree of providence; no man's eyes are fixed entirely on the passing hour; but although we have some anticipation of good health, good weather, wine, active employment, love, and self-approval, the sum of these anticipations does not amount to anything like a general view of life's possibilities and issues; nor are those who cherish them most vividly, at all the most scrupulous of their personal safety. To be deeply interested in the accidents of our existence, to enjoy keenly the mixed texture of human experience, rather leads a man to disregard precautions, and risk his neck against a straw. For surely the love of living is stronger in

an Alpine climber roping over a peril, or a hunter riding merrily at a stiff fence, than in a creature who lives upon a diet and walks a measured distance in the interest of his constitution.

There is a great deal of very vile nonsense talked upon both sides of the matter: tearing divines reducing life to the dimensions of a mere funeral procession, so short as to be hardly decent; and melancholy unbelievers yearning for the tomb as if it were a world too far away. Both sides must feel a little ashamed of their performances now and again when they draw in their chairs to dinner. Indeed, a good meal and a bottle of wine is an answer to most standard works upon the question. When a man's heart warms to his viands, he forgets a great deal of sophistry, and soars into a rosy zone of contemplation. Death may be knocking at the door, like the Commander's statue; we have something else in hand, thank God, and let him knock. Passing bells are ringing all the world over. All the world over, and every hour, some one is parting company with all his aches and ecstasies. For us also the trap is laid. But we are so fond of life that we have no leisure to entertain the terror of death. It is a honeymoon with us all through, and none of the longest. Small blame to us if we give our whole hearts to this glowing bride of ours, to the appetites, to honour, to the hungry curiosity of the mind, to the pleasure of the eyes in nature, and the pride of our own nimble bodies.

We all of us appreciate the sensations; but as for caring about the Permanence of the Possibility, a man's head is generally very bald, and his senses very dull, before he comes to that. Whether we regard life as a lane leading to a dead wall—a mere bag's end, as the French say—or whether we think of it as a vestibule or gymnasium, where we wait our turn and prepare our faculties for some more noble destiny; whether we thunder in a pulpit, or pule in little atheistic poetry-books, about its vanity and brevity; whether we look justly for years of health and vigour, or are about to mount into a bath-chair, as a step towards the hearse; in each and all of these views and situations there is but one conclusion

possible: that a man should stop his ears against paralysing terror, and run the race that is set before him with a single mind. No one surely could have recoiled with more heartache and terror from the thought of death than our respected lexicographer; and yet we know how little it affected his conduct, how wisely and boldly he walked, and in what a fresh and lively vein he spoke of life. Already an old man, he ventured on his Highland tour; and his heart, bound with triple brass, did not recoil before twenty-seven individual cups of tea. As courage and intelligence are the two qualities best worth a good man's cultivation, so it is the first part of intelligence to recognise our precarious estate in life, and the first part of courage to be not at all abashed before the fact. A frank and somewhat headlong carriage, not looking too anxiously before, not dallying in maudlin regret over the past, stamps the man who is well armoured for this world.

And not only well armoured for himself, but a good friend and a good citizen to boot. We do not go to cowards for tender dealing; there is nothing so cruel as panic; the man who has least fear for his own carcase, has most time to consider others. That eminent chemist who took his walks abroad in tin shoes, and subsisted wholly upon tepid milk, had all his work cut out for him in considerate dealings with his own digestion. So soon as prudence has begun to grow up in the brain, like a dismal fungus, it finds its first expression in a paralysis of generous acts. The victim begins to shrink spiritually; he develops a fancy for parlours with a regulated temperature, and takes his morality on the principle of tin shoes and tepid milk. The care of one important body or soul becomes so engrossing, that all the noises of the outer world begin to come thin and faint into the parlour with the regulated temperature; and the tin shoes go equably forward over blood and rain. To be overwise is to ossify; and the scruple-monger ends by standing stockstill. Now the man who has his heart on his sleeve, and a good whirling weathercock of a brain, who reckons his life as a thing to be dashingly used and cheerfully hazarded, makes a very different acquaintance of the world, keeps all his pulses

going true and fast, and gathers impetus as he runs, until, if he be running towards anything better than a wildfire, he may shoot up and become a constellation in the end. Lord look after his health, Lord have a care of his soul, says he; and he has at the key of the position, and swashes through incongruity and peril towards his aim. Death is on all sides of him with pointed batteries, as he is on all sides of all of us; unfortunate surprises gird him round; mim-mouthed friends and relations hold up their hands in quite a little elegiacal synod about his path: and what cares he for all this? Being a true lover of living, a fellow with something pushing and spontaneous in his inside, he must, like any other soldier, in any other stirring, deadly warfare, push on at his best pace until he touch the goal. "A peerage or Westminster Abbey!" cried Nelson in his bright, boyish, heroic manner. These are great incentives; not for any of these, but for the plain satisfaction of living, of being about their business in some sort or other, do the brave, serviceable men of every nation tread down the nettle danger, and pass flyingly over all the stumbling-blocks of prudence. Think of the heroism of Johnson, think of that superb indifference to mortal limitation that set him upon his dictionary, and carried him through triumphantly until the end! Who, if he were wisely considerate of things at large, would ever embark upon any work much more considerable than a halfpenny post card? Who would project a serial novel, after Thackeray and Dickens had each fallen in mid-course? Who would find heart enough to begin to live, if he dallied with the consideration of death?

And, after all, what sorry and pitiful quibbling all this is! To forego all the issues of living in a parlour with a regulated temperature—as if that were not to die a hundred times over, and for ten years at a stretch! As if it were not to die in one's own lifetime, and without even the sad immunities of death! As if it were not to die, and yet be the patient spectators of our own pitiable change! The Permanent Possibility is preserved, but the sensations carefully held at arm's length, as if one kept a photographic plate in a dark chamber.

It is better to lose health like a spendthrift than to waste it like a miser. It is better to live and be done with it, than to die daily in the sickroom. By all means begin your folio; even if the doctor does not give you a year, even if he hesitates about a month, make one brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week. It is not only in finished undertakings that we ought to honour useful labour. A spirit goes out of the man who means execution, which outlives the most untimely ending. All who have meant good work with their whole hearts, have done good work, although they may die before they have the time to sign it. Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind. And even if death catch people, like an open pitfall, and in mid-career, laying out vast projects, and planning monstrous foundations, flushed with hope, and their mouths full of boastful language, they should be at once tripped up and silenced: is there not something brave and spirited in such a termination? and does not life go down with a better grace, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas? When the Greeks made their fine saying that those whom the gods love die young, I cannot help believing they had this sort of death also in their eye. For surely, at whatever age it overtake the man, this is to die young. Death has not been suffered to take so much as an illusion from his heart. In the hot-fit of life, a-tip-toe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land.

PULVIS ET UMBRA

(From *Across the Plains*, 1892)

We look for some reward of our endeavours and are disappointed; not success, not happiness, not even peace of conscience, crowns our ineffectual efforts to do well. Our frail-

ties are invincible, our virtues barren; the battle goes sore against us to the going down of the sun. The canting moralist tells us of right and wrong; and we look abroad, even on the face of our small earth, and find them change with every climate, and no country where some action is not honoured for a virtue and none where it is not branded for a vice; and we look in our experience, and find no vital congruity in the wisest rules, but at the best a municipal fitness. It is not strange if we are tempted to despair of good. We ask too much. Our religions and moralities have been trimmed to flatter us, till they are all emasculate and sentimentalised, and only please and weaken. Truth is of a rougher strain. In the harsh face of life, faith can read a bracing gospel. The human race is a thing more ancient than the ten commandments; and the bones and revolutions of the Kosmos, in whose joints we are but moss and fungus, more ancient still.

I

Of the Kosmos in the last resort, science reports many doubtful things and all of them appalling. There seems no substance to this solid globe on which we stamp: nothing but symbols and ratios. Symbols and ratios carry us and bring us forth and beat us down; gravity that swings the incommensurable suns and worlds through space, is but a figment varying inversely as the squares of distances; and the suns and worlds themselves, imponderable figures of abstraction, NH_3 and H_2O. Consideration dares not dwell upon this view; that way madness lies; science carries us into zones of speculation, where there is no habitable city for the mind of man.

But take the Kosmos with a grosser faith, as our senses give it us. We behold space sown with rotatory islands, suns and worlds and the shards and wrecks of systems: some, like the sun, still blazing; some rotting, like the earth; others, like the moon, stable in desolation. All of these we take to be made of something we call matter: a thing which no analysis can help us to conceive; to whose incredible proper-

ties no familiarities can reconcile our minds. This stuff, when not purified by the lustration of fire, rots uncleanly into something we call life; seized through all its atoms with a pediculous malady; swelling in tumours that become independent, sometimes even (by an abhorrent prodigy) locomotory; one splitting into millions, millions cohering into one, as the malady proceeds through varying stages. This vital putrescence of the dust, used as we are to it, yet strikes us with occasional disgust, and the profusion of worms in a piece of ancient turf, or the air of a marsh darkened with insects, will sometimes check our breathing so that we aspire for cleaner places. But none is clean: the moving sand is infected with lice; the pure spring, where it bursts out of the mountain, is a mere issue of worms; even in the hard rock the crystal is forming.

In two main shapes this eruption covers the countenance of the earth: the animal and the vegetable: one in some degree the inversion of the other: the second rooted to the spot; the first coming detached out of its natal mud, and scurrying abroad with the myriad feet of insects or towering into the heavens on the wings of birds: a thing so inconceivable that, if it be well considered, the heart stops. To what passes with the anchored vermin, we have little clue; doubtless they have their joys and sorrows, their delights and killing agonies: it appears not how. But of the locomotory, to which we ourselves belong, we can tell more. These share with us a thousand miracles: the miracles of sight, of hearing, of the projection of sound, things that bridge space; the miracles of memory and reason, by which the present is conceived, and when it is gone, its image kept living in the brains of man and brute; the miracle of reproduction, with its imperious desires and staggering consequences. And to put the last touch upon this mountain mass of the revolting and the inconceivable, all these prey upon each other, lives tearing other lives in pieces, cramming them inside themselves, and by that summary process, growing fat: the vegetarian, the whale, perhaps the tree, not less than the lion of the desert; for the vegetarian is only the eater of the dumb.

Meanwhile our rotatory island loaded with predatory life, and more drenched with blood, both animal and vegetable, than ever mutinied ship, scuds through space with unimaginable speed, and turns alternate cheeks to the reverberation of a blazing world, ninety million miles away.

II

What a monstrous spectre is this man, the disease of the agglutinated dust, lifting alternate feet or lying drugged with slumber; killing, feeding, growing, bringing forth small copies of himself; grown upon with hair like grass, fitted with eyes that move and glitter in his face; a thing to set children screaming;—and yet looked at nearlier, known as his fellows know him, how surprising are his attributes! Poor soul, here for so little, cast among so many hardships, filled with desires so incommensurate and so inconsistent, savagely surrounded, savagely descended, irremediably condemned to prey upon his fellow lives: who should have blamed him had he been of a piece with his destiny and a being merely barbarous? And we look and behold him instead filled with imperfect virtues: infinitely childish, often admirably valiant, often touchingly kind; sitting down, amidst his momentary life, to debate of right and wrong and the attributes of the deity; rising up to do battle for an egg or die for an idea; singling out his friends and his mate with cordial affection; bringing forth in pain, rearing with long-suffering solicitude, his young. To touch the heart of his mystery, we find in him one thought, strange to the point of lunacy: the thought of duty; the thought of something owing to himself, to his neighbour, to his God: an ideal of decency, to which he would rise if it were possible; a limit of shame, below which, if it be possible, he will not stoop. The design in most men is one of conformity; here and there, in picked natures, it transcends itself and soars on the other side, arming martyrs with independence; but in all, in their degrees, it is a bosom

thought:—Not in man alone, for we trace it in dogs and cats whom we know fairly well, and doubtless some similar point of honour sways the elephant, the oyster, and the louse, of whom we know so little:—But in man, at least, it sways with so complete an empire that merely selfish things come second, even with the selfish: that appetites are starved, fears are conquered, pains supported; that almost the dullest shrinks from the reproof of a glance, although it were a child's; and all but the most cowardly stand amid the risks of war; and the more noble having strongly conceived an act as due to their ideal, affront and embrace death. Strange enough if, with their singular origin and perverted practice, they think they are to be rewarded in some future life: stranger still, if they are persuaded of the contrary, and think this blow, which they solicit, will strike them senseless for eternity. I shall be reminded what a tragedy of misconception and misconduct man at large presents: of organised injustice, cowardly violence and treacherous crime; and of the damning imperfections of the best. They cannot be too darkly drawn. Man is indeed marked for failure in his efforts to do right. But where the best consistently miscarry, how tenfold more remarkable that all should continue to strive; and surely we should find it both touching and inspiriting, that in a field from which success is banished, our race should not cease to labour.

If the first view of this creature, stalking in his rotatory isle, be a thing to shake the courage of the stoutest, on this nearer sight, he startles us with an admiring wonder. It matters not where we look, under what climate we observe him, in what stage of society, in what depth of ignorance, burthened with what erroneous morality; by camp-fires in Assiniboia, the snow powdering his shoulders, the wind plucking his blanket, as he sits, passing the ceremonial calumet and uttering his grave opinions like a Roman senator; in ships at sea, a man inured to hardship and vile pleasures, his brightest hope a fiddle in a tavern and a bedizened trull who sells herself to rob him, and he for all that simple, innocent, cheerful, kindly like a child, constant to toil, brave

to drown, for others; in the slums of cities, moving among indifferent millions to mechanical employment, without hope of change in the future, with scarce a pleasure in the present, and yet true to his virtues, honest up to his lights, kind to his neighbours, tempted perhaps in vain by the bright gin-palace, perhaps long-suffering with the drunken wife that ruins him; in India (a woman this time) kneeling with broken cries and streaming tears, as she drowns her child in the sacred river; in the brothel, the discard of society, living mainly on strong drink, fed with affronts, a fool, a thief, the comrade of thieves, and even here keeping the point of honour and the touch of pity, often repaying the world's scorn with service, often standing firm upon a scruple, and at a certain cost, rejecting riches:—everywhere some virtue cherished or affected, everywhere some decency of thought and carriage, everywhere the ensign of man's ineffectual goodness:—ah! if I could show you this! If I could show you these men and women, all the world over, in every stage of history, under every abuse of error, under every circumstance of failure, without hope, without help, without thanks, still obscurely fighting the lost fight of virtue, still clinging, in the brothel or on the scaffold, to some rag of honour, the poor jewel of their souls! They may seek to escape, and yet they cannot; it is not alone their privilege and glory, but their doom; they are condemned to some nobility; all their lives long, the desire of good is at their heels, the implacable hunter.

Of all earth's meteors, here at least is the most strange and consoling: That this ennobled lemur, this hair-crowned bubble of the dust, this inheritor of a few years and sorrows, should yet deny himself his rare delights, and add to his frequent pains, and live for an ideal, however misconceived. Nor can we stop with man. A new doctrine, received with screams a little while ago by canting moralists, and still not properly worked into the body of our thoughts, lights us a step farther into the heart of this rough but noble universe. For nowadays the pride of man denies in vain his kinship with the original dust. He stands no longer like a thing apart. Close at his heels we see the dog, prince of another genus: and in

him too, we see dumbly testified the same cultus of an unattainable ideal, the same constancy in failure. Does it stop with the dog? We look at our feet where the ground is blackened with the swarming ant: a creature so small, so far from us in the hierarchy of brutes, that we can scarce trace and scarce comprehend his doings; and here also, in his ordered polities and rigorous justice, we see confessed the law of duty and the fact of individual sin. Does it stop, then, with the ant? Rather this desire of well-doing and this doom of frailty run through all the grades of life: rather is this earth, from the frosty top of Everest to the next margin of the internal fire, one stage of ineffectual virtues and one temple of pious tears and perseverance. The whole creation groaneth and travaileth together. It is the common and the god-like law of life. The browsers, the biters, the barkers, the hairy coats of field and forest, the squirrel in the oak, the thousand-footed creeper in the dust, as they share with us the gift of life, share with us the love of an ideal: strive like us—like us are tempted to grow weary of the struggle—to do well; like us receive at times unmerited refreshment, visitings of support, returns of courage; and are condemned like us to be crucified between that double law of the members and the will. Are they like us, I wonder, in the timid hope of some reward, some sugar with the drug? do they, too, stand aghast at unrewarded virtues, at the sufferings of those whom, in our partiality, we take to be just, and the prosperity of such as, in our blindness we call wicked? It may be, and yet God knows what they should look for. Even while they look, even while they repent, the foot of man treads them by thousands in the dust, the yelping hounds burst upon their trail, the bullet speeds, the knives are heating in the den of the vivisectionist; or the dew falls, and the generation of a day is blotted out. For these are creatures, compared with whom our weakness is strength, our ignorance wisdom, our brief span eternity.

And as we dwell, we living things, in our isle of terror and under the imminent hand of death, God forbid it should be man the erected, the reasoner, the wise in his own eyes—

God forbid it should be man that wearies in well-doing, that despairs of unrewarded effort, or utters the language of complaint. Let it be enough for faith, that the whole creation groans in mortal frailty, strives with unconquerable constancy: Surely not all in vain.

APPENDIX

SHORT SPECIMENS OF ENGLISH PROSE BEFORE BACON, ILLUSTRATIVE OF LANGUAGE AND STYLE

John Wyclif

1324–1384 (?)

ST. MATTHEW, XIII

From Translation of the Bible (completed), 1380. (*English Hexapla*, Bagster, 1841)

IN that dai ihesus ȝede out of the hous: ¶ sate bisidis the see, ¶ moche puple was gaderid to hym: so that he wente up in to a boot ¶ sat, ¶ al the puple stood on the brinke: ¶ he spake to hem many thingis in parablis ¶ seide, lo he that sowith ȝede out to sowe his seed, and while he sowith: sum seedis fillen bisidis the wey, and briddis of the eir camen: and eten hem, but othir sedis fillen in to stony placis: where thei hadden not moch erth, ¶ anoon thei sprungun vp, for thei hadden not depnes of erthe, but whan the sunne was risen: thei swaliden, ¶ for thei hadden not roote thei dried up, ¶ other sedis fillen among thornes: ¶ thornes woxen up; ¶ strangliden hem, but other seedis fillen in to good lond: and ȝauen fruyt, sum an hundride foold, an other sixti foold, an other thritti foold, he that hath eeris of heringe: here he.

William Tyndale

1485 (?)–1536

ST. MATTHEW, XIII

(From Translation of the New Testament, 1525–1536) (*English Hexapla*, Bagster, 1841)

THE same daye went Iesus out of the house, and sat by the see syde, and moch people resorted vnto him, so gretly that he went and sat in a shippe, and all the people stode on the shoore. And he spake many thynges to them in similitudes, sayinge: Beholde, the sower went forth to sowe. And as he sowed, some fell by the wayes syde, and the fowls came and devoured it vp. Some fell apon stony grounde where it had not moche erth, and a nonne it sprange vp, because it had no depth of erth: and when the sunne was vp, it cauht[1] heet, and for lake of rotynge wyddred awaye. Some fell amonge thornes, ¶ the thornes sprange vp and chooked it. Parte fell in good ground, ¶ brought forth good frute: some an hundred fold, some sixtie fold, some thyrty folde. Whosoever hath eares to heare, let him heare.

Sir John Mandeville

XIV. Century

THE ENCHANTED VALLEY, OR THE VALLEY OF DEVILS

(From *The Voiage and Travaile of Sir John Maundevile, Kt.*, from a reprint of the ed. 1725[2]

Besyde that Yle of Mistorak, upon the left syde, nyghe to the Ryvere of Phison, is a marveylous thing. There is a Vale betwene the Mountaynes, that durethe nyghe a 4 Myle: and summen clepen it the Vale enchaunted; some clepen it the Vale of Develes, and some clepen it the Vale perilous. In that Vale, heren men often tyme grete Tempestes and Thondres and grete Murmures and Noyses, alle dayes and nyghtes: and gret noyse, as

[1] Caught. [2] This edition was based on a manuscript of 1400.

it were sown of Tabours and of Nakeres and Trompes, as thoughe it were of a gret feste. This Vale is alle fulle of Develes, and hathe ben alle weys. And men seyn there, that it is on of the entrecs of Helle. In that Vale is gret plentee of Gold and Sylver: wherefore many mys belevynge men, and manye Cristene men also, gon in often tyme, for to have of the Thresoure, that there is: but fewe comen aȝen; and namely of the mys belevynge men, ne of the Cristene men nouther: for thei ben anon strangled of Develes. And in mydde place of that Vale, undir a Roche, is an Hed and the Visage of a Devyl bodyliche, fulle horrible and dreadfulle to see, and it schewethe not but the Hed, to the Schuldres. But there is no man in the World so hardy, Cristene man ne other, but that he wolde ben a drad for to beholde it; and that it wolde semen him to dye for drede; so is it hidouse for to beholde. For he beholdethe every man so scharply, with dreadfulle Eyen, that ben evere more mevynge and sparklynge, as Fuyr, and chaungethe and sterethe so often in dyverse manere, with so horrible Countenance, that no man dar not neighen towardes him. And fro him comethe out Smoke and Stynk and Fuyr, and so moche Abhomynacioun, that unethe no man may there endure. But the gode Cristene men, that ben stable in the Feythe, entren welle withouten perile. For thei wil first schryven hem, and marken hem with the tokene of the Holy Cros; so that the Fendes ne han no Power over hem. But alle be it that thei ben with outen perile, it natheles ne ben thei not with outen drede, whan that thei seen the Develes visibely and bodyly alle about hem, that maken fulle many dyverse Assautes and Manaces in Eyr and in Erthe, and agasten hem with strokes of Thondre blastes and of Tempestes. And the moste drede is, that God wole taken Vengeance thanne, of that men han mys don aȝen his Wille. And ȝee schulle undirstonde, that whan my Fellows and I weren in that Vale, wee weren in gret thought, whether that wee dursten putten oure Bodyes in aventure, to gon in or non, in the protecciouu of God. And sōme of oure Fellowes accordeden to enter, and somme noght. So there weren with us 2 worthi men, Frere Menoures, that weren of Lombardye, that seyden, that ȝif ony man wolde entren, thei wolde gon in with us. And when thei hadden seyd so, upon the gracyous trust of God and of hem, wee

leet synge Masse, and made every man to ben schriyven and houseld: and thanne wee entreden 14 personnes; but at oure goynge out, wee weren but 9. And so wee wisten nevere, whether that oure Fellowes weren lost, or elle turned ayen for drede: but wee ne saughe hem never after: and tho weren 2 men of Grece and 3 of Spayne. And oure other Fellows, that wolden not gon in with us, thei wenten by another Coste, to ben before us, and so thei were. And thus wee passeden that perilouse Vale, and founden thereinne Gold and Sylver and precious Stones and riche Jewelles gret plentee, both here and there, as us semed: but whether that it was, as us semede, I wot nere: for I touched none, because that the Develes ben so subtyle to make a thing to seme otherwise than it is, for to disceyve mankynde: and therefore I towched none; and also because that I wolde not ben put out of my Devocioun: for I was more devout thanne, than evere I was before or after, and alle for the drede of Fendes, that I saughe in dyverse Figures; and also for the gret multytude of dede Bodyes, that I saughe there liggynge be the Weye, be alle the Vale, as thoughe there had ben a Bataylle betwene 2 Kynges and the myghtyest of the Contree, and that the gretter partye had ben discomfyted and slayn. And I trowe, that unethe scholde ony Contree have so moche peple with in him, as lay slayn in that Vale, as us thoughte; the whiche was an hidouse sight to seen. And I merveylled moche, that there weren so manye, and the Bodyes all hole, with outen rotynge. But I trowe, that Fendes made hem semen to ben so hole, with outen rotynge. But that myghte not ben to myn avys, that so manye scholde have entred so newely, ne so manye newely slayn, with outen stynkynge and rotynge. And manye of hem weren in habite of Cristene men: but I trowe wel, that it weren of suche, that wenten in for covetyse of the Thresoure, that was there, and hadden over moche feblenesse in Feithe; so that hire Hertes ne myghte not enduren in the Beleve for drede. And therfore weren wee the more devout a gret del: and yit wee weren cast down and beten down many tymes to the hard Erthe, be Wyndes and Thondres and Tempestes: but evere more God of his grace halp us: and so wee passed that perilous Vale, with outen perile and with outen encombrance. Thanked be alle myghty Godd.

KING ALEXANDER AND THE ISLE OF BRAGMAN

(From the same)

And beȝonde that Yle, is another Yle, gret and gode, and plentyfous, where that ben gode folk and trewe, and of gode lyvynge, aftre hire Beleve, and of gode Feythe. And alle be it that thei ben not cristened, ne have no perfyt Lawe, ȝit natheles of kyndely Lawe, thei ben fulle of alle Vertue, and thei eschewen alle Vices and alle Malices and all Synnes. . . .

* * *

And men clepen that Yle, the Yle of Bragman: and sōme men clepen it the Lond of Feythe. And thorgh that Lond, rennethe a gret Ryvere, thât is clept Thebe. And in generalle, alle the men of tho Yles and of alle the Marches there abouten, ben more trewe than in ony othere Contrees there abouten, and more righte fulle than othere, in alle thinges. . . .

* * *

And because thei ben so trewe and so rightfulle and so fulle of alle gode condiciouns, thei weren nevere greved with Tempestes ne with Thondre ne with Leyt ne with Hayl ne with Pestylence ne with Werre ne with Hungre ne with non other tribulaccioun, as wee ben many tymes amonges us, for oure Synnes. Wherfore it semethe wel, that God lovethe hem and is plesed with hire Creance, for hire gode Dedes. Thei beleven wel in God, that made alle thinges; and him thei worschipen. And thei preysen non erthely Ricchesse; and so thei ben alle right fulle. And thei lyven fulle ordynatly, and so sobrely in Met and Drynk, that thei lyven right longe. And the most part of hem dyen withouten Syknesse, whan nature faylethe hem for elde. And it befelle in Kyng Alisandres tyme, that he purposed him to conquere that Yle, and to maken hem to holden of him. And whan thei of the Contree herden it, thei senten Messangeres to him with Lettres, that seyden thus: What may ben y now to that man, to whom alle the World is insuffisant: thou shalt finde no thing in us, that may cause the to warren aȝenst us: for wee have no Ricchesse, ne none wee coveyten: and alle the Godes of our Contree ben in comoun. Oure Mete, that we susteyne with alle oure Bodyes, is oure Ricchesse: and in stede of tresoure of Gold and Sylver, wee

maken oure Tresoure of Accord and Pees, and for to love every man other.

* * *

Oure Wyfes ne ben not arrayed for to make no man plesance, but only connable Array, for to eschewe Folye. Whan men peynen hem to arraye the Body, for to make it semen fayrere than God made it, thei don gret Synne. For man scholde not devise ne aske grettre Beautee, than God hath ordeyned man to ben at his Birthe. The Erthe mynystrethe to us 2 thinges; oure Liflode, that cometh of the Erthe that wee lyve by, and our Sepulture aftre oure Dethe. Wee have ben in perpetuelle Pees tille now, that thou come to disherite us; and also wee have a Kyng, nought for to do Justice to every man, for he schalle fynde no forfete amonge us; but for to kepe noblesse, and for to schewe that wee ben obeyssant, wee have a Kyng. For Justice ne hathe not among us no place: for wee don no man other wise than wee desiren that men don to us; so that rightwisnesse ne Vengeance han nought to don amonge us; so that no thing thou may take fro us, but oure gode Pes, that alle weys hathe dured amonge us. And whan Kyng Alisandre had rad theise Lettres, he thoughte, that he scholde do gret Synne, for to trouble hem: and thanne he sente hem Surteez, that thei scholde not ben aferd of him, and that thei scholde kepen hire gode maneres and hire gode Pees, as thei hadden used befou of custom; and so he let hem allone.

Sir Thomas Malory

Born 1430?

THE PASSING OF KING ARTHUR

(From *Le Morte Darthur, Sommer's facsimile of Caxton's edition*, 1889)

THERFORE ſayd Arthur vnto ſyr Bedwere take thou Excalybur my good ſwerde and goo with it to yonder water ſyde/ and whan thou comeſt there I charge the throwe my ſwerde in that water & come ageyn and telle me what thou there ſeeſt/ My lord ſad Bedwere your commaundement ſhal be doon & lyghtly brynge you worde ageyn So ſyr Bedwere departed/ & by the waye he behelde that noble ſwerde that the pomel & the haſe

was al of precyous ſtones/ & thenne he ſayd to hym ſelf yf I throwe this ryche ſwerde in the water therof ſhal neuer come good but harme & loſſe/ And thenne ſyr Bedwere hydde excalybur vnder a tree/ And ſo as ſone as he myght he came ageyn vnto the kyng and ſayd he had ben at the water and had throwen the ſwerde in to the water/ ¶ What ſawe thou there ſayd the kyng/ ſyr he ſayd I ſawe no thynge but wawes and wyndes/ That is vntrewly ſayd of the ſayd the kyng/ Therfore goo thou lyghtelye ageyn and do my commaundemente as thou arte to me leef & dere ſpare not but throwe it in/ Than ſyr Bedwere retorned ageyn & took the ſwerde in hys hande/ and than hym thought ſynne and ſhame to throwe awaye that nobyl ſwerde/ and ſo efte he hydde the ſwerde and retorned ageyn and tolde to the kyng that he had ben at the water and done his commaundemente/ what ſawe thou there ſayd the kyng Syr he ſayd I ſawe no thynge but the waters wappe and wawes wanne A traytour vntrewe ſayd kyng Arthur now haſt thou betrayed me twyſe/ Who wold haue wente that thou that haſt been to me ſo leef and dere and thou arte named a noble knyghte and wold betraye me for the richeſſe of the ſwerde/ But now goo ageyn lyghtly for thy longe taryeng putteth me in grete Ieopardye of my lyf/ For I haue taken colde/ and but yf thou do now as I byd the/ yf euer I may ſee the I ſhal ſlee the myn owne handes/ for thou woldeſt for my ryche ſwerde ſee me dede ¶ Thenne Syr Bedwere departed and wente to the ſwerde and lyghtly took hit vp/ and wente to the water ſyde and there he bounde the gyrdyl aboute the hyltes/ and thenne he threwe the ſwerde as farre in to the water as he myght/ & there cam an arme and an hande aboue the water and mette it/ & caught it and ſo ſhoke it thryſe and braundyſſhed/ and than vanyſſhed awaye the hande with the ſwerde in the water/ So ſyr Bedwere came ageyn to the kyng and tolde hym what he ſawe ¶ Alas ſayd the kyng helpe me hens for I drede me I haue taryed ouer longe/ Than ſyr Bedwere toke the kyng vpon his backe and ſo wente wyth hym to that water ſyde/ & whan they were at the water ſyde/ euyn faſt by the bank houed a lytyl barge wyth many fayr ladyes in hit/ & emonge hem al was a quene/ and al they had blacke hoodes/ and al they wepte and ſhryked whan they ſawe Kyng Arthur/

¶ Now put me in to the barge ſayd the kyng and ſo he dyd ſoftelye/ And there receyued hym thre quenes wyth grete mornyng and ſoo they ſette hem doun/ and in one of their lappes kyng Arthur layed hys heed/ and than that quene ſayd a dere broder why haue ye taryed ſo longe from me/ Alas this wounde on your heed hath caught ouermoche colde/ And ſoo than they rowed from the londe/ and syr bedwere behelde all tho ladyes goo from hym/ ¶ Than syr bedwere cryed a my lord Arthur what ſhal become of me now ye goo from me/ And leue me here allone emonge myn enemyes/ Comfort thyſelf ſayd the kyng and doo as wel as thou mayſt for in me is no truſte for to truſte in/ For I wyl in to the vale of auylyon to hele me of my greuous wounde ¶ And yf thou here neuer more of me praye for my ſoule/ but euer the quenes and ladyes wepte and ſhryched that hit was pyte to here/ And aſſone as syr Bedwere had loſte the ſyght of the baarge he wepte and waylled and ſo took the foreſte/ and ſo he wente al that nyght/

SIR ECTOR'S LAMENT FOR SIR LAUNCELOT

(From the same)

And whan ſyr Ector herde ſuche noyſe & lyghte in the quyre of Ioyous garde he alyght & put his hors from hym & came in to the quyre & there he ſawe men ſynge wepe/ & al they knewe ſyr Ector/ but he knewe not them/ than wente ſyr Bors vnto ſyr Ector & tolde hym how there laye his brother ſyr Launcelot dede/ & than Syr Ector threwe hys ſhelde ſwerde & helme from hym/ & whan he behelde ſyr Launcelottes vyſage he fyl doun in a ſwoun/ & whan he waked it were harde ony tonge to telle the doleful complayntes that he made for his brother/ A Launcelot he ſayd thou were hede of al cryſten knyghtes/ & now I dare ſay ſayd ſyr Ector thou ſir Launcelot there thou lyeſt that thou were neuer matched of erthely knyghtes hande/ & thou were the curteſt knyght that euer bare ſhelde/ & thou were the trueſt frende to thy louar that euer beſtrade hors/ & thou were the treweſt louer of a ſynful man that euer loued woman/ & thou were the kyndeſt man that euer ſtrake wyth ſwerde/ & thou were the godelyeſt

perſone p^t^ euer cam emonge prees of knyghtes/ & thou was the mekeſt man & the ientylleſt that euer ete in halle emonge ladyes/ & thou were the ſterneſt knyght to thy mortal foo that euer put ſpere in the breſte/ than there was wepyng & dolour out of meſure/ Thus they kepte ſyr Launcelots corps on lofte XV dayes & than they buryed it with grete deuocyon/

Sir Thomas More

1480–1535

THE PEOPLE ARE URGED TO CHOOSE RICHARD FOR THEIR KING

(From *History of Edward V. and Richard III.*, edition of 1557)

When the duke had ſaied, and looked that the people whome he hoped that the mayer had framed before, ſhoulde after this propoſicion made, haue cried king Richarde, king Richarde: All was huſht and mute, and not one word aunfered thereunto. Wherewith the duke was meruailouſly abaſhed, and taking the maier nerer to him, with other that were about him priuey to that matter, ſaied unto them ſoftlye what meaneth this, that this peple be so ſtil. Sir quod the Mayer parcaſe they perceque you not well. That ſhal we mende (quod he) if that wyll helpe. And by and by ſomewhat louder, he reherſed them the ſame matter againe in other order and other wordes, ſo wel and ornately, and natheles ſo euidently and plaine, with voice geſture and countenance ſo cumly and ſo conuenient, that euery man much meruailed that herd him, and thought that they neuer had in their liues heard ſo euill a tale ſo well tolde. But were it for wonder or feare, that eche looked that other ſhoulde ſpeake fyrſte: not one worde or was then aunſwered of all the people that ſtode before, but al was as ſtyl as the midnight, not ſo much as rowning [1] among them, by which they might ſeme to comen what was beſt to doe, when the Mayer ſaw thys he wyth other pertiners of the counſayle, drew aboute the duke and ſayed that the people had not ben accuſtomed there to be ſpoken vnto but by the recorder, whiche is the

[1] Whispering.

mouth of the citie, and happely to him they will aunſwere, with that the recorder called Fitz Wyllyam a ſadde[1] man and an honeſt, which was ſo new come into that office that he neuer had ſpoken to the peple before, and loth was with that matter to beginne, notwithſtanding thereunto commanded by the Mayer, made reherſall to the comens of that the duke had twiſe reherſed them himſelfe. But the recorder ſo tempered his tale, that he ſhewed euerthing as the dukes wordes and no part his owne. But all thys nothing no chaunge made in the people which alway after one, ſtode as they had ben men amaſed, whereupon the duke rowned vnto the Mayer and ſayd: Thys is a maruelouſe obſtinate ſilence, and therewith he turned vnto the people againe with theſe wordes: dere frendes we cume to moue you to that thing which peraduenture we not ſo greately neded, but that the lordes of thys realme and the comens of other parties, might haue ſufficed, ſauing that we ſuch loue bere you, and ſo much ſette by you, that we woulde not gladly doe withoute you, that thing in which to bee parteners is your weale and honour which as it ſemeth, eyther you ſe not or way[2] not. Wherefore we require you giue vs aunſwer one or other, whither you be mynded as all the nobles of the realme be, to haue this noble prynce now protectour to be your kyng or not. At theſe wordes the people began to whiſper among themſelfe ſecretely, that the voyce was neyther loude nor diſtincke, but as it were the ſounde of a ſwarme of bees, tyl at the laſt in the nether ende of the hal, a buſhment[3] of the dukes seruantes and Naſhefeldes and other longing to the protectour, with ſome prentiſis and laddes that thruſt into the hal amonge the preſe, began ſodainely at mennes backes to crye owte as lowde as their throtes would gyue: king Richarde king Richarde, and threwe vp their cappes in token of ioye. And they that ſtode before, caſt back theyr heddes meruaileling thereof, but nothing they ſayd. And when the duke and the Maier ſaw thys maner, they wyſely turned it to theyr purpoſe. And ſaid it was a goodly cry and a ioyfull to here, euery man with one voice no manne ſayeng nay. Wherefore frendes, quod the duke, ſins that we parceiue it is al your hole mindes to haue this noble

[1] Discreet, reliable.

[2] Weigh.

[3] Ambuscade, a body of men in a hiding-place.

man for your king whereof we ſhall make his grace ſo efectuall reporte, that we doubte not but it ſhall redounde vnto your great weal and commoditye: we require ye that ye to morrow go with vs and wee with you vnto his noble grace, to make our humble requeſt vnto him in maner before remembred. And therefore with the lordes came downe, and the company diſſolued and departed, the mou part al ſad, ſom with glad ſemblaunce that wer not very mery, and ſome of thoſe that came thyther with the duke, not able to diſſemble theyr ſorrow, were faine at his backe to turne their face to the wall, while the dolour of their heart braſte oute at theyr eyen.

Roger Aſcham

1515–1568

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN

(From Arber's Reprint of First Edition of *The Scholemaster*, 1570)

Yet, ſome will ſay, that children of nature, loue paſtime, and miſlike learning: bicauſe, in their kinde, the one is eaſie and pleaſant, the other hard and weriſon: which is an opinion not ſo trewe, as ſome men weene: For, the matter lieth not ſo much in the diſpoſition of them that be yong, as in the order and maner of bringing vp, by them that be old, nor yet in the difference of learnyng and paſtime. For, beate a child, if he daunce not well, and cheriſh him, though he learne not well, ye ſhall haue him, vnwilling to go to daunce, and glad to go to his booke. Knocke him alwaies, when he draweth his ſhaft ill, and fauo[v]r him againe, though he fau[l]t at his booke, ye ſhall haue hym verie loth to be in the field, and verie willing to be in the ſchole. Yea, I ſaie more, and not of my ſelfe, but by the iudgement of thoſe, from whom few wiſemen will gladlie diſſent, that if euer the nature of man be giuen at any tyme, more than other, to receiue goodnes, it is, in innocencie of yong yeares, before, that experience of euill, haue taken roote in hym. For, the pure cleane witte of a ſweete yong babe, is like the neweſt wax, most hable to receiue the beſt and fayreſt printing: and like a new bright ſiluer diſhe

neuer occupied, to receiue and kepe cleane, anie good thyng that is put into it.

And thus, will in children, wiſelie wrought withall, maie eaſelie be won to be verie well willing to learne. And witte in children, by nature, namelie memorie, the onely keie and keper of all learning, is readieſt to receiue, and fureſt to kepe anie maner of thing, that is learned in yougth: This, lewde[1] and learned, by common experience, know to be moſt trewe. For we remember nothyng ſo well when we be olde, as thoſe things which we learned when we were yong: And this is not ſtraunge, but common in all natures workes. Euery man ſees, (as I fayd before) new wax is beſt for printyng: new claie, fitteſt for working: new ſhorne wo[o]ll, apteſt for ſone and fureſt dying; new freſh fleſh, for good and durable ſalting. And this ſimilitude is not rude, nor borowed of the larder houſe, but out of his ſcholehouſe, of whom, the wiſeſt of England, neede not be aſhamed to learne. Yong Graftes grow not onelie ſoneſt, but alſo faireſt, and bring alwayes forth the beſt and ſweeteſt frute: yong whelpes learne eaſelie to carie: yong Popingeis learne quicklie to ſpeake: And ſo, to be ſhort, if in all other thinges, though they lacke reaſon, ſens, and life, the ſimilitude of youth is fitteſt to all goodneſſe, ſurelie nature, in mankinde, is moſt beneficiall and effectuall in this behalfe.

Therefore, if to the goodnes of nature, be ioyned the wiſedome of the teacher, in leading yong wittes into a right and plaine waie of learnyng, ſurelie, children, kept vp in Gods feare, and gouerned by his grace, maie moſt eaſelie be brought well to ſerue God, and contrey both by vertue and wiſedome.

But if will, and witte, by farder age, be once allured from innocencie, delited in vaine ſightes fil[l]ed with foull taulke, crooked with wilfulneſſe, hardned with ſtubburneſſe, and let louſe to diſobedience, ſurelie it is hard with ientleneſſe, but vnpoſſible with ſeuere crueltie, to call them backe to good frame againe. For, where the one, perchance maie bend it, the other ſhall ſurelie breake it: and ſo in ſtead of ſome hope, leaue an aſſured deſperation, and ſhameleſſe contempt of all goodneſſe, the fardeſt pointe in all miſchief, as *Xenophon* doth moſt trewlie and moſt wittelie marke.

[1] Ignorant, illiterate.

Therfore, to loue or to hate, to like or contemne, to plie this waie or that waie to good or to bad, ye ſhall haue as ye vſe a child in his youth.

And one example, whether loue or feare doth worke more in a child, for vertue and learning, I will gladlie report: which maie be heard with ſome pleaſure, and followed with more profit. Before I went into *Germanie*, I came to Brodegate in Leiceſterſhire, to take my leaue of that noble Ladie *Iane Grey*, to whom I was exceding moch beholdinge. Hir parentes, the Duke and Duches, with all the houſehold, Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, were huntinge in the Parke: I founde her, in her Chamber, readinge *Phaedon Platonis*[1] in Greeke, and that with as moch delite, as ſom ientlemen wold read a merie tale in *Bocaſe*.[2] After ſalutation, and dewtie done, with ſom other taulke, I aſked hir, whie ſhe wold leeſe ſoch paſtime in the Parke? ſmiling ſhe anſwered me: I wiſſe, all their ſporte in the Parke is but a ſhadoe to that pleaſure, that I find in *Plato*: Alas good ſolke, they neuer felt, what trewe pleaſure ment. And howe came you Madame, quoth I, to this deepe knowledge of pleaſure, and what did chieflie allure you vnto it: ſeinge, not many women, but verie fewe men haue atteined thereunto. I will tell you, quoth ſhe, and tell you a troth, which perchance ye will meruell at. One of the greateſt benefites, that euer God gaue me, is, that he ſent me so ſharpe and ſeuere Parentes, and ſo ientle a ſcholemaſter. For when I am in preſence either of father or mother, whethar I ſpeake, kepe ſilence, ſit, ſtand, or go, eate, drinke, be merie, or ſad, be ſowing, plaiyng, dauncing, or doing anie thing els, I muſt do it, as it were, in ſoch weight, meſure, and number, euen ſo perfitelie, as God made the world, or elſe I am so ſharplie taunted, ſo cruellie threatened, yea ſometymes ſom tymes, with pinches, nippes, and bobbes,[3] and other waies, which I will not name, for the honor I beare them, ſo without meaſure miſordered, that I thinke my ſelfe in hell, till tyme cum, that I muſt go to *M. Elmer*, who teacheth me ſo ientlie, ſo pleaſantlie, with ſoch faire alluremẽtes to learning, that I thinke all the tyme

[1] The *Phædon* (or *Phædo*) of Plato, a famous dialogue on the immortality of the soul.

[2] Boccaccio.

[3] Shakes, jerks.

nothing, whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, becauſe, what ſoeuer I do els, but learning, is ful of grief, trouble, feare, and whole miſliking vnto me: And thus my booke, hath bene ſo moch my pleaſure, and bringeth dayly to me more pleaſure and more, that in reſpect of it, all other pleaſures, in very deede, be but trifles and troubles vnto me. I remember this talke gladly, both bicauſe it is ſo worthy of memorie, and bicauſe alſo, it was the laſt talke that euer I had, and the laſt tyme, that euer I saw that noble and worthie Ladie.

Sir Walter Raleigh

(1552–1618)

THE DANGER AND VANITY OF A LOVE OF FAME

(From *A History of the World*, 1614)

By this which wee haue alreadie ſet downe, is ſeene the beginning and end of the three firſt Monarchies of the world; whereof the Founders and Erectours thought, that thay could neuer haue ended. That of *Rome* which made the fourth, was alſo at this time almoſt at the higheſt. Wee haue left it flouriſhing in the middle of the field; hauing rooted vp, or cut downe, all that kept it from the eyes and admiration of the world. But after ſome continuance, it ſhall begin to loſe the beauty it had; the ſtorms of ambition ſhall beat her great boughes and branches one againſt another; her leaues ſhall fall off, her limbes wither, and a rabble of barbarous Nations enter the field, and cut her downe.

Now theſe great Kings, and conquering Nations, haue been the ſubject of thoſe ancient Hiſtories, which haue been peruſed, and yet remaine among vs; and withall of ſo many tragicall Poets, as in the perſons of powerfull Princes, and other mighty men haue complained againſt infidelitie, Time, Deſtinie, and moſt of all againſt the variable ſucceſſe of worldly things, and inſtabilitie of Fortune. To theſe vndertakings, theſe great Lords of the world haue beene stirred vp, rather by the deſire of Fame, which ploweth vp the Aire, and ſoweth in the Winde; than by the affection

of bearing rule, which draweth after it ſo much vexation and ſo many cares. And that this is true, the good aduice of *Cineas* to *Pyrrhus* proues. And certainely, as Fame hath often beene dangerous to the liuing, ſo is it to the dead of no vſe at all; becauſe ſeparate from knowledge. Which were it otherwiſe, and the extreame ill bargaine of buying this laſting diſcourſe, underſtood by them which are diſſolued; they themſelues would then rather haue wiſhed, to haue ſtolne out of the world without noyſe; than to be put in minde, that they haue purchaſed the report of their actions in the world, by rapine, oppreſſion, and crueltie: by giuing in ſpoyle the innocent and labouring ſoule to the idle and inſolent, and by hauing emptied the Cities of the world of their ancient Inhabitants, and filled them againe with ſo many and ſo variable ſorts or ſorrowes.

ON DEATH

(From the same)

For the reſt, if we ſeeke a reaſon of the ſucceſſion and continuance of this boundleſſe ambition in mortall man, we may adde to that which hath beene already ſaid; That the Kings and Princes of the world haue alwaies laid before them, the actions, but not the ends of thoſe great Ones which præceded them. They are alwayes tranſported with the glorie of the one, but they neuer minde the miſerie of the other, till they finde the experience in themſelues. They neglect the aduice of *God*, while they enioy life, or hope it; but they follow the counſell of Death, vpon his firſt approach. It is hee that puts into man all the wiſedome of the world without ſpeaking a word; which *God* with all the words of his Law, promiſes, or threats, doth infuſe. *Death*, which hateth and deſtroyeth man, is beleeued; *God*, which hath made him and loues him, is alwaies deferred. *I haue confidered* (ſaith *Solomon*) *all the workes that are vnder the Sunne, and behold, all is vanitie and vexation of ſpirit;* but who beleeues it, till Death tells it vs? It was Death, which opening the conſcience of Charles the fift, made him enjoyne his ſonne *Philip* to reſtore Nauarre; and King *Francis* the firſt of *France*, to command that juſtice ſhould be done vpon the Mur-

derers of the Proteſtants in *Merindol* and *Cabrieres*, which til then he neglected. It is therefore Death alone that can ſuddenly make man to know himſelfe. He tells the proud and inſolent, that they are but Abiects, and humbles them at the inſtant; makes them crie, complaine, and repent, yea, euen to hate their forepaſſed happineſſe. He takes the account of the rich, and proues him a beggar; a naked beggar, which hath intereſt in nothing, but in the grauell that fills his mouth. He holds a Glaſſe before the eyes of the moſt beautifull, and makes them ſee therein, their deformitie and rotteneſſe; and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, iust, and mighty Death! whom none could aduiſe, thou haſt perſwaded; what none hath dared, thou haſt done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hath caſt out of the world and despiſed: thou haſt drawne together all the ſtarre ſtretched greatneſſe, all the pride, crueltie, and ambition of man, and couered it all ouer with theſe two narrow words, *Hic iacet.*

Richard Hakluyt

(1553–1616)

THE DEATH OF SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

(From *The Principal Navigations, Voyiages, and Discoveries of the English Nation*, first ed., 1589)

But when he[1] was intreated by the Captaine, Maſter, and other his well willers of the Hinde, not to venter in the Frigat, this was his anſwere: I will not forſake my little company going homeward, with whom I have paſſed ſo many ſtormes and perils. And in very trueth, hee was vrged to be ſo ouer hard, by hard reports giuen of him, that he was afraid of the ſea, albeit this was rather raſhness, then aduiſed reſolution, to preferre the wind of a vaine report to the weight of his owne life.

Seeing he would not bend to reaſon, he had prouiſion out of the Hinde, ſuch as was wanting aboord his Frigat. And so we com-

[1] Sir Humphrey Gilbert.

mitted him to Gods protection, and ſet him aboord his Pinneſſe, we being more than 300 leagues onward of our way home.

By that time we had brought the Iſland of Aſores South of vs, yet we then keeping much to the North, vntill we had got into the height and eleuation of England: we met with very foule weather, and terrible ſeas, breaking ſhort and high Pyramid wiſe. The reaſon whereof ſeemed to proceede either of hilly grounds high and lowe within that ſea, (as we ſee hils and dales vpon the land) vpon which the ſeas doe mount and fall: or elſe the cauſe proceedeth of diuerſity of winds, ſhifting often in ſundry points: al which hauing power to moue the great Ocean, which againe is not preſently ſetted, ſo many ſeas doe encounter togither, as there had bene diuerſity of windes. Howſoeuer it commeth to paſſe, men which all their life time had occupied the Sea, neuer ſaw more outragious Seas. We had alſo vpon our maine yarde, an apparition of a little fire by night, which Sea men doe call Caſtor and Pollux. But we had onely one, which they take an euill ſigne of more tempeſt: the ſame is vſuall in ſtormes.

Munday the ninth of September, in the afternoone, the Frigat was neere caſt away, oppreſſed by waues, yet at that time recouered: and giuing foorth ſignes of ioye, the Generall ſitting abaft with a booke in his hande cried out vnto vs in the Hind (ſo oft as we did approach within hearing): *We are as neere to heauen by Sea as by lande.* Reiterating the ſame ſpeech, well beſeeming a ſouldier, reſolute in Jeſus Chriſt, as I can teſtifie hee was.

The ſame Mundaye night, about twelue of the clocke, or not long after, the Frigat beeing ahead of vs in the Golden Hinde, ſuddenly her lights were out, whereof as it were in a moment, we loſt the ſight, and withall our watch cryed, the Generall was caſt away, which was too true. For in that moment the Frigat was deuoured and ſwallowed vp of the Sea. Yet ſtill we looked out all that night, and euer after, vntill we arriued vpon the coaſt of England: Omitting no ſmall ſaile at ſea, vnto which we gaue not the tokens between vs agreed vpon, to haue perfect knowledge of each other, if we ſhould at any time be ſeparated.

John Lyly

1553–1606

A FAIR EXTERIOR OFTEN DECEITFUL

(From Arber's reprint of *Euphues: the Anatomy of Wit*, 1579)

It hath bene a queſtion often diſputed, but neuer determined, whether the qualities of the minde, or the compoſition of the man, cauſe women moſt to lyke, or whether beautie or wit moue men moſt to loue. Certes by how much more the minde is to be preferred before the body, by ſo much the more the graces of the one are to be preferred before ye gifts of the other, which if it be ſo, that the contemplation of the inward qualitie ought to bee reſpected, more than the view of outward beautie, then doubtleſſe women either do or ſhould loue thoſe beſt whoſe virtue is beſt, not meaſuring the deformed man, with the reformed minde.

The foule Toade hath a faire ſtone in his head, the fine golde is found in the filthy earth: the ſweet kernell lyeth in the hard ſhell: vertue is harboured in the heart of him that moſt men eſteeme miſhapen. Contrariwiſe, if we reſpect more the outward ſhape, then the inward habit, good God, into how many miſchiefes do wee fall? into what blindneſſe are we ledde? Doe we not commonly ſee that in painted pottes is hidden the deadlyeſt poiſon? that in the greeneſt graſſe is ye greateſt Serpent? in the cleareſt water the vglyeſt Toade? Doth not experience teach vs that in the moſt curious Sepulcher are encloſed rotten bones? That the Cypreſſe tree beareth a faire leafe, but no fruite? That the Eſtridge[1] carieth faire feathers, but ranke fleſh? How frantick are thoſe louers which are caried away with the gaye gliſtering of the fine face? the beautie whereoff is parched with the ſummers blaze, and chipped with the winters blaſt: which is of ſo ſhort continuance, that it ſadeth before one perceiue it flouriſh: of ſo ſmal profit, that it poyſoneth thoſe that poſſess it: of ſo little value with the wiſe, that they accompt it a delicate baite with a deadly hooke: a ſweet *Panther* with a

[1] Ostrich.

deuouring paunch, a ſower poyſon in a ſiluer potte. Heere I could enter into diſcourſe of ſuch fine dames as being in loue with their owne lookes, make ſuch courſe accompt of their paſſionate louers: for commonly if they be adorned with beautie, they be ſtraight laced, and made ſo high in the inſteppe, that they diſdaine them moſt that moſt deſire them. It is a worlde to ſee the doating of their louers, and their dealing with them, the reueling of whoſe ſubtil traines would cauſe me to ſhed teares, and you Gentlewomen to ſhut your modeſt eares. Pardon me Gentlewomen if I vnfolde euery wile and ſhew euery wrinkle of womens diſpoſition. Two things do they cauſe their ſeruants to vow vnto them, ſecrecie, and ſouereintie: the one to conceale their entiſing ſleights, by the other to aſſure themſelues of their only ſeruice. Againe, but hoe there: if I shoulde haue waded anye further, and ſownded the depth of their deceipt, I ſhould either haue procured your diſpleaſure, or incurred the ſuſpicion of fraud: either armed you to practiſe the like ſubtiltie, or accuſed myſelfe of periury. But I meane not to offend your chaſt mindes, with the rehearſal of their vnchaſte manners: whoſe eares I perceiue to glow, and hearts to be grieued at that which I haue alredy vttered: not that amongſt you there be any ſuch, but that in your ſexe ther ſhould be any ſuch. Let not Gentlewomen therefore make to much of their painted ſheath, let them not be ſo curious in their owne conceit, or ſo curriſh to their loyal louers. When the black Crowes foote ſhall appeare in their eye, or the blacke Oxe treade on their foote, when their beautie ſhall be lyke the blaſted Roſe, their wealth waſted, their bodies worne, their faces wrinkled, their fingers crooked, who wil like of them in their age, who loued none in their youth? If you will be cheriſhed when you be olde, be courteous while you be young: if you looke for comfort in your hoarie haires, be not coye when you haue your golden lockes: if you would be imbraced in ye waning of your brauerie, be not ſqueymiſh in the waxing of your beautie: if you deſire to be kept like the Roſes when they haue loſt their colour, ſmel ſweete as the Roſe doth in the budde: if you woulde bee taſted for olde Wine, bee in the mouth a pleaſaunt Grape: ſo ſhall you be cheriſhed for your courteſie, comforted for your honeſtie, embraced for your amitie, ſo ſhall you

be perſued with the ſweete Roſe, and dronke with the pleaſant wine. Thus farre I am bolde gentlewomen to counſel thoſe that be coy, that they weaue not the web of their owne woe, nor ſpinne the threede of their own thraldome, by their own ouerthwartnes. And ſeeing we are euen in the bowells of loue, it ſhal not be amiſſe, to examine whether man or woman be ſooneſt allured, whether be moſt conſtant the male or the female. And in this poynte I meane not to be mine owne caruer, leaſt I ſhould ſeeme either to picke a thanke with men, or a quarel with women. If therefore it might ſtand with your pleaſure (Miſtres *Lucilla*) to giue your cenſure, I would take the contrarie: for ſure I am though your iudgement be ſound, yet affection will ſhadow it.

Sir Philip Sidney

1554–1586

THE PREËMINENCE OF POETRY

(From Arber's Reprint of *An Apologie for Poetrie*, ed. 1595

Nowe therein of all Sciences, (I ſpeak ſtill of humane, and according to the humane conceits) is our Poet the Monarch. For he dooth not only ſhow the way, but giueth ſo ſweete a proſpect into the way, as will intice any man to enter into it. Nay, he dooth as if your iourney ſhould lye through a fayre Vineyard, at the firſt giue you a cluſter of Grapes: that full of that taſte, you may long to paſſe further. He beginneth not with obſcure definitions, which muſt blur the margent with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulneſſe: but hee commeth to you with words ſent in delightfull proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for the well inchaunting ſkill of Muſicke; and with a tale forſooth he commeth vnto you: with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner. And pretending no more, doth intende the winning of the mind from wickedneſſe to vertue: euen as the childe is often brought to take moſt wholſom things, by hiding them in ſuch other as have a pleasant taſt: which if one ſhould beginne to tell them, the nature of *Aloes*, or *Rubarb* they ſhoulde receiue, woulde ſooner

take their Phificke at their eares, then at their mouth. So is it in men (moſt of which are childish in the beſt things, till they bee cradled in their graues,) glad they will be to heare the tales of *Hercules*, *Achilles*, *Cyrus*, and *Aeneas:* and hearing them, muſt needs heare the right deſcription of wiſdom, valure, and iuſtice: which, if they had been barely, that is to ſay, Philoſophically ſet out, they would ſweare they bee brought to ſchoole againe.

That imitation wherof Poetry is, hath the moſt conueniency to Nature of all other, in ſomuch, that as *Ariſtotle* ſayth, thoſe things which in themſelues are horrible, as cruell battailes, vnnaturall Monſters, are made in poeticall imitation delightfull. Truely I haue knowen men, that euen with reading *Amadis de Gaule*, (which God knoweth wanteth much of a perfect Poeſie) haue found their harts mooued to the exerciſe of courteſie, liberalitie, and eſpecially courage.

VVo readeth *Aeneas* carrying olde *Anchiſes* on his back, that wiſheth not it were his fortune to perfourme ſo excellent an acte? VVom doe not the words of *Turnus* mooue? (the tale of *Turnus*, hauing planted his image in the imagination,)

Fugientem hæc terra videbit,
Vſque adeone mori miſerum eſt? [1]

VVhere the Philoſophers, as they ſcorne to delight, ſo muſt they bee content little to mooue: ſauing wrangling, whether Vertue bee the chiefe or the onely good: vvhether the contemplatiue, or the actiue life doe excell: which *Plato* and *Boethius* well knew, and therefore made Miſtres Philoſophy, very often borrow the maſking rayment of Peoſie. For euen thoſe harde harted euill men, who thinke vertue a ſchoole name, and knowe no other good, but *indulgere genio*,[2] and therefore deſpiſe the auſtere admonitions of the Philoſopher, and feele not the inward reaſon they ſtand vpon; yet will be content to be delighted: which is al the good ſclow Poet ſeemeth to promiſe: and ſo ſteale to ſee the forme of goodnes (which ſeene they cannot but loue) ere themſelues be aware, as if they tooke a medicine of Cherries.

[1] Shall this land see [Turnus] flying? Is it so very lamentable a thing to die? Æn. xii. 644.

[2] To indulge the inclination; to gratify their appetites.

CLAIUS DESCRIBES URANIA

(From *The Arcadia*, Sommer's facsimile of edition of 1590)

Who can chooſe that ſaw her but thinke where ſhe ſtayed, where ſhe walkt, where ſhe turned, where ſhe ſpoke? But what is all this? truely no more, but as this place ſerued vs to thinke of thoſe thinges, ſo thoſe thinges ſerve as places to call to memorie more excellent matters. No, no, let vs thinke with conſideration, and conſider with acknowledging, and acknowledge with admiration and admire with loue, and loue with ioy in the midſt of all woes: let vs in ſuch ſorte thinke, I ſay, that our poore eyes were ſo inriched as to behold; and our low hearts ſo exalted as to loue, a maide, who is ſuch, that as the greateſt thing the world can ſhewe, is her beautie, ſo the leaſt thing that may be prayſed in her, is her beautie. Certainely as her eyelids are more pleaſant to behold, then two white kiddes climing vp a faire tree, and browſing on his tendreſt braunches, and yet are nothing, compared to the day-ſhining ſtarres contayned in them; and as her breath is more ſweete then a gentle South-weſt wind, which comes creeping ouer flowrie fieldes and ſhaddowed waters in the extreeme heate of ſummer, and yet is nothing, compared too the hony-flowing ſpeach that breath doth carrie: no more all that our eyes can ſee of her (though when they have ſeene her, what elſe they ſhall euer ſee is but drie ſtuble after clouers graſſe) is to bee matched with the flocke of vnſpeakeable vertues laid vp delightfully in that beſt-builded folde. But in deede as wee can better conſider the ſunnes beautie, by marking how he guildes theſe waters, and mountaines them by looking vpon his owne face, too glorious for our weake eyes: ſo it may be our conceits (not able to beare her sun-stayning excellencie) will better way it by her workes vpon ſome meaner ſubiect employed. And alas, who can better witneſſe that then we, whoſe experience is grounded vpon feeling! hath not the onely loue of her made vs (being ſilly ignorant ſhepheards) raiſe vp our thoughts aboue the ordinary leuell of the worlde, ſo as great clearkes do not diſdaine our conference? hath not the deſire to ſeeme worthie in her eyes made vs when others

were ſleeping, to ſit vewing the courſe of heauens? when others were running at baſe, to runne ouer learned writings? when other marke their ſheepe, we to marke our ſelues? hath not ſhee throwne reaſon vpon our deſires, and, as it were giuen eyes vnto *Cupid?* hath in any, but in her, loue—fellowſhip maintained friendſhip betweene riuals, and beautie taught the beholders chaſtitie?

A DESCRIPTION OF ARCADIA

(From the same)

There were hilles which garniſhed their proud heights with ſtately trees: hūble valleis, whoſe baſe eſtate ſemed coforted with refreſhing of ſiluer riuers: medows, enameld with al ſorts of ey-pleaſing floures: thickets, which being lined with moſt pleaſāt ſhade, were witneſſed ſo to by the chereful depoſitiō of many wel-tuned birds: each paſture ſtored with ſheep feeding with ſober ſecurity, while the prety lābs with bleting oratory craued the dams cōfort: here a ſhepheards boy piping, as though he ſhould neuer be old: there a yong ſhepherdeſſe knitting, and withall ſinging, & it ſeemed that her voice cōforted her hands to work, & her hāds kept time to her voices muſick. As for the houſes of the coutry (for many houſes came onder their eye) they were all ſcattered, no two being one by th' other, & yet not ſo far off as that it barred mutual ſuccour: a ſhew, as it were, of an accōpanable ſolitarines, & of a ciuil wildnes. I pray you (ſaid *Muſidorus*, then firſt unſealing his long ſilent lips) what coūtries be theſe we paſſe through, which are ſo diuers in ſhew, the one wating no ſtore, th' other hauing no ſtore but of want.

The country (anſwered *Claius*) where you were caſt a ſhore, & now are paſt through, is Laconia, not ſo poore by the barrennes of the ſoyle (though in it ſelfe not paſſing fertill) as by a ciuill warre, which being theſe two yeares within the bowels of that eſtate, betweene the gentlemen & the peaſants (by them named *Helots*) hath in this ſorte as it were diſſigured the face of nature, and made it ſo vnhoſpitall as now you haue found it: the townes neither of the one ſide nor the other, willingly opening their gates to ſtrangers, nor ſtrangers willingly entring for feare of being miſtaken.

But this countrie (where now you ſet your foote) is Arcadia: and euen harde by is the houſe of *Kalander* whether we lead you: this countrie being thus decked with peace, and (the childe of peace) good huſbandrie. Theſe houſes you ſee ſo ſcattered are of men, as we two are, that liue vpon the commoditie of their ſheepe: and therefore in the diuiſion of the Arcadian eſtate are termed ſhepheards; a happie people, wanting little, becauſe they deſire not much.

NOTES

The heavy-faced figures refer to pages, the ordinary figures to lines.
Int. Eng. Lit. = the editor's *Introduction to English Literature.*
Stand. Eng. Poems = the editor's *Standard English Poems.*

FRANCIS BACON

OF DEATH

1.—15. **Pompa mortis,** etc. The trappings of death terrify more than death itself.—17. **Blacks,** mutes or hired mourners.—20. **Mates,** defeats, confounds.

2.—3. **Pre-occupateth,** anticipates.—15. **Livia, conjugii,** etc. Livia, mindful of our wedlock, live, and farewell.—16. **Jam Tiberium,** etc. Already the mental powers and bodily strength were leaving Tiberius, but not his dissimulation.—18. **Feri, si ex re,** etc. Strike, if it be for the benefit of the Roman people.—20. **Adeste, si quid,** etc. Dispatch, if there is anything left for me to do.—23. **Qui finem vitæ,** etc. Who places the final end of life among the gifts of nature. Bacon, apparently quoting here from memory, has fallen into a trifling inaccuracy; see Juvenal, *Sat.* X. 358.—30. **Nunc dimittis.** "Now lettest thou thy servant depart," etc. *St. Luke* ii. 29.—33. **Extinctus amabitur,** etc. The same man will be loved when dead.

OF ADVERSITY

3.—11. **Transcendencies,** lofty flights; language not held down to the prosaic fact.—14. **Not to be without mystery,** i.e. with an allegorical meaning.—20. **To speak in a mean,** to speak in a moderate manner, leaving the flights of poetry (*transcendencies*) and allegory for plain prose.—33. **Sad,** dark, somber, as a *sad* brown. *Cent. Dict.*

4.—2. **Incensed** (Lat. *incensus*), set on fire. The illustration is suggested by the burning of incense.

OF WISDOM FOR A MAN'S SELF

4.—4. **Shrewd,** injurious, noxious.—10. **For that only stands fast,** etc. Copernicus published his theory of the universe in 1543, but it was some time before it was generally accepted, even by men of learning.—29. **Bias,** a weight on one side of the ball in the game of bowls, which prevented it from running in a straight course.—35 **As, that. And,** if.

5.—12. **Sui amantes,** etc. Lovers of themselves without rivals. Cic. *ad Q. F.* III. 8.

OF RICHES

5.—23. **Where much is,** etc. *Eccles.* v. 11.—34. **Riches are as a stronghold,** etc. *Prov.* x. 15.

6.—6. **In studio rei,** etc. In his zeal to increase his fortune, it was

evident that not the gain of avarice was sought, but the means of beneficence.—9. **Qui festinat,** etc. "He that maketh haste to be rich, shall not be innocent." *Prov.* xxviii. 20.—27. **Audits,** money receipts as shown by his accounts.—34. **The prime of markets,** i.e. afford to wait until the market-price has risen to its highest point.

7.—3. **Wait upon others' necessity.** Watch for the necessity of others so as to take advantage of it by driving a hard bargain.—4. **Broke,** to transact business by an agent. The construction is "when men shall . . . *broke* by servants," etc.—5. **Chapmen,** merchants, dealers. Some men he "draws on" through his agents to give a high price: others, dealers, who would get the better of him, he puts off by superior cunning.—12. **In sudore,** etc. In the sweat of another's brow.—33. **Testamenta et orbos,** etc. Wills and childless parents, taken as with a net.

8.—10. **Advancements,** etc. Probably used here in the sense of gifts, whether by will or otherwise, and not in its legal or technical meaning. To understand Bacon's meaning, study the whole passage from "men leave their riches," etc., noting the force of the word "*therefore*" with which the sentence regarding advancements begins. The general thought is, that moderate gifts, whether to one's relations or for some public or charitable use, are better than vast sums bequeathed to one person or to a single object.

OF STUDIES

8.—23. **Humour of a scholar,** the weakness peculiar to the scholastic temperament.—35. **Not curiously,** not with minute care or thoroughness.

9.—12. **Abeunt studia in mores,** studies pass into manners (or character).—13. **Stond,** stoppage.—22. **Cymini sectores,** splitters of cummin seed, in our phrase, "hair splitters."

BEN JONSON

TIMBER, OR DISCOVERIES

(Selections)

9.—26. **De Shakespeare nostrat[i],** of Shakespeare, our fellow-countryman.

10.—7. **Sufflaminandus erat,** he ought to have been clogged. The story is told by the elder Seneca (*Exc. Controv.* 4; *Provem.* 7). "Quintus Haterius was a senator and rhetorician under Augustus and Tiberius." Schelling.—12. **Cæsar did never wrong.** Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar,* III. i. 47.—16. **De piis et probis.** Of virtuous and honorable men.—17. **Illustrate,** illuminate, make glorious.—26. **Amor nummi,** the love of money.

11.—7. **Præmunire,** or *præmonere,* to forewarn. The first words of a writ issued under certain statutes intended primarily to restrict the papal power in England (*Præmunire facias,* A. B., etc., that is, you shall cause A. B. to be *forewarned* that he appear before us, etc.). The statutes under which the writ was issued came to be called the *Statutes of Præmunire.* To be "brought into a præmunire," meant in general to incur the penalty, forfeiture of goods, etc., provided in one or more of these statutes.—11. **Stews,** pools in which fish are kept for the table.—12. **Tissues,** cloth interwoven with gold or silver.—17. **Have not I seen,** etc. This is Professor Schelling's amendment of the original

text.—28. **De Stutitia,** of folly.—29. **Fairing,** an article purchased at a fair, a present.—38. **What a thin membrane of honour that is,** etc. "That," here refers to the "painting and gilt" which in a thin layer or tissue hides the "lath and lime;" it refers also to that outside show of happiness with which this superficial and deceptive adornment is compared.

IZAAK WALTON

HAWKING, HUNTING, AND FISHING

12.—9. **Tottenham Hill.** The meeting appears to have taken place immediately after the ascent of a small hill in the vicinity of Tottenham, a town some five or six miles to the north of London. Apparently the party took the main road, which runs from Tottenham to Ware, as mention is made later of stopping at the *Thatched House* and at *Theobald's* (q.v.), places which lay along this route. The distance from Tottenham to Ware is about twenty miles.—10. **Ware,** a town on the River Lea, some twenty-five miles north of London. The Lea is still "famous for its fishing . . . and much frequented by London anglers." Baedeker's *London.*—14. **Thatched House.** According to the Rev. Moses Brown, this house was "seventeen miles from London on the Ware road." It has disappeared, and its exact site is uncertain, but as it was on the Ware road, it lay directly along the party's route.—21. **Theobald's** (pronounced *Tibbald's*), a magnificent country-seat, which was about six miles north of *Tottenham* and a mile to the west of *Waltham Cross.* The house was begun by Sir William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh, about 1560, and greatly improved by his son. It was "quite defaced" in 1651, during the Civil War. (See Camden's *Brit.*)—22. **Who mews,** etc., i.e. takes care of during the *mewing* or moulting season.

13.—17. **Mr. Sadler's.** *Mr. Ralph Sadler,* a well-known sportsman and country-gentleman of the time.—17. **Amwell Hill.** Amwell is a small village a few miles to the south of Ware.

14.—32. **Montaigne says.** In his essay, "An Apology for Raimonde de Sebonde."

17.—23. **With their very excrements,** i.e. with their *feathers:* used to stuff beds, pillows, etc. See *Excrement* in *Cent. Dict.* and cf. n. **59,** 4.—34. **Thrassel.** Throstle, song-thrush.

18.—1. **Laverock.** Lark, the skylark.—28. **The Fitchet** or *fitchew,* the *fulimart* (*fumart* or *foulmart*), and the *pole-cat* closely resemble each other. They belong to the same family (*Mustelidæ*), which includes also the *martens, weasels, otters,* and *badgers.* (See Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes,* ch. I. xiv.) The *ferret* is a tamed albino variety of the *pole-cat;* the *mould-warp* is the common *mole.*

19.—33. **Rascal.** "Animals unfit to chase or kill on account of ignoble quality or lean condition." *Cent. Dict.*

22.—10. **Lampreys.** Cf. n. **194,** 28.—13. **Macrobius, or Varro.** *Ambrosius Theodosius Macrobius,* a Latin writer of the first half of the fifth century. In his *Convivia Saturnalia,* III. 15, he says: "Pliny is authority for the fact that Caius Cæsar, the dictator, when he gave his triumphant banquet to the people, received from Gavius Hirrius 6000 lbs. by weight of eels; it is a matter of common knowledge that the villa of Hirrius, although not extensive, yet on account of the fish-

ponds which it possessed, was put up for sale at four million sesterces." *Marcus Terentius Varro Reatinus* (116–28 B.C.), a voluminous writer, often called "the most learned of the Romans." In his treatise on husbandry he speaks of the Romans having fresh- and salt-water fish-ponds. *De Re Rustica*, III. 17, 2. See also *Ib.* III. 3, 2; 5; 10.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

DEATH AND IMMORTALITY

22.—Hydriotaphia, i.e. urn-burial. (From Gr. *hydria*, a waterpot, and hence a vase or urn, and *taphos*, a burial, a tomb.)—15. **These dead bones.** This essay was suggested by the discovery of "between forty and fifty urns" in a field of Old Walsingham, Norfolk, containing human bones, with boxes, combs, and other articles. Browne gives an account of this discovery in a previous chapter, and contends that "these were the urns of Romans, from the common custom and place where they were found."—19. **Three conquests.** English, Danish, and Norman.—21. **Sic ego componi,** etc. Thus I wish to be buried when I am turned into bones. Tibullus, *Elegiarum*, III. 2, 26.—25. **Conservatories.** Means of preservation.

23.—1. **Propension,** i.e. inclination towards. The sense is, the souls of those who died by violence retained a stronger inclination towards the bodies from which they had been thus suddenly separated, than did the spirits of those who died a lingering and natural death.—9. **Moses his man,** i.e. Moses's man. The use of *his* as the genitive (or possessive) case was frequent in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. (Cf. Shaks., "Nor *Mars his* sword," etc., *Son.* lv.) The average length of man's life as estimated by Moses (*Psim.* xc. 10) is but seventy or eighty years, hence while it would take an Archimedes to calculate the number of "pulses" or heart-beats in the life of Methuselah, ordinary reckoners can readily "sum up" the short span of man's life according to Moses's computation.—13. **Not one little finger,** i.e. make not one hundred years. According to an ancient method of counting on the fingers, the crooking of the little finger of the right hand signified a hundred. (Cf. Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, Bk. v. ch. 20.)—21. **Alcmena's nights.** In the story of Alcmena, Jupiter delays the rising of Phœbus, and makes one night as long as three.—32. **The persons of these ossuaries,** i.e. those whose bones were deposited in these urns. (Low. Lat. *ossuarium*, "a receptacle for the bones of the dead.")—37. **Provincial guardians,** the guardian spirits of a particular place; **tutelary observators,** guardian angels of the persons buried there.

24.—19. **The prophecy of Elias,** i.e. of the prophet *Elijah*, called *Elias* in the *New Testament*. The prophecy was, that the world was to last but six thousand years, the term of its existence being divided into one period of two thousand years before the giving of the law, one of two thousand years during which the Jews were under the law, and one of two thousand years under the Christian dispensation. The world would thus come to an end in 2000 A.D. Should this prophecy be fulfilled, Charles V., who died in 1558, could not possibly be remembered more than 442 years, while Hector (assuming his death to have taken place about 1100 or 1200 B.C.) had been already remembered some 2700 or 2800 years when Browne wrote. Therefore in 1658, the date of Browne's essay, Hector's fame had already exceeded the greatest

possible duration of that of Charles V. by over two thousand years, or by more than double the length of Methuselah's life (*two Methuselahs*), which would be only 1938 years. According to a passage in the *Talmud*, the tradition of this prophecy was handed down "by the house" (i.e. the disciples or school) of Elijah. It is not there directly stated that Elijah was the rabbi to whom the secret of the world's duration was revealed, but this appears to have been generally assumed because Elijah's disciples were the authorities for the tradition. Cf. Browne's *Religio Medici*, Sect. xlvi.—25. **One face of Janus,** etc. Among the Romans Janus was the god of beginnings, and hence especially associated with gates and other places of entrance. He was represented with two faces looking in different directions, possibly because at the moment of beginning we naturally look backward at what is ended and forward at what is to come. Thus Macrobius says that the month of *January* was called after *Janus*, because it was both retrospective and prospective. Browne, at all events, appears to have so understood the significance of the two faces of Janus, and to have meant that the face which looks towards the future is out of all proportion with that which looks towards the past, i.e. that the world's past will greatly exceed its future, the greater part of the six thousand years being spent.

25.—2. **Mortal right lined circle**, i.e. the Greek letter *theta*, Θ, the symbol of death. Among the Greeks, when a man's fate was decided by vote, those in favor of his death marked their ballots with the letter Θ, that being the first letter of the word Thanatos (Θάνατος), or death. The fatal letter thus came to be the sign of death, and as such is found on Roman gravestones.—4. **Which temporarily considereth,** etc., i.e. Time which in due season attends to all things.—9. **Gruter.** *Jan Gruter*, a Dutch scholar, whose principal work was a book of Roman inscriptions.—12. **Many of the mummies.** "Which men show in several countries, giving them what names they please; and unto some the names of the old Egyptian kings out of Herodotus." Wilkin.—16. **Cardan.** *Girolamo Cardano* (1501–1576), a famous Italian mathematician and scientist. The reference is to the following sentence in his autobiography (*De Vita Propria*): "*Cuperem notum esse quod sim, non opto ut sciatur qualis sim*" (I wish to be known *because* I am, I do not require that I should be known *as* I am).—20. **Entelechia.** The complete realization of a process or function, the perfect expression of a phenomenon; thus, e.g., the soul is the *entelechy* of the body. Here, worthy and noble acts are spoken of as the *entelechia* (Gr. ἐντελέχεια, actual as opposed to potential being), that is, the perfect expression, the essential part, of our *subsistence*, or remembrance on earth.—31. **Adrian's horse.** The historian Dion Cassius, after commenting on the delight which the Emperor Hadrian (Adrian) took in hunting, adds: "What he [Hadrian] did for a horse called Baristhenes, which he commonly used for hunting, may let us see how far the excess of this passion carried him, since when he died he raised him a monument in the form of a pillar, on which he engraved his epitaph." *Life of Hadrian*. This epitaph may be thus rendered:

> Borysthenes, Alanian steed,
> Fleet hunter of a royal breed,
> Who, flying fast o'er field and fen,
> O'er Tuscan hills, through tangled glen,
> So oft wast wont, in days of yore
> To chase the fierce Pannonian boar;
> While no boar lived in marsh or hill
> Who, with white fang, dared work thee ill,

No, nor bespatter thy tail's tip
With foam-flecks from his dripping lip,
As many times hath chanced before
To less skilled hunters of the boar ;—
But now, in all thy youthful prime,
Thy noble limbs unmarred by time,
Here, snatched from life while whole and sound,
Thou liest in this plot of ground.

The original will be found in the *Corpus Latinorum Scriptorum*, CILXII., 1122. Hadrian was buried in a splendid mausoleum on the bank of the Tiber (now in part the Castle of St. Angelo). There is an inscription to him in the interior of the tomb, which was not explored until 1825, so that his epitaph was not eventually "*confounded*" by time, as Browne asserts. See Lanciani's *Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome*.

26.—12. **The Lucina,** etc. Among the Romans Juno, under the name of *Lucina* (Lat., *lux*, light, *lucina*, light-visaged), or *Juno Lucina*, was honored as the goddess of birth. Browne calls death the *Lucina*, or the heavenly power that presides over our birth into a true life. The comparison is the more apt when we remember that Juno was a goddess of heavenly light, and that the Romans associated her with the birth of light out of darkness, as well as with births of children. —14. **Right descensions,** a technical term among the old astronomers, indicating the early setting of the sun, which, during these short days, makes but "*winter arches*," that is, does not pass through the zenith at noon, but describes an arc, or *arch*, nearer to the horizon. The sense is : Since our day of life, even when it is longest, is but as a short day of winter.—16. **Our light in ashes.** "According to the custom of the Jews, who place a lighted wax candle in a pot of ashes by the corpse." *Leo.*—16. **The brother of death,** i.e. sleep. The figure is a familiar one, and occurs frequently in English poetry.—24. **To weep into stones,** etc See the story of Niobe.

27.—5. **Contriving their bodies,** etc. The sense appears to be, "planning [to preserve] their bodies in sweet consistencies," i.e. in gums or spices which enable them to resist decay.—9. **Mummy is become merchandise.** *Mummy*, or *mummia*, a substance made (or supposed to be made) from mummies, was regularly used in medicine as late as the early 18th century. Dr. Thos. Fuller, in his *Pharmacopœia Extemporania* (5th ed., 1740), alludes to the importation of Egyptian mummies for medicinal purposes as an established practice. In his *Fragment on Mummies*, Browne treats of the subject at some length. "Shall Egypt," he asks, "lend out her ancients unto chirurgeons and apothecaries, and Cheops and Psammitticus be weighed unto us for drugs ?" etc. See also *mummy* in *Cent. Dict.*, and n. in Furness's *Othello*, iii. 4, 88.—20. **Perspectives,** telescopes.—32. **God who can only,** etc. i.e. God who alone can destroy our souls, while He has assured us of our resurrection unto another world, has given us no express promise that either our bodies or our memories shall be preserved in this. And there is so much chance in this earthly immortality that the most confident expectations of it are frustrated.—37. **Man is a noble animal.** "Southey quotes this striking passage in the opening of his *Colloquies*, —but in a note he conjectures that Browne wrote *infimy* instead of *infamy*." Wilkin. *Infimy* (Lat. *infimus*) would, in this case, mean merely *inferiority, lowness*, or *humility*, and would have a less opprobrious significance.

28.—11. **Gordianus,** i.e. *Marcus Antonius Gordianus* (c. 224, A.D.

244), the third of the Roman emperors of that name. He was murdered while conducting an expedition against the Persians, and a monument erected to his memory on the place where he met his death bore an inscription in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Egyptian, and Arabic. This inscription was erased by the Emperor Licinius, who claimed relationship with Gordianus's murderer. See Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, etc., I., ch. vii. and note.—12. **The man of God.** *Moses.* See heading to *Psl.* xc. and *Deut.* xxxiv.—33. **Alaricus,** i.e. *Alaric*, the Goth, who, according to legend, was buried with great treasure in the bed of the river Busento to protect his body from the Romans.

29.—2. **Taunt of Isaiah.** *Isa.* xiv. 16, etc.—9. **Angles of contingency.** The angle of contingence is the smallest of angles.—14. **Christian annihilation,** etc. The language is here strained to its utmost in the effort to convey the full force of the Christian's mystic anticipations of the life to come. *Exolution* (Lat. *ex-solvo*, to unloose, liberate, etc.), here seems intended to suggest a state in which the soul is temporarily released or purified; the gross and earthy elements which clog it being melted or dissolved. The word *liquefaction* closely follows up this thought. Indeed the order in which the entire series of descriptive words and phrases is arranged is not fortuitous, but indicates in general a spiritual progress, from a phase in which the soul is occupied chiefly in ridding itself of earthly encumbrances, up to a state of active participation in the joys of heaven. The word *transformation* apparently indicates that the preliminary stage of purification and aspiration has done its work, as it is followed only by expressions depicting the active joys of the liberated soul.—21. **To exist in their names,** etc., i.e. to live in the mere memory of their names on earth (whether those names were carved on monuments or kept alive through their productions), to live, if only in the *predicament*, or state of those impossible monsters who exist but as fables, this was a "large satisfaction," etc. — 26. **St. Innocent's church-yard.** "In Paris, where bodies soon consume." *Wilkin.*—29. **Moles of Adrianus,** the tomb of Hadrian. See n. **25**, 31.

29.—30. **Tabésne cadavera,** etc. It matters not at all whether corruption dissolves dead bodies, or the funeral pile.

EDWARD HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON

OF PEACE

30.—18. **Defluctions,** generally a running down or discharge of humors or fluid matter; here probably used for an inflammation, as inflammatory rheumatism.—31. **Pacis gerere negocium,** to bring about a treaty of peace.

31.—3. **Neque tutius,** etc. You will discover nothing safer, nor more honorable, than to absent thyself from every contention.—8. **The way of peace,** etc. *Isaiah* lix. 8.

THOMAS FULLER

THE GOOD SCHOOLMASTER

34.—11. **By the proxy,** etc. They made it possible for themselves to neglect the school *by* employing an usher as their proxy.—28. **Several**

forms. Distinct or separate groups or classes, as those given in the succeeding passage.—33. **Ingenious,** naturally bright or clever.

35.—9. **Bristol diamonds,** small quartz crystals found near the city of Bristol.—33. **Cockering,** over-indulgent, given to pampering.

36.—5. *Παιδοτρίβης* (Paidotribes), one who teaches boys wrestling or gymnastics.—6. *Παιδαγωγός*, a pedagogue, a teacher.—9. **De insolento carnificina,** about the immoderate torment. From the autobiography of *Francis Junius,* a Protestant theologian (1545–1602).—10. **Conscindebatur flagnis,** etc., he was torn to pieces by scourges seven or eight times daily.—12. **Poor Tusser.** *Thomas Tusser* (1524?–1580), chiefly remembered by his rugged but shrewd and entertaining rhymes, the *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry.* The verse quoted in the text is from a short poem entitled *The Author's Life.*—19. **Udall.** *Nicholas Udall* (1505–1556), author of the early comedy of *Ralph Roister Doister,* and headmaster of Eton in 1534.—21. **Orbilius.** *Orbilius Pupillus,* a Roman teacher and writer. Contemporary allusions have given him a reputation for severity; thus the poet Horace, one of his pupils, calls him *plagosus Orbilius,* Orbilius full of floggings. See *Epist.* II. 1. 71.

37.—2. **Preferred to beggary,** advanced or promoted to be beggars, instead of to some preferment in the Church or elsewhere.

OF SELF-PRAISING

37.—31. **Anchoret,** an early modern English form of *anchorite.*

38.—28. **Somabarre,** or *Sumobor;* see Mandeville's *Travels,* ch. xviii.

OF BOOKS

39.—1. **Solomon saith,** etc. *Ecc.* xii. 12.—12. **Salve, doctor,** etc., good health to you, doctor, without books.—14. **Salvete libri,** etc., greeting to you, books, without the teacher.—31. **City-cheaters,** swindlers, apparently much the same as our "bunco-steerers," who ingratiate themselves with strangers from the country by pretending an acquaintance with the landed proprietors of the locality.

40.—14. **Dispirits,** breathes the life of the book from it into the scholar. (Lat. *Dis-spiro.*) An "hour's meditation" allows time for the vital spirit of a book to be thus inhaled.—22. **Arias Montanus.** *Benedictus Arias Montanus* (1527–1598), a Spanish Oriental scholar.—25. **Pro tantorum laborum,** etc., he barely secured remission in reward for such great labors.—26. **Christopher Plantin,** French by birth, became a resident of Antwerp, where he published a polyglot Bible in 1569–72.

JOHN MILTON

TRACTATE ON EDUCATION

41.—22. **Hartlib.** *Samuel Hartlib* was born in Prussia about the beginning of the seventeenth century and came to England about 1628. He took an active interest in agriculture and in the public questions of the day. He believed in the new methods of instruction which had been recently advanced by the Moravian educational reformer, Comenius. Hartlib discussed these new views with Milton, and even planned a school which should aim at carrying them out. Milton's tract on educa-

tion, embodying his own conclusions on the subject, was the outcome of these discussions; being written in response to Hartlib's "earnest entreaties," it was natural and appropriate that it should be addressed to him.

42.—8. **Won you with me,** etc., i.e. which have made you in my estimation "a person sent hither," etc.

43.—2. **Januas and Didactics.** By *Januas*, Milton means either those books which serve as entrances or introductions to some subject (Lat. *Janua*, a door, an entrance) or the authors of such books; similarly by *Didactics* he means either works of a didactic or teaching nature or else the authors of such works. As he has spoken of having benefited by "*authors*" (not *books*) in the first part of the sentence, it seems probable that in its latter part he continues to speak of *authors* (rather than of *books*). In the first half he refers to "*old renowned authors*," in the second to the *modern* authors of introductory or instructive treatises. (See, however, Murray's *Eng. Dict.: Janua*, or *Didactics.*)—37. **Too oft idle vacancies,** too frequent vacations.

45.—10. **Delicious and airy spirit,** i.e. pleasure-loving and light, or lively.—26. **Stocks and Stubs.** *Stocks* and *stubs* are identical, both meaning lifeless, insensible blocks or trunks. *Stocks and stones* is a more usual and a similar expression.

46.—9. **From Lilly,** i.e. from the time when he begins his studies with *Lilly's Latin Grammar* to *commencing* or Commencement Day, when he completes them as Master of Arts. *William Lily* (or *Lilly*), 1468–1522, was, with Colet, Erasmus, More, and others, one of the pioneers of the "New Learning" in England. His *Latin Grammar*, studied by Shakespeare, was long the standard text-book for beginners. —14–15. **This number—to the convenience,** i.e. this number of students (one hundred and fifty, as previously suggested) having been thus collected, up to the assemblage (*convenience*, Lat. *con-venio*, to come together) of a foot company (i.e. the number of a foot company when assembled), or, what is the same thing, to the number of two troops of cavalry. There are about as many men in two cavalry troops as in one company of foot.—34. **Cebes,** a Greek philosopher, the author of a dialogue called *The Picture* (*πίναξ*), the main purpose of which is to show that happiness is to be found in virtue, and in the cultivation of the mind.—34. **Plutarch.** As Milton is here speaking of books on education written in dialogue, he is apparently not thinking of Plutarch's *Lives*, but of some of his less known ethical or philosophical works composed in the dialogue form. Perhaps he had in mind Plutarch's *Table Talk* (*Quæstiones Conviviales*), a work touching on various matters, historical, scientific, and mythological.—36. **The two or three first books of Quinctilian,** i.e. of his treatise on Oratory (*De Institutione Oratoria*), the only unquestioned work of Quintilian that has come down to us. This book deals with rhetoric and the practical training of an orator.

47.—22. **Cato, Varro, Columella.** *Marcus Porcius Cato*, one of the earliest Latin prose writers, was the author of a book on agriculture (*De Re Rustica*). *Varro*, see n. **22**, 13. *Columella* (*Lucius Junius Moderatus*) wrote an extensive treatise on agriculture (*De Re Rustica*). —38. **Theophrastus,** a Greek philosopher and scientist, b. *cir.* 371 B.C., who has been called the founder of botany.

48.—2. **Vitruvius,** etc. These writers, authors of works on architecture, biography, natural history, etc., should be looked up in some classical or biographical dictionary. 13. **A crudity,** an attack of indigestion.—35. **Proairesis** (Gr. *proairesis*, preference, choice, will, pur-

pose). Aristotle uses the word in his *Ethics* to express a deliberate preference for one thing over another, as distinguished from a sudden or unpremeditated action, and declares that the object of this deliberate preference is "most intimately connected with virtue." (See *Ethics*, Bohn's trans., Bk. III. ch. 2.)

49. — 4. **Laertius.** *Diogenes Laertius* (*Diogenes* of *Laerti* in *Cicilia*), author of a book on the lives and works of the Greek philosophers.—4. **Locrian remnants.** Milton probably means as much of the work of *Timaeus* of *Locri* as has come down to us. This philosopher (*cir.* 380 B.C.) was one of the masters of Plato A work, formerly supposed to be his, *On the Soul of the World and of Nature*, has been preserved, but his authorship of it is now generally questioned.

50.—6. **Organic arts,** i e. arts which are not an end in themselves, but which are instrumental or subservient to the accomplishment of some further end. Cf. *Par. Lost*, IX. 530.—15. **Simple, sensuous, and passionate.** It is evident that these words are not intended to be a deliberate and comprehensive definition of poetry, but that they are merely an incidental enumeration of some of its characteristic elements, as contrasted with, or distinguished from, logic. Yet they have been too often quoted and commented upon without regard to their context, and given in some instances a scope and finality which, it is safe to conjecture, would have surprised their author. That they are marvellously apt and suggestive does not justify us in treating them, in violence of their obvious purpose, as a complete definition of the essentials of great poetry. See *inter alia*, Coleridge's Lect. on *Shaks. and the Drama;* Stedman's *Nature and Elements of Poetry*, p. 27, etc.—19. **Castlevetro.** *Ludovico Castlevetro* (1505–1571), an Italian scholar and commentator, and translator of Aristotle's *Poetics*.—19. **Tasso.** *Torquato Tasso* (1544–1595), one of the greater Italian poets, who wrote, besides his better-known works, *Discourses on the Art of Poetry*, in which he discussed the nature of the epic.—19. **Mazzoni.** *Giacomo Mazzoni* (1548–1598), an Italian critic and a friend of Tasso's.

51.—7. **The last embattling,** etc. The reference appears to be to the Roman custom in battle, according to which the division in the front rank (the *hastati*) would retire ("into the middle ward," in Milton's words) through intervals or openings left for that purpose, the division immediately in the rear (the *principes*) advancing to take their place. If the *principes* had to retire, then, by a similar movement, the third division, originally at the extreme rear, would come to the front. In the "last embattling" those who had been in the advance would thus be in the rear.—35. **The cowardice of doing wrong.** Cf. *Samson Agonistes*, 829.

53.—30. **Kekshose,** i.e. kickshaws (Fr. *quelque chose*, something, anything, hence, what you will), something fantastical, trifling, or uncommon.

AREOPAGITICA

54.—**Areopagitica** (Gr. *Areopagitikos*, belonging or pertaining to the Areopagus). The title of Milton's plea for a free press was suggested by the title of one of the orations of the Attic orator Isocrates. Isocrates's oration, being addressed to the Areopagus (that august council and tribunal which Milton calls "the Parliament of Athens"), is known as *Logos Areopagitikos*, or the *Areopagitic Discourse*, or *Speech*. As Isocrates appealed to the Areopagus, Milton, in this work,

appeals primarily to the English Parliament ("the Lords and Commons of England), so he calls his appeal also an *Areopagitic Address.* The Areopagus was composed of men of dignified position and blameless lives, hence it was a high tribute to the Parliament to compare it by implication with such an assembly. The resemblance between these two orations, slight enough at best, does not extend to the substance of the speeches themselves. Isocrates sought to bring back to Athens the old democracy of Solon and Clisthenes, and to restore to the Areopagus its censorship of morals. Milton's object was to take away from the Parliament that censorship of the press which it then exercised.—24. **If ye be thus resolved,** an allusion to what Milton has just said in the concluding sentence of the *Exordium,* or opening section of his speech, which has been here omitted. The sense is: If ye (i.e. the Lords and Commons, whom he is directly addressing) be resolved to do as I have just said, i e. to "obey the voice of reason from whatever quarter it be heard speaking," and to repeal any parliamentary act of your own as willingly as you would one made by your predecessors, "then" . . . "what should withhold me," etc.—29. **That Order which ye have ordained.** The parliamentary Ordinance of June 14. 1643, reëstablishing a censorship of the press, which had been substantially free since the meeting of the Long Parliament in 1840.—33. **That part which preserves,** etc. That part of the Ordinance of 1643 which provides for the protection of copyright.

55.—5. **Quadragesimal,** pertaining to Lent, Quadragesima Sunday being the first in that ecclesiastical season. Ecclesiastical rules in regard to the keeping of Lent, and ecclesiastical views of marriage (which Milton regards as a civil contract and not as a sacrament), had "died when the prelates expired," but the censorship of the press (which Milton calls their brother) is continued.—27. **Fabulous Dragon's teeth.** See the stories of Cadmus and of Jason.—33. **In the eye.** God's image is reflected in a good book as the image of outward objects is on the retina of the eye.

56.—6. **Whole impression,** the whole edition; here, all the copies printed.—8. **Fifth essence.** Aristotle holds that there are five elements, viz. earth, water, air, fire, ether; the last is the "*fifth element,*" or *quintessence* (fifth essence). This element exists only in the upper heaven; while the other elements pass into each other, it is not subject to change either in quantity or quality. He who destroys or suppresses the whole impression (all the copies) of a book, destroys not only that book, but, what is even more, the right of free speech, which is the very "breath of reason," a faculty as indestructible as the "fifth" or "essential essence."

58.—9. **As for the burning,** etc. *Acts* xix. 19.—20. **Those confused seeds.** In the story of Cupid and Psyche, as told in *The Golden Ass* of Apuleius, Venus, angry with Psyche for having won the love of Cupid, mixes a number of different kinds of seeds together in a heap, and orders her to sort them before the evening. This is finally accomplished through the labours of a tribe of ants who take pity on her. (Bohn's Class. Lib. *Apuleius.*)

59.—4. **Excremental whiteness,** a superficial or outward whiteness. Excrement is sometimes applied to that which grows out of or on the surface of the living body, as hair, feathers, nails, etc.; hence it means here a mere surface growth, something only "skin-deep." See Hales's *Areopagitica.*—8. **Guion.** *Fairie Queen,* Bk. II.—20. **No music.** Plato excludes the Ionian and Lydian music from his Republic, as soft and

relaxing, but admits the more warlike and bracing Doric and Phrygian; he also excludes sundry musical instruments and allows others. *Rep.* 398–400. Cf. Milton's allusion to the Lydian and Doric "mode" in *L'Allegro*, 136, and *Par. Lost*, I. 549.—24. **Plato was provided of**, i.e. provided *with*. For Plato's Republic was furnished with such licenses. *Of* was formerly used after *provided* where we should now use *with*.—34. **Even to the ballatry**, i.e. balladry, ballads. The *even* would seem to indicate that Milton regarded the popular ballads as an extreme instance of poetry too trivial for serious notice, an opinion the reverse of that saying reported by Fletcher of Saltoun to the effect that the making of ballads is more important than the making of laws — 36. **His Monte Mayors.** Jorge de Montemayor (cir. 1520–1561), author of the Spanish pastoral *Diana*. Sidney's *Arcadia* is a work of the same general character.

60.—14. **Atlantic and Utopian.** Bacon in his *New Atlantis* pictures the ideal state or kingdom, as Sir Thomas More had previously done in his *Utopia*.—32. **Transylvania** (the land beyond the Carpathian forests, *trans-sylva*), since 1868 a part of Hungary, was an independent principality in Milton's time.—33. **Hercynian wilderness.** The *Hercynia silva*, or *Hercynius saltus*, of Pliny and Tacitus, a wild region of mountain and forest in the southeastern part of Europe, of somewhat uncertain location and extent. Milton apparently means a region in the neighborhood of the Carpathian Mountains.

61.—8. **Jerome.** *Jerome of Prague*, a religious reformer of the fourteenth and early fifteenth centuries, who was a follower of John Huss.

62.—19. **Pyrrhus**, king of Epirus. He is reported to have made a remark similar to that here attributed to him after his hard-won victory over the Romans in the battle of Heraclea, 280 B.C.—20. **Epirots.** Men of Epirus (*Epeirotai*).—26. **Sort**, group, company.

63.—3. **All the Lord's people**, etc. *Numb.* xi. 29.—13. **Maniples**, small companies of soldiers. In the Roman army the *maniple* (*manipulus*) was a subdivision of the cohort.—33. **As his was.** See Livy, XXVI. 11.

64.—15. **Mewing**, renewing; as a moulting bird puts on new plumage.

65.—14. **Not he who takes up arms**, etc. Not he who takes up arms on account of (i.e. against) illegal taxation, imposed to pay for the clothing (*coat*) and transport (*conduct*) of the king's troops, and not he who refuses to give his four nobles of a ship-money tax. The proceeds of the tax imposed to meet the cost of clothing and transporting new levies was known as *coat and conduct money*. The ship-money tax (which John Hampden and others refused to pay) was called Danegelt, because the king and his party relied on the old Danegelt (originally money given to the Danes to refrain from attacking England) as a precedent. *Four nobles* would be about 26s. 8d., that is, about $6.50. See Hales's note on this passage.

JEREMY TAYLOR

OF CONTENTEDNESS IN ALL ESTATES AND ACCIDENTS

66.—2. **Freer**, more liberal, more generous.—10. **God is the master**, etc. Cf. Marcus Aurelius: "You cannot say that you are sent off by a tyrant or an unjust judge. No, you quit the stage as fairly as a

player does that has his discharge from the master of the revels. . . . He that ordered the opening of the first scene now gives the sign for the shutting up the last," etc. *Meditations*, Bk. XII.—11. **Which part we shall act**, etc. See Steele's quotation from Epictetus in the essay "On True Distinction," here given on p. 162, and cf. Pope:

> "Honour and shame from no condition rise;
> Act well your part, there all the honour lies."
> *Essay on Man*, IV. 194.

14. **In earth.** *In* was formerly used in some cases where we should now use *on* or *upon*. The Bible (King James Version) has "*in* earth as it is in heaven." *St. Matt.* vi. 10.—18. **Angel of Judea.** *Dan.* x. 13. 29. **Clay in the hand of the potter.** "We are the clay and thou our potter: and we all are the work of thy hand." *Isa.* lxiv. 8. Cf. *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam, LXXXIII—XC. Browning's *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, XXV, XXVI, etc.

67.—29. **Many worse**, i.e. many worse (things).—30. **Atrophy . . . Consumption.** These words have here the same meaning, a wasting or emaciation of the body owing to insufficient nourishment, or defective nutrition. *Consumption*, which now more commonly applies to a disease of the lungs, has primarily this more comprehensive meaning.—37. **The old stoics**, etc. This appears to have been suggested by the following passage from Epictetus: "Therefore when the tyrant threatens and calls me, I say, Whom do you threaten? If he says, I will put you in chains, I say, You threaten my hands and my feet. If he says, I will cut off your head, I reply, You threaten my head. If he says, I will throw you into prison, I say, You threaten the whole of this poor body" *Discourses*, Long's trans.

68.—7. **Discourse of St. Paul.** *Epis. Phil.* iv. 11, 12.—13. **Playing at tables**, i.e. at backgammon. **The chance**, etc., is here used in a special sense, to mean the number thrown in a cast of dice. **When it has fallen** consequently means, when the *chance*, or throw of the dice, has been made. See *chance* in *Cent. Dict.* and cf. Terence, *Adelphi*, III. 7, 21.—

> "The life of man
> Is like a gaming-table. If the cast
> Which is most necessary be not thrown,
> That which chance sends you must correct by art."
> (Geo. Coleman's trans.)

33. **Freer than the Parthian kings.** The Parthian kings are apparently here taken simply as examples of Oriental despots, whose will is law. The Persian kings would seem to have been the exacter illustration, as a reference to the history of Parthia will show.

CONSIDERATION OF THE VANITY AND SHORTNESS OF MAN'S LIFE

69.—1. **Man is a bubble.** (*Πομφόλυξ ὁ ἄνθρωπος.*)—1. **Lucian represents.** *Lucian*, a satiric and humorous writer, belongs to the later or Silver age of Greek literature, or to the second century A.D. His amplification of the Greek proverb referred to occurs in his *Charon, or The Spectator of the World*, 19, a work which has for its text the vanity of human existence. The passage in Browne is a paraphrase of that in Lucian.—20. **Some of them**, etc., i.e. of the children of men. While the thought is evident, the comparison (the analogy between man and the "morning mushroom") is not sustained, and the result is an unfortunate confusion.

70.—3. **Disorder of an ill-placed humour.** In the old system of medicine, there were four *cardinal* (or principal) humours: the *blood*, *choler* (yellow bile), *phlegm*, and *melancholy* (black bile). Taylor here refers to death from the derangement of some of these humours; or when the normal balance, or true relation, of these humours is disturbed. —11. **Homer calls man,** etc. "Great-hearted Tydeides, why enquirest thou of my generation? Even as are the generations of leaves, such are those likewise of men; the leaves that be the wind scattereth on the earth, and the forest buddeth and putteth forth more again, when the season of spring is at hand; so of the generations of men one springeth and another passeth away." *Iliad*, VI. 146 (Lang, Leaf and Myers trans.). Cf. *Iliad*, XXI. 462, where the same simile is repeated. —12. **Pindar calls him,** etc. "Σκιᾶς ὄναρ ἄνθρωπος" (Man the dream of a shadow). Pindar, *Pyth.* VIII. 95.—13. **Another, "the dream,"** etc. Æschylus as quoted by Joannes Stobæus, in his *Florilegium*, XCVIII. 49.—14. **St. James spake.** *Epis. St. James* iv. 14.—23, 24. **Cassiopeia's chair,** etc. These three instances of a phenomenon (Gr. *phainomenon*), or appearance with no substantial basis of reality, represent three distinct kinds of insubstantial or unreal existence. (1) In the constellation of *Cassiopeia*, while the stars are real, the chair itself exists only in the mind of the beholder through an effort of the instructed imagination. (2) *Pelops' shoulder.* The shoulder of ivory supplied by Demeter in the place of the one she had thoughtlessly eaten (see *Pelops* in *Class. Dict.*) only exists in fable, and is indeed the shadow of a shade, since this is not even the real shoulder of Pelops, and Pelops himself is a myth. (3) Finally, the *circles of heaven* (see *ecliptic, circle, zodiac,* in *Cent. Dict.*), while they do not exist in any visible or tangible sense, yet possess by their real relation to the position and movements, actual or apparent, of the earth and the heavenly bodies an ideal existence, distinguishable from the purely fanciful existence of a constellation.—29. **A tale that is told.** "We spend our years as a tale that is told." *Pslm.* xc.

71.—21. **Clay that weeps,** etc., i.e. clay that "gives out moisture," the moist earth. See *Cent. Dict., weeps,* 4, and examples, and *clay.*—24. **It is odds.** The sense is, every seven years our death is so likely to occur that one may safely give *odds* in betting that it will come to pass. Cf. Addison, *Remarks on Italy*, Bohn's ed., I. 139. (*Macb.* III. 4. 126: "Almost *at odds* with morning which is which.")

72.—17. **Sirian star,** etc. The appearance in the heavens of Sirius, or the Dog-star, occurring in the hottest time of the year, or during July and August, was supposed to be the cause of diseases prevalent in that sultry and often unhealthy season. The twenty days preceding and the twenty days following the rising of the Dog-star were called dog-days by the ancient astronomers.—28. **Calentures and surfeit,** etc. (from Fr. and Sp. words for *heat*, derived in their turn from Lat. *calere*, to be hot), was the name given to delirious fevers occasioned by excessive heat, and applied especially to such fevers contracted on shipboard in hot latitudes. The word is apparently used in the text in a very general sense to include all maladies resulting from excessive heat, as sunstroke, etc. *Calentures* may be considered here as the diseases incident to the summer, *surfeits*, or the maladies produced by overeating, may possibly be associated with the fall or harvest-time, while *colds* belong obviously to the winter, and *agues* or chills and fever to the spring, thus making up the "four quarters of the year."—31. **The wild fellow in Petronius,** i.e. Encolpius, who tells the story in the Latin romance of

Petronius known as the "Banquet of Trimalchio" (*Cena Trimalchionis*) The passage, here beautifully paraphrased by Taylor, is in part as follows: "Who knows, cry'd I, but this unhappy wretch has a wife in some part of the world or other, who sits at home expecting the return of her husband? Or perhaps he has a son equally ignorant of his shipwreck; or it may be he himself has left the tender embraces of his father. These are the vain designs of mortals! And such is the issue of their great prospects! See the mighty nothing thus tossed by the waves!" After recognizing the corpse he continues: "I could refrain my tears no longer; but often striking my breast; Now where's thy rage? cry'd I? or where thy boasted power? Thou art now exposed a prey to fishes and wild beasts; nor could the ship thou proudly call'd'st thy own, afford one plank to save thee," etc. Addison's trans.

74.—12. **Or a raisin.** "Even this very day, something still less even may have the same effect, the puncture, for instance, of the tiny sting of the serpent; or even, as befell the poet Anacreon, the swallowing of the stone of a raisin," etc. See Pliny's *Natural History*, Bk. VII. ch. v.—16. **Eripitur persona, manet res.** Taylor translates this at the end of the sentence: "The person is snatched away and the goods remain" Taken by themselves, the words are capable of this interpretation, and it answers Taylor's purpose to employ them in this sense. Read in the context, however, they mean: The mask is snatched away and the reality of the man (the man himself) remains. The words are part of a sentence in Lucretius, *De. Rer. Nat.* III. 58.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

OF MYSELF

76.—10. **These precedent discourses,** i.e. the previous essays in the collection: this being the eleventh and last of the series entitled *Several Discourses by way of Essays in Prose and Verse.*—27. **Dispensed with me alone,** i.e. in which *they excused me alone.* Cf. Addison, "I could not *dispense with* myself from making a voyage to Caprea." (Quoted in *Cent. Dict.*)

77.—31. **For the conclusion,** etc. Hor., *Od.* III. xxix. 41 *et seq.* See also Dryden's paraphrase of this ode and Sydney Smith's lines:

> "Serenely full the epicure would say,
> Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day."
>
> *Recipe for Salad.*

78.—17. **The university.** Cambridge, in 1636. — 18. **That violent public storm.** The Civil War, in which Cowley took the Royalist side. Dr. Johnson says: "In 1643, being now master of arts, he was, by the prevalence of the Parliament, ejected from Cambridge," etc. *Lives of the Poets*, "Cowley."—22 **One of the best persons.** Henry Jermyn (d. 1684), afterwards Earl of St. Albans.—23. **One of the best princesses.** Henrietta Maria (1609–1669), Queen Consort of Charles I. Cowley followed her to France in 1646, and was employed in various diplomatic matters by the court.

79.—4. **Business of great and honourable trust.** After the battle of Marston Moor Cowley followed the Queen to Paris, where he was employed "in cyphering and decyphering the letters that passed between the King and Queen; an employment of the highest confidence and honour." Johnson's "Cowley."—9. **Copy of verses.** Cowley included

these verses, under the name of *The Wish*, in *The Mistress*, 1647.—26. **Corps perdu**, equivalent to *head foremost*, or *head-over-heels*.—32. **Non ego perfidum**, etc. I have not sworn a faithless oath.

JOHN BUNYAN

THE FIGHT WITH APOLLYON

80.—28. **They harnessed him.** See *Ephes.* vi. 11–18.

81.—30. **Apollyon.** The "angel of the bottomless pit" mentioned in *Revelations* ix. 11: "Whose name in the Hebrew tongue is Abaddon, but in the Greek tongue hath his name Apollyon." Both names mean "the destroyer," the Greek (*Apolluon*, to slay, to destroy, etc.) being a translation of the Hebrew.

82.—18. **For the wages of sin**, etc. *Rom.* vi. 23.

84.—16. **Flaming dart**, etc. *Ephes.* vi. 16.—38. **Rejoice not**, etc. *Mic.* vii. 8

85.—5. **More than conquerors**, etc. *Rom.* viii. 37–39.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

OF HEALTH AND LONG LIFE

86.—8. **Therapeutæ and Ebionites.** The *Therapeutæ* (*οἱ θεραπευται*, the worshippers) were a sect of Jewish ascetics in pre-Christian and early Christian times. They were established chiefly in Egypt, and lived austere and solitary lives. The *Ebionites* were an early Christian sect (not Jewish, as Temple seems to imply), which became separated from the Church towards the end of the second century. Some derive the name of this sect from a Hebrew word (*'ebion*), signifying poverty, and consider it descriptive of the worldly condition, or of the doctrines, of its members. — 10. **Dervises**, dervishes.—**Brachmans**, brahmans, members of the sacerdotal caste among the Hindoos.

88.—27. **White staff**, the sign of office given by the sovereign in Temple's time to the members of the Privy Council, as the Premier, the Lord Chamberlain, the Lord Steward, etc. Thus Defoe speaks of Harley having the *white staff* given him by Queen Anne when he was made Lord High Treasurer.—2 . **Blue ribband.** In England a blue ribbon was among the insignia of the Order of the Garter.

89.—15. **Brazilians.** By *Brazilians*, Temple may mean either the aborigenes of Brazil alone, or he may use it in a wider and less usual sense, and intend to include all the natives of South America. In either case his picture of the Arcadian existence of the inhabitants is more poetical than accurate. The whole coast-line of Brazil, for instance, was occupied by a people known as the *Tupis*, who were divided into many nations and tribes. Many of these tribes were cruel, warlike, and ferocious. So far from subsisting mainly on "fruits, herbs, and plants," they devoured meat raw or half-roasted, while some of them were cannibals. They were drunken and vicious, and by turns indolent and passionate, a mode of life not conducive to longevity. Temple's description, based (as he intimates later) upon the report of the early explorers (p. 91, 11), is doubtless in accordance with the opinion current in his time.

90.—33. **A very old man**, etc. The rule of health, "to eat when

you're hungry, and drink when you're dry, is often ascribed to "Old Parr" (see n. **93,** 2), who had reached extreme old age in Bacon's time. I have not been able to find the reference in Bacon.

92.—8. **Philip de Comines.** *Philippe de Comines,* Sieur d'Argenton (*cir.* 1445-1511), a French writer and statesman, attached to the Court of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, and afterward to that of Louis XI., king of France. He lived on into the reign of Louis XII. and wrote a book of *Mémoires,* which is valuable as history and full of shrewd observations and reflections.

93.—2. **Old Parr.** *Thomas Parr,* who was supposed to have been born in 1483, and who died in London in 1635. Parr was undoubtedly very old when he died, but modern inquirers doubt his having attained such an extreme age as was formerly claimed for him. They point out that the traditional date of his birth is supported by no reliable evidence. See Stephen's *Dict. of Nat. Biog.* and references there given. —8. **Robert, Earl of Leicester.** *Robert Sidney* (1595–1677), the second Earl of Leicester and the father of Algernon Sidney, the patriot.—19. **Prince Henry.** *Henry Frederick,* Prince of Wales, the eldest son of James I. He died in 1612, or one hundred and ten years after the death of *Prince Arthur* (1486–1502), the eldest son of Henry VII.

94.—15. **Morrice-dance** (often *Morris-dance* or *Morris*), literally a *Moorish* dance (Lat. *Maurus,* a Moor, Sp. *Morisco,* Moorish, etc.). A dance popular in England, but supposed to have been of Moorish origin, in which the performers were dressed in fantastic costumes, trimmed with bells, and in which the hobby-horse took a leading part. It was customary for the dancers to personate *Maid Marian* and other characters in story of *Robin Hood.* (See Brands' *Popular Antiquities,* and Strutts' *Sports and Pastimes of the English People.*)—34. **The Spleen.** Temple, writing at the end of the seventeenth century, speaks as though this favorite complaint were then less prevalent or less popular. If this were so its loss of the popular favor was only temporary, as the literature of the early eighteenth century is full of allusions to it as the fashionable disease. Lady Winschilsea, published a Pindaric ode entitled *The Spleen,* in 1701, and Matthew Greene's poem on the same subject appeared in 1737. (See *Stand. Eng. Poems,* n. *The Spleen,* **175,** 16.)

95.—3. **Vapours.** Like the Spleen (see n. **94,** 34, *supra*), a fashionable malady, real or pretended, of the latter seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. It was associated with nervous depression of spirits and debility.

JOHN DRYDEN

FRENCH AND ENGLISH TRAGIC WRITERS

100.—The **Essay of Dramatic Poesy,** from which this selection is taken, was Dryden's "first separate publication in prose." Dryden exerted an important influence on the course of English prose, and his first prose work may be fairly said to mark the beginning of an epoch in the history of English prose style. Dryden tells us in the prefatory note that its main purpose was "to vindicate the honour of our English writers from the censure of those who unjustly prefer the French before them." It is in the form of a conversation between four gen-

tlemen, whom Dryden calls *Eugenius, Crites, Lisideius,* and *Neander,* who have taken a barge and gone down the Thames towards Greenwich. *Eugenius* is Charles, Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, *Crites* is Sir Robert Howard, *Lisideius* is Sir Charles Sedley, and *Neander* is Dryden himself. In the passage given in the text, Neander is replying to Lisideius, who has been speaking in praise of the French dramatists.

102.—20. **Clenches,** puns.—24. **Quantum lenta,** etc. As much as the cypresses are wont (to lift their heads) among the pliant viburnams. Verg., *Ecl.* I. 26.—25. **Mr. Hales.** *John Hales* (1584–1656), a distinguished English scholar and divine, called the "Ever-memorable." He was a friend of Lord Falkland, Sir Henry Wotton, Ben Jonson, and many prominent men of the time.

103.—4. **The verses he writ.** Epigram LV. *To Francis Beaumont.*

SHAKESPEARE

105.—10. **Catachreses** (Gr. *Katachrasis,* the misuse of a word), here the misuse of a word by employing it in a sense beyond its legitimate meaning.—10. **Explode,** decry, reject, as an actor is hissed off the stage.—11. **Longinus.** See his treatise *On the Sublime,* sect. 8, 4, and *passim.*—16–17. **Not be taken from anything of his,** etc. What is the poetic value of this speech? Did Shakespeare write it? Did he intend it to be bombastic and exaggerated? Our opinion of the justness of Dryden's criticism is dependent upon our answer to these questions. For critical discussion of them see Furness's *Var. Hamlet,* Vol. I. p. 180 *et seq.* The speech occurs in *Hamlet* II. 2.

107.—21. **Bristol-stone.** See n. **35, 9.**

POSTSCRIPT TO THE READER

109.—2. **My declining years,** etc. *Dryden* was sixty-six when his translation of Virgil appeared. It was the result of nearly three years of labor. Consult some biography of him for his situation at this time.—29. **English Ennius.** *Quintus Ennius* (239 B.C.–169 B.C.) was regarded by the Romans as the father of Latin poetry, and consequently holds a relation to Latin literature comparable to that which Chaucer occupies towards English.

110.—8. **Cynthius aurem,** etc. Literally, Apollo pulled my ear, and admonished. Verg. *Ecl.* V. 3. Dryden translates the passage:

> "Apollo checked my pride, and bade me feed
> My fattening flocks, nor dare beyond the reed."

25. **Derby and Peterborough.** Dryden refers here to *William George Richard* (1658 (?)–1792), ninth Earl of Derby, and to *Charles Mordant* (1658–1735), third Earl of Peterborough. The latter was an admiral, soldier, and diplomatist, and one of the prominent persons of his time. He mingled in the literary society of London, and knew Swift, Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot. Swift describes his restless activity in the verses "To the Earl of Peterborough," addressing him as "Mordanto."—37. **Sir William Trumball** (or *Trumbull,* 1636–1713), statesman and diplomatist, was appointed Secretary of State in 1695. He was a friend of both Dryden and Pope.

111.—6. **Extremum hunc, Arethusa.** Grant me this last labor,

Arethusa. *Negat quid*, etc. Who could refuse songs to Gallus? Verg. *Ecl.* X. 1 and 4. Dryden translates the passage:

> "Thy sacred succour, Arethusa bring,
> To crown my labour ('tis the last I sing),
> . . . . . .
> Refuse me not a verse to grief and Gallus due."

17. **Sir William Bowyer.** In a note at the beginning of his translation of the *Georgics*, Bk. II., Dryden speaks enthusiastically of Denham Court "as one of the most delicious spots of ground in England." It was situated in Buckinghamshire.—32. **William Walsh** (1663-1709), of Abberly, Worcestershire, a minor poet and gentleman of literary taste, was a patron of Pope and a friend of Dryden. See *Life of Walsh* in Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, Vol. I., Pope's n. on his *First Pastoral*, and his *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.*—35. **Duke of Shrewsbury.** *Charles Talbot* (1660-1718), twelfth Earl of Shrewsbury, and created Duke by William III., was one of the most distinguished and cultivated noblemen of his time. See Macaulay's *Hist. of Eng.*, Vol. II. He has been made the hero of a novel, *Shrewsbury*, by A. Conan Doyle.

112.—15. **Lord Roscommon's.** *Wentworth Dillon*, Earl of Roscommon, minor poet and translator. His translation of Horace's *Art of Poetry* appears to have been much in favor (see *Ned Softly the Poet*, p. 147). Dryden eulogized him in a poetical epistle, *To the Earl of Roscommon on his excellent essay on translated verse.*—18. **His Bees.** See Addison's translation of a portion of the Third Book of the *Georgics.*—19. **Praise of a Country Life.** Cowley translated a passage from *Georgics* II. 458, in praise of country life. See verses at the end of the essay on Agriculture in Cowley's *Essays.*—23. **Dr. Guibbons.** "The same of whom Dryden elsewhere says:

> 'Guibbons but guesses, nor is sure to save.'"
> *Scott.*

—24. **Dr. Hobbs.** "Also an eminent physician of the time, ridiculed in the *Dispensary*, under the name of Ginacum."—*Scott.*—27. **The only one of them.** Blackmore?—31. **Par manière d'aquit**, in the nature of the discharge (of an obligation).

DANIEL DEFOE

THE APPARITION OF MRS. VEAL

113.—3. **Matter of fact.** Thomas Wright contends that Defoe as well as his readers believed in the truth of this story. See Wright's *Life of Daniel Defoe*, p. 127 *et seq.*

115.—16. **Drelincourt upon death.** The book referred to, *Consolations against the Fear of Death*, is an English translation of the work of a French clergyman, Charles Drelincourt. It was formerly supposed that the translation of Drelincourt's book had been unsuccessful in England, and that Defoe wrote his sketch to help on its sale. Both of these suppositions have been disproved by Mr. William Lee. (See *Life of Defoe*, Vol. I., pp. 127-8.

JONATHAN SWIFT

ARGUMENT AGAINST ABOLISHING CHRISTIANITY

125.—2. **Against the Union.** The union between England and Scotland was accomplished in 1707, or in the year immediately preceding the publication of the *Argument*. Swift was opposed to the measure, although it was carried through by the Whig party, to which he belonged.

126.—16. **The proposal of Horace.** See Horace, *Epode* XVI. *Ad Populum Romanum.*

127.—25. **The saying of Tiberius.** *Deorum offensa diis cura*, offences against the gods are the affairs of the gods. "Swift has in mind Tacitus, *Annals*, Book I., chap. 73: *Deorum injurius diis curæ.* 'Wrongs done to the gods are the gods' concern.' This was an old maxim of the Roman law, under which offences against the gods, like perjury, were not punished."—Prescott.—36. **The Allies,** i.e. the Allies of England in the War of the Spanish Succession. This war was then being carried on.

128.—17. **Asgill, Tindal,** etc. All these were speculative or deistic writers contemporary with Swift and noted for their advocacy of eccentric or unorthodox views. See Leslie Stephen's *Hist. Eng. Thought in the Eighteenth Century.*—26. **Empson and Dudley.** See the history of the reign of Henry VII. in any history of England.

129.—20. **Regulations of Henry VIII.** The abolition of the monasteries and confiscation of the monastic property under Henry VIII. deprived the Church of an immense source of revenue.

130.—37. **Heydukes,** in Hungary the name of "a special body of foot-soldiers, . . . and in Poland of the liveried personal followers or attendants of the nobles" (see Murray, *Eng. Dict.*). **Mamalukes,** a body of Turkish cavalry who became rulers of Egypt about 1251. **Mandarins,** Chinese officials, civil or military, of certain specified grades. **Patshaws,** or **pashas,** a Turkish title of rank.

131.—8. **Margarita,** i.e. *Francesca Margherita de l'Epine*, an Italian singer who came to England about 1692. She became popular in Italian opera, and is said to have been the first Italian to sing in England. **Mrs. Tofts,** the first Englishwoman to distinguish herself in Italian opera, was the rival of Margarita. A disturbance which took place in the Drury Lane Theatre in 1704 while Margarita was singing was supposed to have been instigated by Mrs. Tofts. This, however, Mrs. Tofts indignantly denied.—9. **Valentini,** an Italian singer, who came to London in 1707, and became a leading performer in the Italian opera in England. He offended *Margarita*, who wrote of him as "a monster, the enemy of men, of fame, and of God." See accounts of these three singers in Groves' *Dict. of Music*, and cf. n. **161,** 8, and n. **165,** 11.—10, 11. **Prasini and Veniti,** the names of two of the factions among the charioteers in the Roman circus. The various factions were distinguished by the color worn by the charioteers and the other participants, hence the faction wearing green was called *Prasinus* (leek green) *factio*, and that wearing blue *Venetus* (blue or bluish) *factio.*

132.—25. **String,** fibre.

134.—22. **Choqued** (from Fr. *choquer*), offended, disgusted.

136.—10. **The most learned and ingenious author,** etc., i.e. *Matthew Tindal,* the writer previously referred to by Swift (see n. **128,** 17), who called himself a "Christian deist." His work, *The Rights of the Christian Church asserted against the Romish and all other Priests who Claim an Independent Power over It, with a Preface,* etc., appeared in 1706. He was a Roman Catholic for a time, but severed his connection with that church about 1687–88. Swift's charge that he returned to it appears to be without foundation. See Stephen's *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

137.—2. **Sorites,** originally a sophistical method of reasoning, by which one starting from true premises is gradually led to a false conclusion.

BICKERSTAFF'S PREDICTIONS

138.—**Isaak Bickerstaff, Esq.** When Swift wrote these *Predictions* the belief in fortune-tellers and astrologers was very general, and numbers of imposters took advantage of the popular credulity. Not content with the patronage of those who consulted them personally, some of these astrologers published their "predictions" in almanacs, which were bought by people of the poorer classes, or circulated outside of London. Swift's attention having been attracted by one of these prophetic almanacs (the *Merlinus Literatus* for 1707, published by John Partridge), he wrote his *Predictions,* humorously exposing the folly of the prevalent superstition, as well as holding up poor Partridge to ridicule. After writing his *Predictions,* Swift, casting about for a pseudonym, happened to see the name *Bickerstaff* on a locksmith's sign. The name appealed to him, and he made his prophecies as Isaak Bickerstaff, Esq. The success of Swift's pamphlet made the name of Bickerstaff familiar to the world of London, and Steele, taking advantage of its popularity, assumed it when he began the publication of *The Tatler* in 1709.

BICKERSTAFF'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1708

139.—4. **Partridge's Almanac.** *"Doctor" John Partridge* (1644–1715), now remembered chiefly through Swift's satires, abandoned his occupation as cobbler to become an astrologer and almanac-maker. For an account of him and the circumstances which led to the "Partridge hoax," see Sidney's *England in the Eighteenth Century,* I. Chap. VIII., Ashton's *Social Life Under Queen Anne,* etc. See also *Partridge,* in *Dict. Nat. Biog.,* Swift's Works, Scott's ed., *passim,* for the other papers in the series, and his *Grub Street Elegy on the Supposed Death of Partridge.*—6. **Gadbury.** *John Gadbury,* an almanac-maker and fortune-teller of the latter seventeenth century. An almanac bearing his name was published for some years after his death.

143.—6, 7. **Alter erit jam Tithys,** etc. (The usual text appears to be *tum,* not *jam,* as Swift quotes it.) There will be another Tithys and another Argo, which shall be as chosen heroes. *Ecl.* iv. 34.

ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF PARTRIDGE

145.—5. **Dr. Case.** *John Case,* a famous astrologer and quack practitioner of Queen Anne's time.—6. **Mrs. Kirleus,** the widow of a son of Dr. Thomas Kirleus, a London physician.

JOSEPH ADDISON

NED SOFTLY, THE POET

147.—In this paper Addison good naturedly ridicules the notion, popular in his time, that the poet should write according to the classical or long-established rules of composition, rather than as his individual genius or inspiration prompted. He shows further, by humorous exaggeration, the inherent defects of a school of poetry that practised felicities of phrase because it wanted genius or strength "to represent simplicity in its natural beauty and perfection."—26. **I yesterday came hither,** i.e. to Will's coffee-house, on the north side of Russell Street, near Covent Garden. Since the days of Dryden, who patronized it regularly, a favorite resort for the wits of the town. According to the first number of the *Tatler,* Will's was the special gathering-place of the critics, the politicians meeting at St. James and the men of learning at the Grecian. For a description of the coffee-houses of the day, see *Spectator,* Nos. 49 and 403, and Green's *History of the English People,* Bk. VIII. Chap. IV.—31. **Mr. Bickerstaff,** the name which Steele adopted as the editor of the *Tatler* in 1709. He took it from Swift. See note **138.**

148.—3. **Gazette.** See the etymology of the word in the *Cent. Dict.,* and note the connection between "Tatler" and "Gazette."—12. **Waller.** *Edmund Waller* (1605–1687), one of the earliest English followers of the maxims of composition laid down by the Frenchman Boileau in his *Art of Poetry,* where exactness and good sense are made the chief requisites of poetic style. Cf. Dryden's version of Boileau:

> Gently make haste, of labor not afraid,
> A hundred times consider what you've said;
> Polish, repolish, every color lay,
> And sometimes add, but oftener take away.

Waller was looked up to as the great refiner of language and style, and the critics of the eighteenth century regarded him as the first master of English versification. See *Int. to Eng. Lit.,* pp. 193 and 194.—18. **The little Gothic ornaments,** etc. Addison's age prided itself upon its "classic" taste. It had no eye for the real beauty of Gothic art and architecture, whose complexity and fanciful ornamentation it regarded as barbarous and grotesque.—27. **Sonnet,** from the Italian *sonetto,* meaning originally a little poem, then a poem of fourteen lines and definite form. This sonnet form was introduced into England from Italy in the sixteenth century. The strict technical use of the word is recent. In Addison's time the sonnet form was neglected, and the word was applied loosely to any short poem, as it was even in Shakespeare's and Milton's time, when "sonnets," in the stricter sense of the word, were written. See Gascoigne, *Notes of Instruction on the Making of Verse* (ed. Arber). For an indication of the eighteenth-century attitude towards the sonnet, see n. **384,** 4.—28. **Was written upon a lady.** Johnson says of Waller, Ned Softly's favorite and model: "Of his dainty and light productions the chief source is gallantry, that attentive reverence for female excellence which has descended to us from the Gothic ages."

149.—5. **A very lump of salt,** a translation of the Latin *merum sal,*

a phrase that Addison applied to Pope's *Rape of the Lock*. It has here a suggestion of playful irony, for all salt and no meat makes a poor meal.—12. **Roscommon,** *Wentworth Dillon*, fourth Earl of Roscommon (1634–1685), nephew of the famous Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, and a contemporary of Waller. Besides his translation of the *Ars Poetica*, which appeared in 1680, he wrote an essay *On Translated Verse*, which influenced Dryden, and which teaches the importance of following set rules in poetical composition.

THE OBJECT OF THE SPECTATOR

151.—24. **In London and Westminster.** London and Westminster, which grew up around the sites of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey respectively, were originally about two miles apart. In the early years of the seventeenth century the two cities were fully joined. Addison's "London" is the modern "city," the part of London lying to the east of the Temple and comprising the commercial and money-making part of the metropolis. "Westminster" corresponds to the modern "West End," the quarter west of the Temple "which spends money, makes laws, and regulates fashion." See Baedeker's *London*, pp. 93 and 94, and Lecky's *England in the Eighteenth Cent.*, II. pp. 211–213. —31. **Speculation of the day,** i.e. shall find something to interest them in the discussion, etc.

152.—7. **I shall be ambitious to have it said of me,** etc. Compare what Macaulay, who accomplished a similar work on a far larger scale, says of his history: "I shall not be satisfied unless I produce something which shall for a few days supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies." Trevelyan's *Macaulay*, II. p. 326.—17. **Sir Francis Bacon observes.** *Advancement of Learning*, Bk. II., *Introd.* § 14.—24. **Muscovy,** i.e. Russia, from Muscovia, the Latin form of Moscow. The grand principality which grew up around Moscow developed into the Russian empire.—35. **Titular physicians,** i.e. physicians with a title but no practice.—36. **Fellows of the Royal Society.** The Royal Society was incorporated in London (1662) by Charles II. for the purpose of advancing scientific knowledge. It is still the foremost among such bodies in England. The title F.R.S. carries to-day no suggestion of elegant leisure, but is a mark of distinguished scientific attainment.—36. **Templars that are not given to be contentious,** i.e. lawyers without much practice. Lawyers were called templars because they lived in the "Temple." The London Temple was originally a lodge of the Knights Templar, "poor soldiers of the temple of Solomon," a crusading order founded about 1118. The order was suppressed in the reign of Edward II., and the Temple after passing through various hands was leased in 1346 to students of the common law. The only part of the original building still standing is Temple Church, in the western end of which the lawyers used to receive their clients, "each occupying his particular post, like merchants on 'Change."

153.—14. **Dutch Mail.** In the spring of 1711 Marlborough had been sent to Flanders, and at the time this paper was written (March, 1711) Englishmen were looking for news of a decisive victory over the French. As a matter of fact the ministers were at this very time carrying on secret negotiations with the French, which resulted in the signing of the preliminaries of peace in November, 1711.—15. **Imperti-**

nent, careless, frivolous.—27. **The Toilet is their great scene of business,** etc. Compare with this whole passage *The Fine Lady's Journal.*—31. **Mercer,** a retail dealer.—31. **Toy-shop,** a shop for the sale of millinery, not playthings; "ribbons, brocades, embroidery," are mentioned by Addison as some of the articles with which toy-shops are furnished. Cf. *Spect.* No. 499.—32. **All the day after,** i.e. all the remainder of the day; "after" = afterward, is adverb, not preposition.

154.—23. **Give over** = give it up.—26. **When they have such a handle given them,** etc., i e. when they have such an opportunity given them for being witty.—28. **Caveat,** a warning, literally "let him beware." In law a "caveat" is a notice filed in a public office which prevents proceedings being instituted in a given case, without warning to the filer of the caveat.

THOUGHTS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

155.—13. **The cloisters.** Covered walks running around the inner walls of monastic buildings, generally forming a rectangle and opening by a series of arcades upon a court or "close." Their object was to give the monks an opportunity for open-air exercise under cover and within the seclusion of the monastic walls. Cloister, in the singular, is applied to the whole monastery. The cloisters at Westminster contain the tombs of many of the early abbots. It was there that Betterton was buried. See Steele's paper on Betterton.—14. **Amusing myself with the tombstones.** The original meaning of amuse, to cause to *muse*, or to meditate, is now displaced by the later and lighter one, to engage the attention agreeably, to tickle the fancy. Note the parallel change in *entertain:* "I *entertained myself* with the digging of a grave," and cf. the use of *amusement* and *entertainment*, in the same essay, p. 157, ll. 12 and 13.—28. **The path of an arrow.** "Like as when an arrow is shot at a mark, it parteth the air, which immediately cometh together again, so that a man cannot know where it went through." *Wisdom of Solomon*, v. 12, one of the apocryphal books, and therefore, strictly speaking, not *Holy Writ;* but Addison probably remembered it as part of the morning lesson for the day of the conversion of St. Paul (Jan. 25) in the Church of England service.—38. **Prebendaries.** A prebend is "a stipend (income) allotted from the revenues of a cathedral or collegiate church for the performance of certain duties by a person hence called a prebendary." *Cent. Dict.* Cf. *Spectator* No. 21: "We may divide the clergy into generals, field-officers, and subalterns. Among the first we may reckon bishops, deans, and archdeacons. Among the second are doctors of divinity, *prebendaries*, and all that wear scarves. The rest are comprehended under the subalterns."

156.—13. **Deliver,** i.e. give, or declare the character; cf. deliver an address. — 15. **The poetical quarter,** the "poets' corner," made familiar to all by Washington Irving, is in the South Transept of the Abbey.—17. **The present war.** On the causes and conduct of the War of the Spanish Succession. See histories of England. It was begun in the year of Queen Anne's accession (1702), and lasted practically through the whole of her reign. The Peace of Utrecht was signed March 31, 1713, but the war does not appear to have been entirely ended until the treaty of Rastadt, signed 1714.—20. **Blenheim,** a little Bavarian village, near which in 1704 the Duke of Marlborough won the most famous of a series of victories, in recognition of which he was

presented with the ancient manor of Woodstock, on which a palace called after the battle, "Blenheim," was built for him at the public expense.—26. **Politeness**, i.e. culture, learning, elegance. This use survives in the expression, *polite learning*.—30. **Sir Cloudesly Shovel** (1650–1707), "a brave man of humble birth, who from a cabin-boy became through merit an admiral; died by the wreck of his fleet on the Scilly Islands as he was returning from an unsuccessful attack on Toulon. His body was cast on the shore, robbed of a ring by some fishermen, and buried in the sand. The ring, discovering his quality, he was disinterred and brought home for burial in Westminster Abbey." *Morley*. Cf. also "Sir Roger in Westminster Abbey," *Spect.* No. 329. —35. **Is answerable**, i.e. is in keeping with, answers to.

157.—7. **Rostral crowns**, i.e. crowns adorned with figures of prows of ships (Lat. *rostrum*, a beak, a prow), and conferred by the Romans for a naval victory. The monument to Admiral Tyrrell (d. 1776), near the west end of the choir, representing rocks, clouds, sea, and ship, though ridiculed by modern critics, is in keeping with the suggestion of the *Spectator*, and Dean Stanley thinks that "its germ may even be seen in Addison's plaintive wish 'that our naval monuments might, like the Dutch, be adorned with rostral crowns,'" etc. *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, II. 108.

THE FINE LADY'S JOURNAL

158.—3. **On Tuesday last.** In his paper for March 4 (No. 317), the *Spectator* had given some specimen passages from the journal of a typical man-about-town "of greater consequence in his own thoughts than in the eyes of the world," and had recommended to his readers "the keeping of a journal of their lives for one week, and setting down punctually their whole series of employments during that space of time. This kind of self-examination would give them a true state of themselves and incline them to consider seriously what they are about. One day would rectify the omissions of another and make a man weigh all those indifferent actions which, though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for."—7. **The Journal of a Mohock.** The Mohocks were bands of aristocratic ruffians, who called themselves after the Indian tribe of Mohawks, and infested the streets of London after nightfall, playing brutal tricks upon passers-by. Some, called "sweaters," formed a circle round their prisoner and pricked him with their swords till he sank, exhausted, to the ground. Others were named "dancing-masters," from their skill in making their victims jump to avoid their sword-cuts. "They put an old woman into a hogshead and rolled her down a hill; they cut off some noses, others' hands, and several barbarous tricks without any provocation. They are said to be young gentlemen; they never take money." *Wentworth Papers*, March 14, 1712. The most violent outbreaks were in 1709 and 1712, and contemporary literature is full of references to them. See *Spect.* No. 324, No. 347, and the *Tatler* No. 171. Also Lecky's *England in the Eighteenth Cent.*, I. 522 sq., and Ashton's *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, II. 179–188.

159.—13. **Bohea**, i.e. tea; so called from a Chinese province where the tea-shrub is largely grown, and whence it was first imported into England in 1666. —14. **Tried a new head**, i.e. of hair. See "fontange" and "commode," *Cent. Dict.*—15. **Veny**, Clarinda's lap-dog.—18. **Cheapened a couple of fans.** Cheapened means bought. *Chapman* (German

Kaufman), tradesman; *Cheapside*, the tradesmen's quarters. Addison has an amusing paper on fans, *Spect.* No. 102.—24. **Basset,** a game of cards invented in Venice and popular in England in Addison's time. For a description of the game see note in Elwin and Courthope's *Pope*, IV. 473, taken from Cotton's *Book of Games* (1709).—27. **Punted,** appears to mean simply "played." To "punt" meant originally to keep *points*, to score. But the players were also called "punters."—28. **Aurengzebe,** a play by Dryden.—33. **Fontange, the tire woman.** Tire = attire, *tire-woman*, lady's maid. In naming her "Fontange" Addison suggests one of her principal duties, the dressing of her mistress's hair. The "fontange" was a head-dress which raised the hair and front part of the cap to a great height. So called after the Duchesse de Fontanges. For an account of head-dresses see Sydney's *England in the Eighteenth Cent.*, vol. I., Chap. IV.

160.—6. **Crimp,** a game at cards.—14. **Skuttle,** a spelling of scuttle, applied to a mincing gait affected by ladies of fashion. "She quitted the shop with an easy scuttle," *Spect.* No. 536.—24. **Groat,** a silver coin of the value of fourpence, first issued in the reign of Edward III. Its coinage was discontinued in 1662.—29. **Indamora,** the heroine of *Aurengzebe.*

161.—8. **Nicolini,** a famous Neopolitan actor and singer, whose contest with a lion in the opera of *Hydaspes* is the subject of an amusing paper in the *Spectator* for March 15, 1711 (No. 13).—9. **Ancora,** the Italian form of *encore*, "once more."—16. **Mobs.** A mob was a kind of cap or hood.—17. **The dumb-man.** The fortune teller, Duncan Campbell, who was said to be deaf and dumb and to have the gift of second sight, was a well-known character in London. See note on Campbell in Morley's edition of the *Spectator*, and *Tatler* No. 14.

162.—1. **Uncertain author.** This epitaph, formerly ascribed to Ben Jonson, was written by William Browne. See Prof. Schelling's *Elizabethan Lyrics*, note p. 294.

SIR RICHARD STEELE

ON TRUE DISTINCTION

163.—6. **The meanest artificer,** the humblest mechanic.—12. **Epictetus has made use,** etc. Epictetus, a celebrated stoic philosopher of the first century A.D. The passage referred to reads as follows: "Remember that your part in a play is assigned by the stage-master. . . . If he wishes you to act a part, whether it be that of a beggar, a cripple, a prince, or a common citizen, you are to act it to the best of your ability. The acting of a part belongs to you, the selecting of it to another." (Chap. XVII. *Enchiridion*, ed. Teubner.) See n. **66,** 10, and **66,** 11.—28. **This sense of mankind,** this estimate of mankind. Note that "of mankind" is objective genitive.

ON THE FUNERAL OF BETTERTON

164.—6. **Mr. Betterton.** *Thomas Betterton*, the son of one of King Charles's cooks, was the foremost actor on the English stage from the Restoration until his retirement in 1710, which took place only a few days before his death. In the opening number of the *Tatler* Steele gives an account of Betterton's benefit. In No. 71 of the *Tatler* he praises Betterton's Hamlet: "This excellent man and excellent actor

hastened his death by repelling a fit of the gout, which he did to enable himself to act, for his own benefit, the part of Melantius in 'The Maid's Tragedy.' This was on the 25th of April, 1710; and though he performed this his favourite part with great spirit, yet the distemper seized his head, and he died on the 28th. The best paper that Steele wrote in the *Tatler*, No. 167, contains an account of his death and the splendid ceremony of his interment on the 2d of May in Westminster Abbey." *Warton.*—26. **Roscius.** *Quintus Roscius Gallus*, a freedman and famous Roman actor. A life of Betterton was published in 1708 entitled *Roscius Anglicanus*, "the English Roscius."—26. **The greatest orator,** i e. Cicero, who has many references to his contemporary and friend in his writings, and who defended him in an oration, *Pro Quinto Roscio Comœdo*, still extant.—31. **Wanted only to be virtuous,** i.e. needed or required only to be virtuous. Note the shift of meaning from want = be without to want = desire, and mark parallel use of "require."

165.—4. **Tully reports,** i.e. Cicero. For English usage with regard to *nomen* and *cognomen*, cf. n. **178,** 35. Curiously enough, Addison generally calls him *Cicero*, while Steele seems to prefer *Tully*.—11. **The operas which are of late introduced.** The modern opera originated in Italy toward the close of the sixteenth century. It began to be cultivated in France and Germany about 1650, and was introduced into England toward the end of the century. Steele's sympathies are all with the older traditions of the English stage, and he regrets the popularity of the lighter and more frivolous opera, with its singing and dancing. For an interesting comparison of the French and Italian opera see No. 29 of the *Spectator*. Cf. also *Spect.* Nos. 5, 13, 14, 18, 22, 29, 31, and Lecky's *England in the Eighteenth Cent.*, pp. 168-170. For early singers see n. **131,** 8.

166.—4. **Brutus and Cassius.** *Jul. Cæs.* IV. 3.—5. **Hotspur's gallantry.** *K. Hen.* IV., Pt. I. v. 4.—6. **Falstaff.** See the death-bed scene immortalized in Mistress Quickley's description, *K. Hen.* V., III. 3.—16. **Macbeth.** Steele quotes Shakespeare with a disregard for the original text characteristic of an age that produced "versions" of Shakespeare. He quoted, probably from memory, Davenant's version, which is the same, except that for "moment" it has "minute."

RECOLLECTIONS

167.—2. **Manes** (Lat.), the shades of the dead, which were honored by the Romans as the tutelary divinities of their families.

168.—9. **Catched.** The form "catched" was in good use in the beginning of the eighteenth century.—10. **Beyond all patience of the silent grief,** etc., i.e. endurance of the silent grief. Cf. "impatience of importunity," in the essay on *Testimonials*, p. 171, l. 8.

170.—1. **Garraway's coffee-house,** so called from the name of the original proprietor, *Thomas Garraway*. It was one of the famous coffee-houses of London, and "frequented by people of quality."

ON TESTIMONIALS

171.—6. **Are tender,** etc. We still say, by the same figure, feel a delicacy about doing something.—6. **Exceptions,** i.e. objections; still common in this sense in the singular with the preposition "to."—7. **Are mortgaged into promises,** etc., i.e. in order to rid themselves of

those who are continually asking favors, they make promises by which they are "mortgaged," i.e. made liable for others.—16. **When one of these undertakers,** etc. The word "undertaker," here simply "manager," had not yet been confined to its present special application, "manager of funerals," though occasionally used in this sense.—18. **The Patron shall be worried, or you prevail,** i.e. the patron shall be worried until you get your office.—27. **Dishumour,** ill-humor, vexation.

172 —8. **Temple.** See note on *Templars,* **152,** 36.—17. **Thinks much,** i e. thinks it a great hardship to sleep, etc., while waiting for his master.—.2. **Flustered,** fuddled. "When Caska adds to his natural impudence the *fluster* of a bottle," etc. *Tatler* No. 252.—23. **To alarm the watch.** Addison thus describes the practices of a certain class of topers: "They take care to drink themselves to a pitch . . . then make a general sally and attack all that are so unfortunate as to walk the streets through which they patrol. . . . To put the watch to a total rout, and mortify some of those inoffensive militia, is reckoned a *coup-d'éclat.*" *Spect.* 324.—32. **Equipage,** retinue. Though his love of order disqualified him for Jack's service, it was a valuable quality, etc.

173.—1. **To Claudius Nero.** Horace, *Epistles* I. 9. The Latin verse is humorously translated into the customary prose form of a letter of introduction.

LORD BOLINGBROKE

REFLECTIONS UPON EXILE

174.—13. **Let us set all our past,** etc. This is one of the many places throughout the essay in which Bolingbroke follows the little treatise, *Of Consolation,* which Lucius Annæus Seneca addressed to his mother Helvia (*De Consolatione ad Helviam*). Mr. J. Churton Collins says: "The 'Reflections on Exile' is in truth little more than a loose paraphrase of Seneca's 'Consolatio ad Helviam,' garnished with illustrative matter from Cicero and Plutarch, and enlivened with a few anecdotes derived principally from the Roman historians and from Diogenes Laertius." See *Bolingbroke, An Historical Study,* p. 110 *et seq.*

175.—7. **The oracle gave to Zeno.** "Hecator likewise, and Apollonius the Tyrian, report, that upon his (Zeno's) consulting the oracle, what course was fittest for a man to take that intended to regulate and govern his life after the best manner? The Deity returned for answer, that he should keep consortship with the dead. Upon which he fell to reading the lives of the ancients." "Life of Zeno," in Diogenes Laertius's *Lives of the Philosophers.*—10. **Thrasos.** That is, philosophy has also her men like *Thrasos,* a blustering braggart captain, in one of Terence's comedies. Cf. *thrasonical,* boasting, vainglorious, as in Shaks. *As You Like It,* IV. 2, 34.—24. **The Portique,** i.e. the *portico,* or the *porch.* The philosophical sect, or school, founded by Zeno of Cyprus, was called *Stoic,* from the Greek word *stoa,* a porch, because Zeno taught in a famous portico in Athens, known as the "Painted Porch" (*Poecile Stoa*), or simply as "the Porch." Hence the Stoics are spoken of as the "philosophers of the porch," or "the portico." In speaking of *the paradoxes of the Portique,* however, Bolingbroke seems to have confused Zeno, the founder of the Stoics, with another Greek philosopher, Zeno of Elea, who lived some two hundred years earlier, and who put forth and maintained certain propositions which from their character are known as the *paradoxes.*

177.—25. **Phocian,** a Greek statesman and soldier, who helped to defend the Spartans in a sea-fight off Naxos, and who repulsed on land the army of Philip of Macedon. Later his Macedonian policy brought him into opposition to Demosthenes. He was falsely accused of treason and executed at Athens, B.C. 317. The story told in the text is found in Plutarch's *Life of Phocian.*

178.—12. **Zeno rejoiced.** This was *Zeno the Stoic.* See n. **175,** 24, and Anthon's *Class. Dict.*—20. **What Anacharsis,** etc. Diogenes Laertius reports *Anacharsis* as saying "that the vine bears three sorts of clusters: the first of pleasure, the second of debauchery, and the third of discontent and repentance.". "Life of Anacharsis" in *The Lives of the Philosophers. Anacharsis* was a Scythian philosopher who resided for some time in Athens. Numerous epigrammatic sayings are attributed to him similar to the one given above. His strong, sententious way of expressing himself gave rise to the proverbial expression, "Scythian eloquence."—33. **Our ignorance in asking.** This expression occurs in a prayer in the Church of England service: "Almighty God, . . . who knoweth our necessities before we ask, *and our ignorance in asking,* etc.—35. **Tully,** i.e. *Cicero,* whose full name was *Marcus Tullius Cicero.* The use of *Tully* instead of *Cicero,* very general in the older English writers, has been for some time abandoned except in poetry, where it has been employed in comparatively recent times by Byron and others. (For system of names among the Romans, see *Nomen* in Harper's *Dict. Class. Lit.* Cf. n. **165,** 4.

179.—1. **The firmest hero of the Portique.** See n. **175,** 24, and cf. Shakes. *Much Ado About Nothing,* V. 1.

> "For never yet was a philosopher
> That could endure the tooth-ache patiently;
> However they have writ the style of gods,
> And made a push at chance and sufferance."

—11. **Felicis animi,** etc. The immovable serenity of the happy soul. Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, Seneca, and the other Stoic philosophers laid great stress on the attainment of a lofty tranquillity of mind which all earthly shocks or accidents would be powerless to disturb. The opposing philosophical sect of the Epicureans held that pleasure (*voluptas*) is the chief end of our existence.—23. **Per mare pauperiem,** etc. Flying poverty through the sea, through the rocks, through the flames.—24. **Chrysippus.** A Stoic philosopher who resided in Athens, and lived about 200 B.C. *Chrysippus* quoted with approval the following saying of the Athenian philosopher Antisthenes, although it expresses the directly opposite sentiment to that quoted in the text: "A man should be provided either with sense to understand, or with a halter to hang himself." (See Plutarch, *Contradictions of the Stoic Philosophers,* and also the comment on this anecdote in Montaigne's *Essays,* "Apology for Raimond Sebond.")—37. **Si nolis sanus,** etc. If you are unwilling when well, you shall run when dropsical. Hor. *Epis.* 1, 2, 34.

180.—8. **The effiminate prince.** The allusion seems to have been taken from the following passage in Plutarch, but no particular prince is referred to: "For Nature hath permitted us to go and walk through the world loose and at liberty; but we for our parts imprison ourselves, and we may thank ourselves that we are pent up in straight rooms, and notwithstanding that we do this by ourselves, *yet we mock the Persian*

kings, for that (if it be true which is reported of them) *they drink of all the water only of the river Choaspes,* by which means they make all the continent besides waterless, for any good they have of it," etc. *Morals,* "On Banishment." The water of Choaspes "was so pure that the Persian kings used to carry it with them in silver vessels when on foreign expeditions." Smith's *Class. Dict.*—10. **The simple Queen,** i.e. Jocaste in *The Phœnician Virgins* of Euripides. The passage referred to is as follows. Jocaste is speaking.

> "To a mother grievous this,
> Grievous to high-born Laius, this disgrace,
> To be allied to strangers; nor did I
> Light, as our country's rites require, the torch
> To attend thy nuptials, office well becoming
> A happy mother: his unconscious stream
> Ismenus roll'd, and his delicious wave
> Fill'd not the bridal bath;" etc.
>
> (Potter's trans.)

23. **Demetrius Phalerius,** a Greek orator, who, when driven from Athens, B.C. 306, took refuge in Alexandria, where he enjoyed the favor of Ptolemy. He was exiled by Ptolemy II. to upper Egypt, and there killed himself.

181.—13. **Scipio.** *Publius Cornelius Scipio,* the conqueror of Hannibal, who gained the name of *Africanus.* In spite of his great services, he lost the popular favor, and was forced by the attacks of his enemies to retire to his country-place at Liternum.—15. **Innocuas Amo,** etc. I love innocent pleasures and learned quiet, or, in Bolingbroke's phraseology, "Rural amusements and philosophical meditations."—18. **Lælius.** *Lælius,* whose wisdom gained for him the name of *Sapius:* a philosopher, orator, and lover of country life, closely associated with Scipio Africanus the Younger. The friendship of Scipio and *Lælius* became almost proverbial, and for this reason Cicero gave *Lælius* a prominent part in his dialogue on *Friendship* (*De Amicitia*).

182.—16. **Cleanthes.** A Stoic philosopher; disciple and successor of Zeno. His *Hymn to Jupiter,* in the *Anthology,* is all that remains to us out of his numerous works.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

THE LADY'S MISERY IN A SUMMER RETIREMENT

183.—4. **Erratic** (Lat. *errare,* to wander, then to stray, hence err); here, literally, the pleasures of roaming.—8. **And good hands,** i.e. at cards.

184.—19. **Ashamed to confess a conquest.** Note that *conquest* has here a passive sense; — *ashamed to confess* that *they have been conquered.* As used farther on it is active: "Accustomed to move important conquests," p. 185, l. 8.

185.—1. **And visits either tropic,** i.e. the astronomical tropics, circles in the celestial sphere 23½° distant from the equator, called from the signs of the zodiac through which they pass *Capricorn* and *Cancer.* The sun in his southern or winter declination visits the tropic of *Capricorn* on the 22d of December. Turning northward (*tropic,* from the Greek, means turning-point), he visits *Cancer,* the summer tropic, on the 21st of June, the summer solstice. The solstice is the *time,* the tropic the *point* at which the sun turns in his summer or winter declination, and *tropics* in this sense must not be confused with the geo-

graphical *zones* of like name.—14. **Routs,** noisy entertainments.—15. **Ridottos,** dancing-parties; an Italian word.—16. **The Platonists imagine,** etc. For the Platonic doctrine of future rewards and punishments see Jowett's translation of the *Phædo* near the close, § 131. Cf. also the close of the *Republic,* Milton's *Comus,* lines 461–475, and the *Spectator,* No. 90.

186.—8. **Speculatist,** a philosopher, a theorizer; almost obs.—10. **Capacity of knowledge.** Modern usage requires capacity *for* knowledge.—20. **Apprehension,** from *apprehend,* to understand, therefore "the mind."

COLLINS

186.—33. **About 1720.** Collins was born Dec. 25, 1721. Dr. Johnson's uncertainty arose from the fact that Collins's baptism in the parish register is dated 1721, 1 Jan^{y}; but this entry is, according to W. M. Thomas ("Memoir of Collins" in the *Aldine Poets*), made according to the ecclesiastical year, which did not end until March 24. The preceding Dec. 25 would therefore be 1721, according to both ecclesiastical and civil reckoning. The civil year beginning Jan. 1 and the ecclesiastical March 25 it was customary to give to the intervening months a double date, thus, Feb. 1721–22. This double reckoning was abolished by the Calendar Amendment Act of 1751, which recognized Jan. 1 as the official beginning of the new year.—34. **Dr. Warton.** *Dr. Joseph Warton* (1722–1800), schoolfellow of Collins at Winchester and his life-long friend. He was for many years head-master of Winchester school. He and his younger brother, Thomas Warton, were among the first critical champions of the "romantic" as opposed to the prevalent "classical" school of poetry. Thomas Warton's *History of English Poetry* helped to revive the interest in Spenser and the Elizabethans, and emphasized the imaginative rather than the didactic elements in poetry. Joseph Warton published in 1744 a blank-verse poem, *The Enthusiast, or the Love of Nature,* and his *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope* is a protest against the artificial standards of correctness set up by Pope and his followers.

187.—1. **Winchester College.** *Winchester School,* or the *College of St. Mary Winton,* one of the leading English public schools, attended by about 400 boys. It was founded towards the end of the fourteenth century by William of Wykeham, who was also the founder of New College, Oxford (1393). A certain number of New College scholarships are open to students of Winchester.—9. **Commoner of Queen's College,** founded 1340 by Robert de Eglesfield, confessor of Philippa, Edward III.'s queen, for whom it was named. It was Addison's college, not to be confounded with the more famous Queen's College of Cambridge, founded by Margaret of Anjou, Henry VI.'s queen. A "commoner" at Oxford is a student who does not depend on the "foundation," or endowment, for support, but pays for his own board and eats at the common table; the Cambridge term is "pensioner."—11. **Demy of Magdalen College.** Magdalen, founded by Bishop Waynflete in 1458, is architecturally the most beautiful of the Oxford colleges. Addison, like Collins, was part of the time enrolled at Magdalen, and a shady walk in the college grounds is still known as "Addison's Walk." A *Demy* is the holder of one of certain scholarships at Magdalen, now worth about $400 annually and tenable for five years. The *Demys* are so called because their allowance was originally half that of a Fellow. (Murray, *Eng. Dict.*)—24. **Leo the Tenth,** Pope from 1513–1521,

was distinguished for his encouragement of art and letters at a time when the Italian Renaissance was at its height. His successor, Adrian VI. (Pope 1522–1523), a man of austere piety, attempted to check the abuses that had crept into the Church, and had little sympathy with the Renaissance spirit.—33. **Immured by a bailiff.** i.e. for his debts. The "Debtors' Act" in 1869 abolished imprisonment for debt in England.

188.—10. **Having formerly written his character,** etc. Johnson's "Character" of Collins appeared in the *Political Calendar,* 1763, and was inserted as part of the *Life* in 1781.—18. **Peculiar habits of thought,** etc. This whole passage,—all the more striking because written by a man wholly out of sympathy with the things Collins delighted in,—shows the young poet, at least by instinctive sympathy, a representative of the new romanticism. Collins is here presented to us as an exemplar of the very spirit of that movement which Theodore Watts has styled "The Renaissance of Wonder." Compare with Johnson's estimate, as representing eighteenth-century canons of criticism, Swinburne's appreciative essay in *Ward's English Poets,* vol. III., and Lowell's tribute to Collins as the true beginner of The Romantic Movement, in the *Essay on Pope;* also the *Memoir,* by W. M. Thomas, pp. li–liii.—22. **He delighted to rove through the meanders,** etc., i.e. the mazes, or windings; from the river Meander in Asia Minor, noted for its tortuous course. It is only the noun that is uncommon now.—38. **His morals were pure,** etc. A striking example of generous tolerance in one who was himself a stern moralist.

189.—20. **Intellects.** Plural, like "wits." The eighteenth century writers sometimes used the plural where we use the singular. So *dispositions* for *disposition* in the *Life of Pope.*—24. **Where death, in 1756,** etc. Johnson is wrong in the date. Collins died 1759, June 12th.

190.—2. **Oriental Eclogues,** published as *Persian Eclogues* in 1742 and republished as *Oriental Eclogues* in 1757.—4. **Irish Eclogues.** According to W. M. Thomas, Collins in calling them Irish "simply referred to some remarkable blunders in his first edition," of which he goes on to give some instances. (See the "Memoir" in his ed. of *Collins,* p. lvi.) The real point seems to lie in the contrast between Irish and Oriental. *Irish Eclogues* in themselves are no more suggestive of "blunders" than *Irish Melodies;* but to conceive eclogues Oriental and bring them forth Irish carries a suggestion of ludicrous incongruity. Collins saw that he had not really succeeded in reproducing the Oriental spirit and felt the incongruity between the eastern customs, names, etc., and the flavor of the poem.—5. **John Home** (1722–1808), a Scotch clergyman who was censured by his presbytery for writing plays. His tragedy, *Douglas,* founded on the Scottish ballad of *Childe Maurice,* was produced in Edinburgh in 1756. Collins met him in 1749 at Winchester, where they were visiting a common friend.—7. **But which no search has yet found.** It was first published in 1788 in the transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and since then has been included in the editions of Collins's poetry.—31. **Mr. Collins's first production.** Published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1739, while Collins was still at school.

LETTER TO LORD CHESTERFIELD

191.—**Chesterfield.** *Philip Dormer Stanhope,* fourth Earl of Chesterfield (1694–1773), was a famous man of fashion and a patron of letters.

He wrote a series of *Letters to his Son* in which good manners are divorced from character, and viewed as external elegance of behavior and mere surface polish, rather than as the expression of inward nobility, grace, and fine feeling Believing it necessary to have a patron, Johnson, in 1747, at the suggestion of Dodsley, addressed to Chesterfield, who was then Secretary of State, the "Plan" of his dictionary, but was disappointed by Chesterfield's subsequent indifference. "After making great professions," says Dr. Johnson, "he had for many years taken no notice of me; but when my dictionary was coming out he fell a-scribbling in the 'World' about it. Upon which I wrote him a letter expressed in civil terms, but such as might show him that I did not mind what he said or wrote, and that I had done with him." This "letter," remarkable as a piece of literature, is even more memorable for its daring and for its effect on the position of authors in England. It may be called a literary declaration of independence. Henceforth, writers were to depend less and less on some powerful or aristocratic patron, and more on the public and on themselves. Hence Carlyle called Johnson's letter "that far-famed blast of doom, proclaiming into the ear of Lord Chesterfield, and, through him, of the listening world, that patronage should be no more." (Essay on *Boswell's Life of Johnson.*) The *Dictionary* came out in 1755. For a full account of the circumstances that led to the publication of the letter, see Hill's Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, I. 256–263.—7. **I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the World,** etc. "The World" appeared from 1753–1765 under the editorship of Adam Fitz Adam (Edward Moore). The publisher was Dodsley. Among its contributors were the Earl of Chesterfield and Horace Walpole. The papers Johnson refers to appeared anonymously Nov. 28 and Dec. 5, 1754. Boswell quotes extracts from them, I. 258 and 259. Their object probably was to flatter Johnson into dedicating his *Dictionary* to Chesterfield, but they drew from him the "letter" instead.—16. **Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre,** the conqueror of the conqueror of the earth; quoted from Boileau's *L'Art poetique:* "I sing the conqueror of the conquerors of the earth," III. 272.—25. **Seven years, my Lord, have now past,** etc. Boswell says "that a sudden disgust was taken by Johnson upon occasion of his having been one day kept long in waiting in his Lordship's antechamber, for which the reason assigned was that he had company with him; and that at last when the door opened, out walked Colley Cibber, and that Johnson was so violently provoked when he found for whom he had been so long excluded, that he went away in a passion and never would return." *Boswell,* I. 236. Though Boswell quotes Johnson as denying the accuracy of this story, some such occurrence as this is evidently alluded to in the "letter." "Dr. Johnson in Lord Chesterfield's Anteroom" is the subject of a picture by Edward Matthew Ward (1816–1879) in the National Gallery.—29. **Without one act of assistance.** Johnson told his friend, Mr. Langton, when he gave him the copy of the letter from which it was made public, that he had once received ten pounds from Chesterfield, but "as that was so inconsiderable a sum, he thought the mention of it could not properly find place in a letter of the kind that this was." Moreover, this small amount was probably received by Johnson in 1747 in return for the compliment paid to Chesterfield in his "Plan," so that he might still say with truth in 1755 that "he had worked on the dictionary and brought it to the verge of publication without one act of assistance."—33. **The Shepherd in Virgil.** In the eighth *Eclogue* of Vergil, the shepherd Damon,

who has lost the favor of his mistress, cries: "Now I know what Love is. Among the rugged rocks is his birth-place. . . . The boy is not of our race or blood" (l. 43-45). Johnson, like the shepherd, found the road to a patron's favour a hard and stony one to tread.—35. **Is not a Patron, my Lord,** etc. In his dictionary Johnson defined *patron* as "commonly a wretch who supports with insolence and is paid with flattery." (This definition disappears in the abridgment, but remains in the fourth edition.) To Garrick, Johnson said: "I have sailed a long and painful voyage round the world of the English language, and does he now send out two cock-boats (i.e. the articles in the *World*) to tow me into harbour?" Murphy's *Johnson*, quoted by Hill, Boswell's *Johnson*, I. 260.

192.—11. **With so little obligation,** etc. "The *English Dictionary* was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow." Hill's Boswell's *Johnson*, I. 263.

CHARACTER OF POPE.

192.—Though recent investigations have brought to light many new details with regard to Pope's life, and have exhibited some of the known facts in new relations, there is no need to revise in any essential particular Johnson's account of the poet's life or his estimate of Pope's personal and literary character. The standard edition of Pope—the great work of Elwin and Courthope in ten volumes—may be consulted for additional information upon the points touched in the selection from Johnson. Its introductions, appendices, and copious notes are a mine of valuable and interesting information upon all the literary personages and movements of Pope's day, and are made easily accessible to the general student by means of the Index in Vol. V.—20. **In his account of the Little Club.** A club of men under five feet in height, described by Pope in the *Guardian*, Nos. 91 and 92, under the *nom de plume* "Bob Short." His account of himself is as follows: "The most eminent persons of our assembly are: a little poet, a little lover, a little politician, and a little hero. The first of these, Dick Distich by name, we have elected president, not only as he is the shortest of us all, but because he has entertained so just a sense of the stature as to go generally in black, that he may appear yet less. . . . The figure of the man is odd enough: he is a lively little creature, with long arms and legs. *A spider is no ill emblem of him.* He has been taken at a distance for a small wind-mill."—26. **His stature was so low,** etc. Pope was 4 ft. 6 in. in height. Cf. the *Guardian*, 91. "The table was so high that one who came by chance to the door, seeing our chins just above the pewter dishes, took us for a circle of men that sat ready to be shaved, and sent in half a dozen barbers."—31. **"Long disease,"** Pope's own expression:

> "The muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,
> To help me through this *long disease*, my life."
> *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, l. 131.

193.—2. **Required,** not "needed" but "asked for."—3. **Most of what can be told,** etc. The particulars that follow are taken from an account of the "Person of Mr. Pope," which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1775 over the signature D. How closely Johnson followed this account may be seen from a short extract:

"Mr. Pope was unable to dress or undress himself, or get into bed without help ; nor could he stand upright till a kind of stays, made of stiff linen, were laced on him, one of his sides being contracted almost to the back-bone." Other particulars he derived from *Spence's Anecdotes*, the MS. of which was lent to him.—4. **Earl of Oxford.** *Edward Harley*, second Earl of Oxford (1689–1741), friend, admirer, and correspondent of Pope. Pope spent much time at Oxford's house, enjoying free access to the famous Harleian library, founded by Robert Harley, the first Earl of Oxford. Lord Oxford "was always ready to lend his amanuensis for the purpose of copying the MSS. of Pope and Swift."—8. **Fur doublet.** The doublet, originally an outer coat, had become an undergarment in King Charles's time, the prototype of the modern waistcoat. See *Cent. Dict.*, def. 4 and illustrations.—20. **Tie-wig.** A wig that has the hair gathered and tied at the back with a ribbon.—28. *C'est que l'enfant*, etc.

> There is always a man in the infant,
> There is always an infant in the man.

—31. **The Prince of Wales.** This occurred after the accession of George II. in 1727, when Frederick (who died before his father in 1751) was Prince of Wales. He became the head of the opposition to Walpole in 1737, and about that time frequently dined at Pope's house. See n. **196,** 28.

194.—24. **Hannibal, says Juvenal,** etc. Hannibal, after the Carthaginian campaign, became a fugitive in Asia Minor. Fearing arrest and death at the hands of a treacherous satrap, he took poison, which he always carried with him in a ring. So that it may be said the ring, in causing the death of Hannibal, avenged the slaughter of Cannæ. The reference is to the *Tenth Satire* of Juvenal, l. 164 :

> "Not swords, not rocks, nor spears will end that life
> That once involved all men in bloody strife;
> Not these the slayer will to justice bring—
> Avenged is Cannæ's carnage by a ring."

—28. **Potted lampreys.** The lamprey, when full grown, resembles an eel, and is considered a delicacy. *Potted* = preserved. — 36. **"He hardly drank tea without a stratagem,"** attributed to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. See n. **195,** 30.

195.—3. **Lord Orrery.** *John Boyle*, the fifth Earl of Orrery (1707–1762), was the friend of Swift, Pope, and Johnson. He was an opponent of Walpole, a man of literary aspirations and a correspondent of Pope and Swift.—7. **His unjustifiable impression.** In publishers' use the *impression* of a book means a certain number of additional copies printed without change in the text. An *edition* includes all the copies of a book as originally published, or all the copies afterwards printed at one time, in which some changes are made in the original form.—7. **The Patriot King,** a political essay written by Henry St. John, first Viscount Bolingbroke (1678–1751). "The Patriots" was the name given to a faction of the Whig party in the reigns of George I. and George II., opposed to the rule of Walpole. Bolingbroke, after the failure of the Pretender's cause, had affiliated himself with them, and wrote the *Patriot King* in defence of their principles. Not deeming it wise at the time to publish the essay broadcast, he entrusted the manuscript to Pope, who was to have a few copies printed for distribution among Bolingbroke's friends, and Pope, according to Johnson, "as-

sured him that no more had been printed than were allowed." When, soon after Pope's death, it was discovered that 1500 copies had been printed and secretly kept by the printer at Pope's request, Bolingbroke's indignation knew no bounds, and he publicly attacked the memory of his former friend. See Churton Collins's *Bolingbroke: An Historical Study.* For Pope's relation to the opposition party, see Courthope's *Life*, Chap. XIV.—15. **So near his time.** Pope died 1744. The *Lives of the Poets* appeared in 1781.—20. **Inscription for Shakespeare.** "When Dr. Mead once urged to our author the authority of Patrick, the dictionary-maker, against the latinity of the expression, '*amor publicus*,' which he had used in an inscription, he replied that he would allow a dictionary-maker to understand a single word, but not two words put together." Warton.—21. **Patrick.** *Samuel Patrick* (1684-1748), classical scholar, a master at the Charter House School, and editor of Greek and Latin dictionaries.—22. **Horresco referens,** I shudder to relate. *Verg. Æn.* II. 204.—30. **Lady Mary Wortley [Montagu]** (1689-1762), a brilliant member of the literary circle to which Pope belonged. She was a leader in London society, the intimate of Queen Caroline, wrote poetry, and is remembered for her *Letters.* Pope was at first attracted by her, but a quarrel ensued, and the poet attacked her in his satires with bitter malignity.

196.—6. **The remaining copy of the "Iliad,"** preserved in the British Museum. (Cf. D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature.*)—28. **His grotto.** The famous "grotto" at Twickenham was a tunnel, decorated with shells, looking-glasses, and minerals, connecting Pope's grounds, which lay on either side of the London road. In this "Egerian grot" were held political meetings, which were sometimes attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and at which Bolingbroke and other enemies of Walpole discussed means of realizing the doctrines of the *Patriot King.*—28. **Quincunx,** (Lat.). Groups of five trees (Lat. *quinque*) planted in squares, one at each corner and one in the middle.—32. **Mint.** A building in Southwark, London, where debtors formerly found shelter and immunity from arrest. In 1723 this use of the *Mint* as a place of sanctuary was practically abolished by statute. It was actually a mint for the coinage of money in the reign of Henry VIII.

197.—4. **Savage.** *Richard Savage* (1698–1743), a poet who is remembered chiefly through Johnson's *Life of Savage*, in the same collection in which the *Life of Pope* appeared. See n. **201,** 28.—6. **Distich for his Highness's dog.**

> "I am his Highness's dog at Kew,
> Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?"

—9. **Congreve** (1670–1729), writer of comedies that reflect the brilliancy, the wit, but also the coarseness and moral callousness of the Augustan Age. Cf. Pope's reference to him in the Preface to his translation of the *Iliad.* Macaulay has explained why Pope should have dedicated the *Iliad* to *Congreve.* Whigs and Tories had vied in their patronage of the translation, and to avoid offence to either party it was necessary to find some person who was at once eminent and neutral. *Congreve* united these requisites.—17. **To his latter works, however,** etc. "How foolish was it in Pope to give all his friendships to Lords who thought they honored him by being with him; and to choose such Lords as Burlington, and Cobham, and Bolingbroke! Bathurst was negative, a pleasing man; and I have heard no ill of March-

mont." Hill's Boswell's *Johnson*, III. 347.—19. **Lord Bathurst.** *Allen Bathurst* (1684–1775), the first earl of that name; a prominent Tory statesman, the friend of Pope and Swift, whose career stretched through three quarters of the eighteenth century. See the celebrated reference to him in Burke's *Speech on Conciliation*. Pope addressed to him the third of his *Moral Essays*.—21. **He can derive little honour,** etc. This statement must, of course, be read in the light of Johnson's own strong prejudices. Thus his antipathy to the tendency of Bolingbroke's writings was transferred to their author, of whom he said: "Sir, he was a scoundrel and a coward: a scoundrel for charging a blunderbuss against religion, and a coward because he had not the resolution to fire it off himself, but left half a crown to a beggarly Scotchman to draw the trigger after his death." (Bolingbroke's works were brought out posthumously in 1754 by David Mallet, a Scotchman. Hill's Boswell's *Johnson*, I. p. 268.—22. **Cobham.** *Sir Richard Temple*, Viscount Cobham (1669–1749), a statesman and soldier, who broke with Walpole and the King as a result of his opposition to the South Sea Company. He formed the independent Whig section known as the "Boy Patriots," which in 1753 was joined by William Pitt. Pope dedicated to him the first of his *Moral Essays*.—22. **Burlington.** *Richard Boyle*, third Earl of Burlington (1695–1753), celebrated for his cultivation of the Italian style of architecture. Pope addressed to him the fourth of his *Moral Essays*, afterward entitled *On False Taste*.

199.—10. **Dreadful winter of 1740.** In the "Historical Chronicle" of the *Gentleman's Magazine* we read, under Thursday, Jan. 31, 1740: "This month the frost, which began the 26th of last, grew more severe than has been known since the memorable winter of 1715-16. . . . The Thames represented a snowy field, rising everywhere in hillocks and huge rocks of ice and snow; booths, stalls, and printing-presses were erected and a *Frost Fair* held on it. . . . Several perished with cold in the streets and fields in and about the city. . . . The rivers Severn, Tyne, the Avon by Bristol, the rivers of Forth, Tay, etc., in Scotland, and the Liffey by Dublin, were all frozen up like the Thames, and by all advices from Holland, France, Germany, etc., the cold was extreme. . . . The streets of London were so clogged with snow and ice that hackney-coaches went with three or four horses, and coal-carts up the streets from the wharves with eight horses."—18. **As he happened to live in two reigns,** etc. The greater part of Pope's literary career was included within the reigns of the first two Georges (1714–27–60). Neither George I., who could not speak English, nor George II. were patrons of literature. In the *Epistle to Augustus*, addressed to George II., Pope wrote:

> "But verse, alas! your Majesty disdains;
> And I'm not us'd to panegyric strains."

—22. **And he had not much to say,** etc. Boswell, however, records his retort on this occasion: "The young lion is harmless, and even playful, but when his claws are full grown he becomes cruel, dreadful, and mischievous." Hill's Boswell's *Johnson*, IV. 50.—27. **Emmets,** an older form of ant.

200.—10. **Lest the clerks of the Post-office should know his secrets.** "It is perfectly grievous to have the common proofs of affection between friends pried into and often stopped by the clerks of the Post." *Letter to Lord Orrery*, March 27, 1749.—34. **And, indeed, it must have been some very powerful reason,** etc. The essay in the *Rambler* on

A Lady's Misery in a Summer's Retirement (see p. 183) is a characteristic illustration of this Johnsonian point of view.—36. **In the letters both of Pope and Swift.** Of their correspondence Johnson says: "Pope may be said to write always with his reputation in his head; Swift, perhaps, like a man that remembered he was writing to Pope."

201.—17. **His malignity to Phillips.** "This year [1713] was printed in the *Guardian* the ironical comparison between the pastorals of Philips and Pope, a composition of artifice, criticism, and literature, to which nothing equal will easily be found. The superiority of Pope is so ingeniously dissembled and the feeble lines of Philips so ingeniously preferred, that Steele, being deceived, was unwilling to print the paper lest Pope should be offended. Addison immediately saw the writer's design, and, as it seems, had malice enough to conceal the discovery and permit a publication which by making his friend Philips ridiculous made him forever an enemy to Pope." Johnson. —19. **Of his vain desire to make Bentley contemptible.** *Richard Bentley* (1662–1742), one of the foremost classical scholars of his time, had offended Pope by his criticism of the translation of the *Iliad:* "It is a pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer." Pope attacked *Bentley* in his *Satires,* and once wrote of him in a letter: "As to Dr. Bentley and Milton, I think the one above and the other below all criticism." But *Bentley's* scholarship was proof against Pope's satire. For the connection of *Bentley* with the controversy which led to Swift's *Battle of the Books* see *Int. to Eng. Lit.,* p. 228.—22. **Chandos.** In his poem on *False Taste* (see 2d n. **197,** 22) Pope had criticised the house, furniture, and gardens of "Timon," generally believed to represent the *Duke of Chandos,* at whose splendid country-seat, "Canons," Pope had been hospitably entertained. The poet tried to escape from the reproach brought upon himself by this attack, by writing a letter of apology to the Duke of Chandos, "which was answered with great magnanimity as by a man who accepted his excuses without believing his professions." See Johnson's *Life.*—22. **Hill.** *Aaron Hill* (1685–1750) was one of the pigmy authors satirized in the *Dunciad. Hill* "expostulated with Pope in a manner so superior to all mean solicitation that Pope was reduced to sneak and shuffle, sometimes to deny, and sometimes to apologize; he first endeavours to wound, and is then afraid to own that he meant a blow." Johnson. Cf. *Dunciad* II. 295.—27. **Dodsley.** A publisher whom Pope helped to start in business, being pleased with his poem, *The Toy Shop.*—28. **Subscription of forty pounds . . . for Savage.** *Savage* had rendered Pope some service by procuring information concerning the "dunces" whom Pope attacked in his satire. Pope paid the subscription of which Johnson speaks until 1743, when, finding that *Savage* had paid his kindness with ingratitude, he wrote to him that henceforth he must leave him to his own resources. Johnson had himself experienced the kindness of Pope's disposition. His poem *London* appearing on the same day with Pope's *Satires,* "1738," Pope inquired about the young author, then quite unknown, and wrote to some of his political friends in Johnson's behalf. See *Boswell,* Hill's ed., I. pp. 127, 128, 133, 142–143.—37. **Lost a single friend,** etc. Johnson apparently overlooks Pope's quarrel with Addison.—38. **His ungrateful mention of Allen,** etc. The one whom Pope loved with greater fondness was Martha Blount, whom but for his physical weakness and deformity he would have married. Pope was under obligations to *Mr. Allen* of Bath, but it seems *Mr. Allen* had in some way mortally offended Martha Blount,

who refused to accept any legacy from Pope unless he would promise first to make good in his will his obligation to *Mr. Allen*. Pope accordingly left £150 to *Mr. Allen*, "being to the best of my calculation the amount of what I have received from him, partly for my own, partly for charitable uses; if he refuses to take this himself, I desire him to employ it in a way I am persuaded he will not dislike, to the benefit of the Bath Hospital." *Mr. Allen* so employed it, observing that Pope was always a bad accountant, and that if he had added another cipher to the £150 he would have come nearer the truth.

202.—3. **His violation of the trust,** etc., i.e. in the *Patriot King* affair. Pope's motive seems to have been simply a desire not to have so valuable a work lost. "I have heard him speak of some work of Lord Bolingbroke's which that Lord desired to suppress; he spoke of it as too valuable to the world to be so used; and said he would not suffer it to be lost to it." Martha Blount in *Spence's Anecdotes*, 2d ed., p. 272 (May 18, 1749); cf. also *ib.* p. 281.—12. **The Earl of Marchmont.** *Hugh Hume*, third Earl of Marchmont (1708–1794), was one of the literary executors of Pope. He furnished some of the data for Johnson's *Life*. Cf. *Boswell*, IV. 50, and Hill's note.—16. **In his correspondence with Racine.** That is with *Louis Racine*, a son of the great French poet, Jean Baptiste Racine. In a letter to him, written in French, Pope declares himself to be a good Catholic and says: "My views are conformable to those of Pascal and Fénelon, the latter of whom I would most readily imitate in submitting all my opinions to the decision of the church." For the philosophy of the *Essay on Man*, Pope was indebted largely to Bolingbroke, whose system was rationalistic and opposed to revealed religion. But Pope was not aware of the real significance of the views of which he had made himself the mouthpiece in his *Essay*, and was very much pleased when his friend Bishop Warburton came to the rescue with an orthodox interpretation in his *Critical and Philosophical Commentary* on Mr. Pope's *Essay on Man*. For Pope's dependence on Bolingbroke see Mark Pattison's introduction in his edition of the *Essay on Man*, pp. 10–11, and Churton Collins's *Bolingbroke*.—36. **The "Essay on Criticism"** appeared in 1709, when Pope was 21.

203.—2. **Paracelsus** (1493–1541), a celebrated German physician, alchemist, and philosopher, who substituted for the abstract speculations of the scholastics the study of living nature. Johnson means that Pope, like *Paracelsus*, learned from life.—7. **Dobson,** an author who had gained reputation by his version of Prior's *Solomon*, was employed by Pope to translate the *Essay* into Latin verse.—17. **Verse to Jervas.** *Jervas* (1675–1739) was a well-known and fashionable portrait-painter. There is a portrait of *Pope and Martha Blount* by him in the National Portrait Gallery. Pope at one time thought of becoming painter as well as poet and put himself under the tuition of *Jervas*. In a poetical epistle to *Jervas*, published 1716, he wrote:

> "What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,
> Rome's pompous glories rising to the thought!
> Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
> Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy."

204.—11. **To mend,** amend, improve.—17. **Independent distich,** a highly suggestive anecdote. Much of Pope's poetry lacks the continuity of movement we find in Milton and other poets; it is rather a succession of epigrammatic or gnomic couplets (or *distichs*), connected

indeed, but easily detachable. Pope's method of composition is therefore what we should expect, in keeping alike with the character of his genius and his work. (Emerson presents a striking parallel to Pope in this respect. It was hard for him, in Carlyle's phrase, to melt his small shot into bullets.)—21. **He was one of those few whose labour is their pleasure.** Johnson, himself, overcame a deep-seated indolence by resolute application. His *Lives*, he says, he wrote in his usual way, "*unwilling to work, and working with vigour and haste.*"—22. **He was never elevated,** etc., i.e. never so elevated as to become negligent, nor so wearied as to become impatient.—23. **He never passed a fault,** etc. Construe "by indifference" with "passed" = he never from indifference passed a fault unamended or quitted it from despair. Note the use of *by*.—37. **Dispositions.** (Cf. n. **189,** 20.) So Goldsmith in the *Citizen of the World:* "Others boast of having such *dispositions* from nature."

205.—2. **The same fabric of verse,** i.e. the heroic couplet. See *Int. to Eng. Lit.*, pp. 271, 272.—14. **He never exchanged praise for money.** "Mr. Pope was offered a very considerable sum by the Duchess of Marlborough if he would have inserted a good character of the duke,—and he absolutely refused it." Dr. Warburton, quoted in *Spence's Ancedotes.*

206.—6. **Dismission.** In present use "dismissal."—21. **Candour,** in eighteenth-century use meant indulgence, kindness, and not honesty, openness, as now. "To implore the *candour* of the public to a work so well received would expose us to the imputation of affected modesty." Preface to the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the year 1740.—30. **The two satires of "Thirty-eight."** "His last satires of a general kind were two dialogues named from the year in which they were published, "1738." Pope was then entangled in the opposition (to Walpole), a follower of the Prince of Wales, who dined at his house, and the friend of many who obstructed and censured the ministers." Johnson. See n. **193,** 28, and observe date. Cf. also Elwin's *Pope,* III. 455.

207.—22. **Dryden observes,** i.e. obeys, follows. Cf. *observe* a rule.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

A VISIT TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY

208.—**The Citizen of the World** consists of a correspondence which a Chinese statesman visiting England is supposed to carry on with his friend "Fum Hoam, first president of the Ceremonial Academy in Pekin, China." Under this guise Goldsmith gently satirizes the peculiarities of his countrymen and laughs at their insularity.

210.—19. **Head of my ancestors,** an allusion to the ancestor-worship of the Chinese.—36. **The poets' corner.** In the south transept of the Abbey. Cf. Washington Irving's description in his *Sketch-Book.*—36-37. **Shakspeare, and Milton, and Prior, and Drayton.** If burial in the Abbey conveyed a true title to fame, then *Prior* and *Drayton,* minor poets, would be more famous than *Shakspeare* and *Milton,* neither of whom are buried in Westminster Abbey, though they have monuments there. *Shakspeare* is buried in Stratford-on-Avon, and *Milton* in St. Giles, Cripplegate, London. Addison said in *The Spectator:* "In the poetical quarter I found there were poets who had no

monuments, and monuments which had no poets." *Matthew Prior* (d. 1721) has a large and showy monument with allegorical figures. *Michael Drayton* (d. 1631), whose *Polyolbion* was once considered a masterpiece, is commemorated by an epitaph attributed to Ben Jonson, which proclaims him the possessor of "a name that cannot fade." See Dean Stanley's *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, II. 19 and 38.

211.—1. **Pope, is he there?** *Pope* was buried in the aisle of the parish church at Twickenham, not, however, on account of the hate of his contemporaries, but because he desired to rest near his parents. His epitaph, written by himself, bears this superscription: "For one that would not be buried in Westminster Abbey."—14. **Candour,** see n. **206,** 21.—26. **Mandarine,** a Chinese official entitled to wear the "button." (See *Cent. Dict.*, "Button" 3.) Here applied to members of the English nobility by the Chinese traveller.—37. **An iron gate.** The south gate of the "ambulatory" separating the kings' tombs from the body of the church. The nave, aisles, and transept are free to the public, but a fee of 6*d.* is still charged for admission to the chapels, which are only shown to visitors in charge of a verger.

212.—13. **I farm it from one,** i.e. pay for the right to collect it.—19. **And some few slovenly figures in wax.** It was formerly customary to place in the Abbey wax effigies of famous personages which had been carried on a chariot before the body at the funeral. There is an interesting notice of them written in 1708. "And so we went on to see the ruins of majesty in the waxen figures placed there by authority. As soon as we had ascended half a score stone steps, in a dirty cob-web hole and in old worm-eaten presses [closets or cases] whose doors flew open at our approach, here stood Edward the Third, as they told us, which was a broken piece of wax-work, battered head and a straw-stuffed body, not a quarter covered with rags, . . . and so to the number of half a score kings and queens. . . . Their rear was brought up with good Queen Bess, with the remnants of an old dirty ruff, and nothing else to cover her." *Tom Brown's Walk through London and Westminster*, quoted by Stanley, II. 116. Read the whole of Stanley's interesting note on the wax figures in the Abbey, II. 114–120. On payment of an extra shilling the remnants of these wax figures may still be seen.—23. **He talked of a lady who died by pricking her finger.** The figure of Elizabeth Russell, referred to by the *Spectator* (329) as "that martyr to good housewifery, who died by the prick of a needle."—24. **Of a king with a golden head.** "Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is a figure of one of our English kings without an head, and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since, 'Some Whig, I'll warrant you,' says Sir Roger; 'you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too if you don't take care.'" *Spect.* 329. The head was stolen toward the end of Henry VIII.'s reign.

212.—25. **An old oak chair,** the famous coronation chair of Edward I. (1272–1307). Under the seat is the stone of Scone upon which the ancient Scottish kings had been crowned, and which Edward built into his coronation chair after his conquest of Scotland, to fortify with the sanctions of ancient custom a title won by force of arms. Every English monarch since 1297, when Edward brought the stone to England, has been crowned in this chair.—36. **From hence our conductor led us,** i.e. through the dark archway into Henry VII.'s chapel. (Cf. Washington Irving's description in his essay on Westminster Abbey in the *Sketch-Book.*)

213.—1. **Black magicians of Kobi.** *Kobi* or *Gobi* is a great desert in the northern part of the Chinese Empire.—4. **This armour, said he, belonged to General Monk.** *General Monk*, the restorer of the Stuarts, is buried in Henry VII.'s chapel. "*Monk* used to stand beside his monument beside Charles II.'s grave. The effigy is in too dilapidated a condition to be shown, but the remnants of his armour exist still. The famous cap in which the contributions for the showmen were collected is gone." *Stanley*, II. 119. Cf. the concluding lines of the *Fragment on the Abbey*, in the *Ingoldsby Legends:*

"I thought on Naseby, Marston Moor, on Worc'ster's 'crowning fight,'
When on my ear a sound there fell, it chill'd me with affright,
As thus in low unearthly tones I heard a voice begin—
'This here's the cap of Giniral Monk! Sir! please put summut in!'"

THE MAN IN BLACK

213.—Goldsmith's early recollections of his father, the "preacher" in the *Deserted Village*, the central figure of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, have entered into this sketch of *The Man in Black*. His character of Honeywood in *The Good-natured Man* is a similar conception.

216.—1. **How he sold his matches.** Thin chips of wood to be kindled at the fire. The friction-match was not introduced until 1830. The card-matches referred to in *Spect.* 251 were made of cardboard dipped in sulphur.

BEAU TIBBS

218.—21. **I'll hold gold to silver,** i.e. wager gold against silver; give odds.—32. **Took me down in his own chariot.** An Englishman goes *down* to the country and comes *up* to London.

219.—7. **Asafœtida,** a drug made from the juice of certain umbelliferous plants. It is used in India and Persia as a condiment (*Cent. Dict.*), and was no doubt prized as such by the Chinese philosopher.—7. **And say done first.** "Done," the word with which a bet is accepted or concluded.—14. **If you meet him this day,** etc. Goldsmith is holding the mirror up to himself in this sentence.

220.—5. **Temple spectacles.** Spectacles that were kept in place by the pressure of the side pieces, or bows, upon the temples, so called to distinguish them from spectacles fastened with ribbons and tied at the back.—29. **Creolian,** same as Creole; probably used by Goldsmith in its original sense, a native of the West Indies of Spanish blood. In Louisiana the word was applied to the French-speaking natives of the white population.

222.—24. **Grisoni.** *Giuseppe Grisoni* (1692–1769), a Florentine artist. He painted historical pictures and portraits.—32. **The Gardens,** i.e. Vauxhall, or the "New Spring Gardens," situated on the Thames in the parish of Lambeth, long one of the most famous places of public resort and amusement in London. (See Wroth's *London Pleasure Gardens of the XVIIIth Century*, p. 286.)—33. **Fond of the horns,** i.e. of the music of the French horns. In Goldsmith's description of the visit of the Tibbs' to Vauxhall (*Cit. of the World*, Lett. LXXI) Mrs. Tibbs assures the company somewhat late in the evening "that the polite hours were going to begin, and that the ladies *would be instantaneously entertained with the horns.*"

223.—1. **Turbot,** a large flat fish.—1. **Ortolan,** a bird highly esteemed as a table delicacy.

BURKE

WARREN HASTINGS

223.—In 1786 Burke presented to the House of Commons twenty-two articles charging Hastings with high crimes and misdemeanors. A year later the House appointed a committee of nine managers or prosecutors, of which Burke was chairman. In February, 1788, the trial began before the House of Lords. After the charges had been read, Burke made the opening speech, from the conclusion of which this selection is taken. After long delays, although the actual trial lasted only 127 days, Hastings was acquitted in 1795. Hereafter, however, no one dared to repeat his misdeeds. Burke had shown that a "superior civilized nation in its dealings with an inferior semi-civilized nation must exercise the highest current principles of morality."—17. **My Lords,** i.e. members of the House of Lords, which was sitting as a Court to hear the impeachment of Warren Hastings, Governor-General of British India from 1773–1785. The East India Company, chartered by Parliament, controlled the English trade and part of the government of India, especially after the great Mogul, or King of India, turned over to it the financial management of the three great provinces of *Bengal, Bahar,* and *Orissa.* The company was controlled by the Court of Proprietors, or stockholders, who chose a Court of Directors. These were supposed to administer the affairs of the company, but the real power rested in the Supreme Council in India, appointed by Parliament in 1773, and later by the directors. It consisted of the Governor-General, Warren Hastings, and four other members. Hastings was therefore responsible to Parliament for maladministration.—18. **Gunga Govind Sing.** In 1773 Hastings abolished the local Councils of Revenue in the six provinces of *Bengal, Bahar, Orissa, Madras, Bombay, Bencoolen,* and appointed a general committee of revenue composed of four members. This committee was really subservient to its secretary, *Gunga Govind Sing,* a native who had been appointed by Hastings in spite of his reputation for dishonesty. The committee itself said: "It is little advantage to restrain the committee from bribery or corruption when their officer has the power of practising both undetected." *Gunga Govind Sing* received bribes for Hastings and Hastings's "last act" was to ask the Supreme Council to grant *Gunga* large areas of land in *Dinagepore* at low rent. The matter was referred to the Committee on Revenue, that is to say, *Gunga Govind Sing.* Hence Burke's scorn.

224.—10. **The operation of such a system,** was to decrease the revenues by impoverishing the country.—18. **Bahar.** See n. **223,** 17.—19. **Dinagepore.** A dispute about the succession of *Rajahs* (princes) in this independent province was submitted to Hastings, who decided in favor of a child, and assuming an unjust authority, appointed as guardian or steward one of Gunga's men named Debi Sing. The Rajah's income was at once decreased, a large revenue was paid to the East India Company and probably a still larger one to Debi Sing, for by cruel persecution he exacted a land tax of 600 per cent per annum.—25. **Two wicked men,** Rajahs Kellerman and Cullian Sing, whom Burke mentions further on,—both friends of Gunga Govind Sing.—36. **Bengal,** see n. **223,** 17.

225.—3. **A bribe of 40,000l.** Hastings received many bribes, some of which he ostentatiously turned into the company's treasury.—13. **80,000l. in debt,** i.e. they had not paid in the stated amount of revenue for their province.—35. **An arbitrary power.** Hastings, though appointed by an act of Parliament, and directly responsible to the Court of Directors, had claimed arbitrary power, laying stress on the great distance between India and England.

227.—2. **Annexed provinces,** i.e. *Edrackpore* and *Rungpore.*—14. **Six provincial councils.** See n. **223,** 17 and 18.—16. **Delegated to others,** i.e. to the Committee of Revenue, the power of controlling the revenue.—19. **A committee,** i.e. of revenue, consisting of four men with salaries amounting to 62,000*l.* The cost of living in India made salaries large. Hastings received 25,000*l.* and residences.—22. **Their dewan,** i.e. steward or secretary, Gunga Govind.—35. **Robbed those people,** by renting their lands to Gunga.

228.—4. **Natural guardians,** i.e. his uncle and his mother.—10. **Three great provinces,** *Dinagepore, Edrackpore,* and *Rungpore.*

229.—7. **Heir-apparent,** the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV.

230.—14. **The servant of all,** I. *Cor.* ix. 19, referring there to St. Paul and not to Christ.

REFLECTIONS ON THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE

231.—1. **Fourth of November last.** The *Reflections* were published in November, 1790, in the form of a letter to M. Dupont, "a young gentleman at Paris."—2. **Dr. Richard Price** (1723-1791), wrote on political and financial questions and is best known as the author of the scheme for redeeming the national debt by a permanent sinking fund, adopted by Pitt in 1786.—3. **Old Jewry,** a London street near the Bank of England, so called from the synagogue which stood there prior to the banishment of the Jews by Edward I.—4. **To his club or society,** i.e. the *Revolution Society.* "You imagined when you wrote last, that I might possibly be reckoned among the approvers of certain proceedings in France, from the solemn public seal of sanction they have received from two clubs of gentlemen in London called the Constitutional Society and the Revolution Society." (Burke.) The *Revolution Society* was formed in commemoration of the English Revolution of 1688, but it sympathized with the French Revolution.—9. **I consider the address transmitted,** etc. The Revolution Society had sent an address of sympathy to the National Assembly of France, which had been acknowledged by the President of the Assembly, and Dr. Price had received from France a personal letter of thanks for his sermon.—10. **Earl Stanhope.** *Charles Stanhope,* third Earl of that name (1753-1816), was chairman of the Revolution Society. In 1795 he introduced a motion in the House of Lords to prevent the English taking up arms against the French, but was left in a "minority of one." He answered Burke's *Reflections.*—21. **So very favorable to all exertions,** etc Dr. Price had invited the consideration of his hearers "to the favorableness of the present times to all exertions in the cause of liberty."

232.—6. **Geometrical and arithmetical constitution.** On the abolition of the old provinces by the National Assembly, France was divided into eighty-three departments.—10. **Municipal republics,** i.e. self-governing republics.—17. **Three or four thousand democracies,** i.e. the English municipalities. Burke, with many others, thought that

France would break up into a number of independent republics.—22. **Donative,** a gratuity. The Roman soldiers, crowned with garlands, used to receive donatives from the emperors.—33. **France may furnish them . . . with precedents,** etc. Every one of Burke's questions is suggested by some specific proceeding or occurrence in France, and for a full understanding of the passage these should be looked up. The passage shows Burke's passionate devotion to the English Constitution, "slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent," in contradistinction to the abstract and "mathematical" principles of the French Constitution.

233.—17. **Society is indeed a contract.** Burke adapts to his own use some of the ideas of Rousseau's celebrated book, *Le Contrat Social,* published in 1762. Locke and Rousseau thought that society was formed by a definite conscious act, that it was a contract or convention between governors and governed. Burke admits the principle of the contract, but makes a profounder application of it.

A LETTER TO A NOBLE LORD

234.—In 1794, after the trial of Hastings, Burke prepared to retire from Parliament, being then in his sixty-fourth year. His son, Richard Burke, was nominated and elected to succeed his father, and arrangements were made to raise the elder Burke to the peerage. But in August, 1794, before he had taken his seat in the House, Richard Burke died, and Edmund Burke retired to his estate at Beaconsfield a broken man, with no further desire for the peerage, which his son's death made him regard as a hollow and useless honor. Pitt, who knew that Burke was in financial straits, had procured a pension of twenty-five hundred pounds a year for him from the Crown. The grant was opposed by the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale on the ground that it had not been sanctioned by Parliament. Their attack was answered by Burke in his *Letter to a Noble Lord.*—1. **My Lord.** Burke's *Letter* is addressed to *Earl Fitz-William* (1748–1833), a leader of the Irish Whigs, and nephew and heir to the Marquis of Rockingham, under whom Burke had entered public life.—3. **Duke of Bedford.** *Francis Russell,* fifth Duke of Bedford (1765–1802). His speech in opposition to Burke's pension called forth the *Letter.* He was a follower of Fox, whose republicanism he was suspected of sharing. A contemporary caricature entitled *The Republican Rattlesnake Fox fascinating the Bedford Squirrel* pictures the Duke in the form of a squirrel falling into the jaws of a rattlesnake coiled round a tree.—3. **Earl of Lauderdale.** *James Maitland,* eighth Earl of Lauderdale, had also attacked the pension. In 1792 he had visited France and shown his sympathy with the Jacobins by assuming their costume.—9. **The new sect,** i.e. the sympathizers with the French Revolution.—12. **The Duke of Orleans** (1747–1793). *Louis Joseph Philippe,* Duke of Orleans, a wealthy French aristocrat, who joined the ranks of the Revolutionists, was elected to the Convention, and voted for the death of Louis XVI.—14. **Citizen Brissot.** *Jean Pierre Brissot,* a leader of the moderate Republicans in France, who were called *Brissotins* or *Girondists.* Lauderdale made his acquaintance in 1792. The following year *Brissot's* party was overthrown in the Convention and he and other leaders were guillotined. The hostility of the Revolutionists to all titles showed itself in their form of address, "Citizen."—24. **Priestleys and the Paines,** i.e. the more radical sympathizers with the Revolution. Burke

had attacked them in his *Reflections* and they had returned the attack. (See n. **231,** 10.) *Joseph Priestley* (1733–1804), a Unitarian minister, a scientist, and a philosopher, best known as the discoverer of oxygen. A dissenter in religion, a radical in politics, he took "what is called the heterodox side of every question." He supported the Revolutionists, and (after his reply to Burke's *Reflections)* he was made a citizen of the French Republic. A mob, infuriated by his affiliation with the French, burned his house at Birmingham in 1791. He was so unpopular in England on account of his opinions that in 1794 he came to Pennsylvania. *Thomas Paine* (1736–1809), whose *Rights of Man* was an answer to Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution,* took a prominent part in the agitation for the American Revolution. His *Common Sense,* 1776, advocated the independence of the American colonies, and his *Crisis,* 1776–1783, published during "the times that tried men's souls," fortified the resolution of the American patriots. He was a violent and fanatical opponent of Revealed Religion.—26. **Mortuary pension,** i.e. a pension given to one as good as dead.

235.—1. **The heaviest of all calamities,** the death of his only son, Richard, to whom Burke would have transmitted the peerage had he obtained it.—7. **Both descriptions,** i.e. the ministers of the crown and the members of the party whom Burke had "hurt," viz. the Revolutionists.—25. **Corresponding Society.** *The London Corresponding Society* was a political organization with liberal principles, founded in 1792.—27. **Authority appointed by our Constitution,** i.e. the king and his ministers; a fling at the French constitution.

236.—8. **I stand upon my deliverance,** i.e. I insist upon my legal right to be heard; I appeal to the jury of public opinion.—21. **Of Palace Yard.** The *Palace Yard* is a courtyard *outside* the Houses of Parliament. Hence by Bedford and Lauderdale of the *Palace Yard* Burke means Bedford and Lauderdale regarded simply as *men,* and not as members of the House of Peers, or considered *outside* or apart from their august official position.—21. **Dukes and Earls of Brentford.** In the *Rehearsal,* a farce by the Duke of Buckingham, the two *Kings of Brentford* always appear together and do exactly the same thing. *Brentford* is a little village near London, and the ludicrous incongruity of the title has made the two *Kings of Brentford* a by-word—34. **I have not had more than sufficient.** "Whatever may be our theory of Edmund Burke's financial resources and speculations, it is certain that from 1769 he was never free from the annoyance of debt. He borrowed thirty thousand pounds from Lord Rockingham, and the debt was never paid, Rockingham ordering all Burke's bonds to be destroyed. He was frequently under the necessity of negotiating loans for pitifully small amounts. The purchase of Beaconsfield was as fatal to him as the acquisition of Abbotsford to Sir Walter Scott." Prof. A. H. Smyth's *Life of Burke* in his edition of the *Letter.*

237.—8. **Nitor in adversum,** I make my way against adverse circumstance. Ovid, *Meta.* II. 72.—15. **Turnpike,** the gate set across a road at the point where toll is collected. Originally it meant a kind of *turn*-stile made of *pikes* to obstruct the passage of an enemy, and Burke had in mind this early meaning. Applied often in the shortened form, *pike,* to the road itself.—26. **Excessive.** The grant was 2500*l.*—29. **Homer nods,** in allusion to Horace's well-known line in the *Ars Poetica,* 359:

> "*Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.*"
> (Sometimes even the good Homer nods.)

—34. **This is the stuff of which his dreams are made.** *Tempest*, IV. i. 157. "We are such stuff as dreams are made on."—36. **The grants to the House of Russell.** *John Russell*, the founder of the *House of Russell*, was a gentleman of the chamber to Henry VIII., and when the king confiscated the monasteries was awarded out of their plunder. In 1540 the abbey of Tavistock in Devonshire, and many lands belonging to it, were presented to him. His possessions were increased in the reign of Edward VI. by other large grants, among them the Cistercian abbey of Woburn in Bedfordshire, and the abbey of Thornton in the Fenlands.

238.—2. **Leviathan.**

> "... That sea-beast
> Leviathan, which God of all his works
> Created hugest that swim the ocean stream."
> *Par. Lost*, I. 201.

Cf. *Ps.* civ. 26. Burke is fond of picturing the Duke of Bedford under the figure of an unwieldy mass. In another place he refers to him as the "overgrown Duke of Bedford."—7. **Through which he spouts a torrent of brine,** etc. All that the Duke of Bedford possessed was derived from Crown grants to his ancestors; in opposing a similar grant to Burke, the Duke therefore "spouted against his origin." The figure is a little confused, and perhaps deserved the criticism which Bedford's friends meted out to it.

239.—5. **Herald's College,** or College of Arms, instituted in the fifteenth century in England for the purpose of granting armorial bearings and tracing and preserving genealogies. It united in a royal corporation the officials who had formerly exercised heraldic functions in the kingdom. Its members are the Earl Marshal, three Kings-at-arms, styled respectively *Garter*, *Clarencieux*, and *Norroy*. six heralds, and three pursuivants. The *Garter* is the principal King-at-arms in virtue of his being chief herald of the Garter founded by Edward III. *Norroy* and *Clarencieux* are the "provincial kings," so-called because their duties are confined to the provinces, *Norroy* (*nord* + *roy*) officiating north of the Trent, and *Clarencieux* (originally herald to the Duke of Clarence), called also *Surroy* (*sud* + *roy*), south of the Trent. The *Rouge Dragon* is one of the pursuivants of the Herald's College, so-called from the red dragon in the arms of Henry VII. The *blazoner* is a herald who explains the armorial bearings on a shield.—6. **Sans culottes,** literally "without breeches," a name given in derision to the ragged Parisian rabble that took part in the attacks upon the Bastile. *Sansculottism* was the term applied to the levelling destructive revolutionary philosophy, whose aim it was to sweep away the distinctions "of rank and office and all the solemn plausibilities of the world," for the perpetuation of which the Herald's College existed. Burke means to show the inconsistency of the Duke of Bedford's position in sympathizing with the French Revolution.—14. **Milk of human kindness.** *Macb.* I. v. 18.—15. **Patent,** the official document granting the privileges of nobility.—20. **Marlborough.** *John Churchill*, Duke of Marlborough (1650–1722), the victor of Blenheim, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet. **William Cecil,** *Lord Burleigh* (1520–98), a famous Elizabethan statesman. **William Murray,** *Earl of Mansfield* (1705–93), the founder of English Commercial Law. **Philip Yorke** (1690-1764), first *Earl of Hardwicke*, a celebrated judge of George II.'s reign.—23 **Guillim, Edmondson.** Members of the College of Heralds. **Collins** compiled a *Peerage of England*. 27. **Aulnager,** or alnager, a royal officer who ex-

amined cloth and affixed a seal in guaranty of its quality or measure (*Cent. Dict.*). The office existed until the reign of William III.—35. **The first purchaser of the grants**, a legal phrase, here signifying the first in the family to hold the grants. The word as thus used does not involve the idea of acquiring property by the payment of money.

240.—8. **From the lay nobility.** King Henry VIII. gave to his favorite the manor of Amersham in Bucks, part of the estate of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, who was executed for treason in 1521.—10. **From the plunder of the church.** See n. **237**, 36.—19. **Iniquitously legal.** Probably an allusion to the great sums of money amassed by Henry VII. through the "iniquitously legal" proceedings of Empson and Dudley, and inherited by Henry VIII.

241.—5. **To their native country.** Loose grammar. *Their* refers to Henry VIII. and Russell.—6 **The municipal country in which I was born**, i.e. Ireland. The word *municipal*, originally applied to free towns (Lat. *municipium*, a free town), came to be used in a wider sense as applied to "a state or nation governed by the same laws or customs." By "municipal country" Burke apparently means a land which is a separate, distinct country, but not a sovereign nation, like England. He contrasts this municipal country later on with his more comprehensive country, Great Britain.—13. **The larger that was once under the protection**, etc. An allusion to the loss of the American colonies.

242.—1. **A dishonorable peace with France.** Boulogne, which had been taken by Henry VIII. in 1544, was restored to the French in 1550. The loss of Calais in 1558 is said to have caused Queen Mary's death.—17. **Good humor of the people of England.** "Good nature" and "good humor," as used to-day, have almost become compounds (notice the single accent and the formation of the adjectives good-humored and good-natured instead of well-natured, etc.). When Burke speaks of *góod húmor* and *góod nature* he means something more substantial and inward than mere good-nature and good-humor, and places these attributes together with integrity and piety in the very citadel of character.—22. **The curses not loud but deep.** *Macb.* V. III. 27.—24. **Complete Parliamentary reform.** An ironical allusion to the attacks upon his own own *parliamentary reforms*, made by the Duke of Bedford.

243.—36. **If the Fates had found no other way**, etc. Burke has in mind a passage from Lucan's *Pharsalia*, I. 33:

> But if our Fates severely have decreed
> No way but this for Nero to succeed, etc.

244.—13. **Had it pleased God to continue to me**, etc. The death of Burke's only son destroyed these. In his *Reflections on the French Revolution* he had written: "The power of perpetuating our property in our families is one of the most valuable and interesting circumstances belonging to it, and that which tends the most to the perpetuation of society itself."—16. **In all the points in which personal merit can be viewed.** For two varying estimates of the character and genius of Burke's son, see Prior's *Life of Burke* and Morley's *Life of Burke*.

245.—14. **I have none to meet my enemies in the gate.** *Ps.* CXXVII. 3–5. "Lo children are an heritage of the Lord; . . . they shall speak with the enemies in the gate."—16. **In this hard season.** It was a period of great financial depression. In 1795 Burke had published *Thoughts and Details on Scarcity*.

246.—5. **Prescription**, in law, a title or right accruing from long-continued use or possession.—7. **This prescription I had my share**, etc.

Burke assisted in the passage of and act known as Sir George Saville's *Nullum Tempus Act*, according to which undisputed possession of land for sixty years constituted in itself a deed to the land which even the Crown could not assail or annul. 15. **Institutes,** etc. Legal terms. The collection of Roman laws made by the Emperor Justinian (A.D. 534), and known as the *Justinian Code*, consisted of the *Pandects* or *Digest* (abstracts of legal opinions), the *Institutes* or *Laws*, and the *Novels* (supplemental ordinances or *constitutions*). The whole formed the *Corpus Juris Civilis*, or Civil Law. A *gloss* is a marginal note upon the text of the laws.—36. **Bedford Level,** see n. **237**, 36. "The great *Bedford Level*, which comprises upwards of 300,000 acres and extends into six counties, with its principal area in Cambridgeshire, is the largest tract of fen-land in the Kingdom." Duke of Bedford: *The Story of a Great Agricultural Estate.*

247.—3. **Frank-pledge.** Among the early English each household in a tithing or aggregation of ten families was responsible for the offences of the other households and bound to give satisfaction for any injury done. This system of common responsibility was known as a *frank-pledge*, or the pledge of freemen. Burke represents the Crown, the Parliament, and the People, the "triple cord which no man can break," as bound to each other by a similar pledge of mutual obligation and responsibility.—12. **Dum domus Æneæ,** etc.

> As long as the house of Æneas holds the immovable rock
> Of the Capitol hill, and the grand old Roman continues to rule.
> *Æn.* IX. 448, 449.

—14. **But if the rude inroad of Gallic tumult,** etc. An allusion to the story of Brennus the Gaul, whose night attack upon the Capitol (390 B.C.) was frustrated by the cackling of the geese of Juno and the bravery of Manlius Capitolinus. After a six-months' siege the garrison bought Brennus off with one thousand pounds of gold. When the gold was being weighed, a Roman tribune, according to the story, remonstrated against the use of false weights by the Gauls. Brennus threw his sword into the scale with the exclamation *Væ victis!* (Woe to the conquered!). In Burke's pregnant allusion the English Constitution is the Capitol endangered by the Gallic invasion of revolutionary ideas. The French theories of the "Rights of Man" are the "false weights," and the Reign of Terror, with its violence and bloodshed, is the sword thrown into the scale.—21. **Periwinkles,** sea-snails.—31. **Their four cardinal virtues,** in ancient philosophy were justice, prudence, temperance, and fortitude.

248.—7. **Ça ira,** the opening words of a popular song of the French Revolution, meaning "That will go."—7. **Bedford House,** the London mansion of the Duke of Bedford, which formerly occupied the north side of Bloomsbury Square. It was torn down by the Duke of Bedford soon after the publication of Burke's letter and Russell Square laid out on its site.

COLERIDGE

THE WANDERINGS OF CAIN

249.—Coleridge tells us that while he was living near Wordsworth, at Nether-Stowey in Somerset, in 1798, they agreed to write in concert a "prose-poem" on the story of Cain and Abel in three cantos. Wordsworth was to write the first canto, Coleridge the second, and whoever finished his first was to undertake the third. The second canto, *The Wanderings of Cain,* was the only part ever written. Coleridge describes how, having despatched his own portion of the task at full speed, he found Wordsworth staring at his almost blank sheet of paper; how they both laughed at the ridiculousness of the whole scheme, and how the *Ancient Mariner* was written instead. It is well known that Coleridge did not consider meter essential to poetry. (See the selection, *Characteristics of Shakspeare's Dramas,* on p. 255.)

250.—1. **Why, O my father, would they not play with me?** The idea of sin destroying the primitive sympathy and confidence between the animals and man is strikingly employed in *The Marble Faun,* vol. II, chap. II.

CHRISTMAS OUT OF DOORS

254.—Coleridge spent the winter of 1799 at Ratzeburg, in Schleswig-Holstein, twelve miles south of Lübeck.

255.—20. **With a descriptive passage;** that is, the passage beginning "Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe," which describes a skating scene. It appears separately in Wordsworth's poems under the title "Influence of Natural Objects in calling forth and strengthening the imagination in boyhood and early youth," and also is a part of the first book of the *Prelude.*

CHARACTERISTICS OF SHAKSPEARE'S DRAMAS

256.—1-5. **Poetry simple, sensuous, impassioned.** See n. **50,** 15. —18. **One character belongs to all true poets,** i.e. one characteristic.—19. **A principle within,** etc. The reliance on inspiration rather than on classic models, or the recognized rules of composition, was a cardinal principle of the school of writers to which Coleridge belonged. That school opposed Pope and his contemporaries, many of whom held the opposite view.

257.—2. **Restoration of letters,** i.e. the Revival of Learning, especially the revival of interest in classical antiquity, spreading from Italy through Europe in the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries.—32. **Lend their form and pressure to genius.** Pressure = stamp, impression. *Hamlet,* I. 5, 98.

> "I'll wipe away
> All saws of books, all forms, all *pressures* past."

258.—33. **Vinum mundi,** the wine of the world.

259.—4. **If we can believe ourselves at Thebes,** etc. See Coleridge's discussion of the "unities" in his note on *Othello,* sec. IV, Bohn's ed., p. 389, and Dryden's *Defense of an Essay of Dramatic Poetry.*—13. **As in the well-known instance in the Eumenides.** Æschylus's *Eumenides,* V. 230–239.

260.—4. **Three Æschylean dramas,** *Agamemnon, Chœphorai, Eumenides.*

261.—7. **Bertram, . . . Helena.** Characters in *All's Well that Ends Well.*—16. **Polonius.** See *Hamlet;* for *Polonius's* advice to Laertes, see Act I, 3.—33. **Hic labor, hoc opus est,** this is the toil, this the work, a misquotation of Virgil's *Hoc opus, hic labor est. Æn.* VI. 129.—36. **Dogbery,** the foolish watchman in *Much Ado About Nothing.*

262.—3. **Beaumont and Fletcher, the Kotzebues of the day.** *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* were literary friends and joint authors of plays; they lived and wrote together near the Globe Theatre in London, *cir.* 1607–1614. *Kotzebue* (1761–1819) was a prolific German dramatist whose plays are pervaded by an element of moral laxity; it is this element which suggested to Coleridge his comparison. He makes the same point in the *Biographia Literaria* (chap. XXIII, p. 277, Bohn's ed.). "If we would charitably consent to forget the comic humor, the wit, the felicities of style, in other words, *all* the poetry and nine-tenths of all the genius of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher,* that which would remain becomes a *Kotzebue.*"

263.—22. **Metastasio** (1698–1782), an Italian dramatist and court poet at Vienna, who wrote lyric dramas, various composers supplying the music for each.—22. **Aria** (Italian). A melody for solo voice in an opera or oratorio.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR

264.—29. **Lord Barham.** *Charles Middleton* (1726–1813), who had then been recently appointed First Lord of the Admiralty (April 30, 1805), and raised to the peerage as *Lord Barham,* after a long and honorable career in the navy.

265.—7. **Lady Hamilton,** a beautiful adventuress, who gained an unfortunate influence over Nelson. His attachment to her brought about his separation from his wife.—10. "**Half-around the sea-girt ball.**" From the *Songs of Trafalgar,* by John Wilson Croker. Croker was Secretary of the Admiralty when the *Life of Nelson* was published, and Southey dedicated the book to him as one "*who, by the official situation which he so ably fills, is qualified to appreciate its historical accuracy; and who, as a member of the republic of letters, is equally qualified to decide upon its literary merits.*"—17. **The coffin which Captain Hallowell,** etc. After Nelson's great victory over the French in the *Battle of the Nile* (August 1, 1798), the mainmast of the French ship *L'Orient* was secured from among the wreckage by the crew of the *Swiftsure,* a vessel of the English fleet. *Captain Hallowell* of the *Swiftsure* had his carpenter make a coffin out of the wood of the French ship's mast. He then sent the coffin to Nelson with the following letter: "Sir, I have taken the liberty of presenting you a coffin made from the mainmast of *L'Orient,* that when you have finished your military career you may be buried in one of your trophies. But that that period may be far distant is the earnest wish of your sincere friend, *Benjamin Hallowell.*" See Southey's *Nelson,* chap. V.—24. **Sir Robert Calder's battle.** That is an engagement between the Franco-Spanish fleet under *Villeneuve* and the English under *Sir Robert Calder,* which took place off Cape

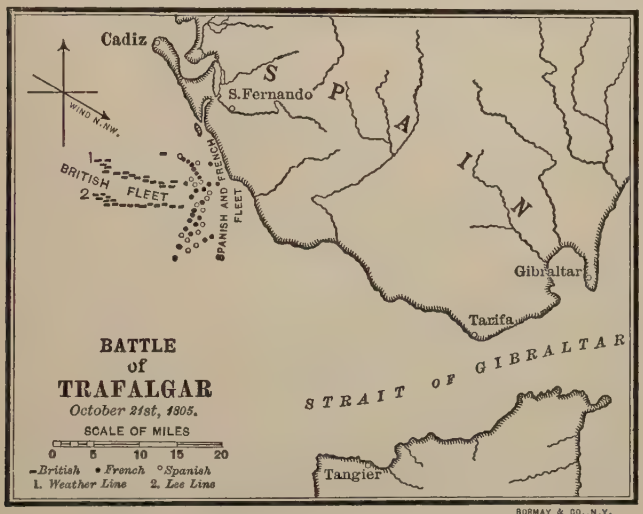
Finisterre, July 22, 1805. *Calder* had been ordered to intercept the allied fleet on its way to Brest. This he did, and captured two Spanish ships in the action which followed. The fleets separated, however, without a decisive victory for either side. *Calder* was so severely blamed in England for not forcing a fight to the finish that he applied for a court-martial. Meanwhile the Admiralty, acting independently, had notified Nelson to send *Calder* to England for trial. *Calder* was then in command of a vessel of ninety guns, and in this ship (although a smaller one could have been better spared) Nelson sent him home, rather than subject him to the indignity of being transferred from his own vessel. Nelson said in his despatch that he trusted he should be "considered to have done right as a man and to a brother-officer in affliction."—29. **The upbraidings of his wife,** i.e. on account of his relations with Lady Hamilton. See n. **265, 7.**

266.—32. **Out of port,** i.e. Cadiz.

267.—1. **At day-break,** i.e. of the 21st of October, 1805, the day of the battle of Trafalgar.—8. **Blackwood.** *Sir Henry Blackwood* (1770–1832), captain of the *Euryalus*, a frigate of thirty-six guns. He had brought the news to England that Villeneuve, the French admiral, had gone to Cadiz, and he had accompanied Nelson back to Cadiz, being given command of the inshore squadron, with the duty of keeping the admiral informed of every move of the enemy. He was offered a line-of-battle ship, but preferred to remain in the little *Euryalus*, thinking that Villeneuve would not venture out, and that he would thus have a better chance to distinguish himself. He was on board the *Victory*, Nelson's flagship, from 6 A.M. until after noon, on the day of the battle, receiving the admiral's last instructions. Nelson gave him command of all the frigates for the purpose of assisting disabled ships. *Blackwood* carried to England the despatches of the battle and the French admiral as prisoner, and acted as train-bearer to the chief mourner at Nelson's funeral. He became vice-admiral on July 19, 1821.—19. **The combined fleets.** In 1805 Spain formed an alliance with France and agreed to furnish twenty-five ships of the line and eleven frigates for the combined fleet.—23. **Sail of the line . . . frigates.** *Sail of the line,* corresponding to modern battleships, so called because of their heavy armament, which enabled them to take a place in the line of battle. *Frigates* were fast sailers, carrying from thirty to sixty guns, and corresponding to the modern cruisers. Nelson called them the "eyes of the fleet."—28. **Little did the Tyrolese.** When the *Tyrolese* attempted to throw off the yoke of the Bavarians in 1809, Napoleon assisted the latter, and executed the *Tyrolese* patriot, Andreas Hufer, at Mantua.—34. **On that day his uncle, Captain Suckling,** etc. *Maurice Suckling* (1725–1778). His sister was Nelson's mother. The action referred to occurred October 21, 1757, off Cape Francis, in the West Indies, when *Captain Suckling* in the *Dreadnought* (sixty guns), with two other sixty-gun ships, under Commodore Forrest, attacked and disabled a powerful French squadron of four ships of the line and three heavy frigates. *Captain Suckling,* in 1775, was appointed Comptroller of the Navy, and held this post till his death, July 14, 1778.

268.—5. **Collingwood.** *Cuthbert Collingwood* (1750–1810) was next in command to Nelson, with the rank of vice-admiral. On Nelson's death he succeeded to the chief command in the battle of Trafalgar. See Thackeray's fine tribute to him in the *Four Georges.*—25. **The larboard tack.** *Larboard* is the left- and *starboard* the right-hand side, facing forward. Owing to the confusion arising from the similarity of the sounds

in giving orders, *port* has been substituted for *larboard*. A sailing vessel is on the port or *larboard tack* when she receives the wind on the port side. The wind on the day of the battle was west-northwest, and the Spanish fleet standing north was therefore on the *larboard tack*. The Spanish line of battle extended five miles, and the British fleet, in two lines heading due east, advanced almost before the wind, so as to strike the Spanish line near the centre and at right angles. The northern or *weather line* (called *weather line* because it was nearer to the quarter from which the wind came) contained seventeen ships and was commanded by Nelson in the *Victory*. The southern or lee line, of fifteen ships, was led by *Collingwood* in the *Royal Sovereign*.



—26. **The shoals of Trafalgar,** about ten miles off *Cape Trafalgar*.—31. **Villeneuve.** The French admiral. His flagship was the *Bucentaure* —35. **Cable's length,** 100 fathoms or 600 feet.

269.—12. **Nelson's last signal.** A flag-signal. When Collingwood saw the flags going up he said to his flag-lieutenant: "I wish Nelson would make no more signals. We all know what we have to do." But when the signal was deciphered he was delighted, and immediately had it announced to the crew, who cheered it lustily. See note in Longman's Ed. of Southey's *Nelson*, where the signal numbers are given, and W. Clark Russell's *Nelson*, where there is a colored frontispiece showing the celebrated signal.—20. **His Admiral's frock-coat,** now preserved at the Greenwich naval hospital.—28. **The Surgeon, Mr. Beatty,** afterwards Sir William Beatty, physician to the fleet. Beatty's *Narrative of Lord Nelson's Death* was Southey's chief authority for this part of his story.

270.—8. **The last infirmity of this noble mind,** i.e. ambition. Cf. *Lycidas* "that last infirmity of noble mind." 14. **With light winds from the S.W.**—The breeze—what there was of it—was slightly

from the north of west. Southey's seamanship is at fault here, for had the wind been southwest Collingwood's could not have been the *lee* line in an easterly course. Southey wrote in his diary: "I have walked among sea-terms as carefully as a cat does among crockery."—22. **Spithead,** off the south coast of England, between the Isle of Wight and Portsmouth; a station for the British navy.

271.—8. **Two points more to the north than Collingwood's.** The mariner's compass has 32 points; the angle between any two points is 11° 15′.—9. **To cut off the enemy's escape,** etc. More likely to allow Collingwood to get into action first and thus prevent the enemy's van interfering with the attack on the rear.—11. **The Royal Sovereign.** Collingwood's ship, being new-coppered, outsailed the others by three quarters of a mile, and for twenty minutes stood the combined fire of the enemy alone. "A proud deed surely," comments Captain Mahan, U. S. N., "but surely also not a deed to be commended as a pattern." Cf. the *Brooklyn's* position at the beginning of the battle of Santiago.—37. **Santissima Trinidad.** "A Goliath among ships, which had now come forth to her last battle." Mahan.

272.—28. **Running on board,** i.e. alongside for boarding.—31. **Helm to port,** brings the ship's head around to starboard; the term goes back to the days of steering by the tiller.—35. **Ports,** the holes through which the guns were fired in the old-fashioned men-o'-war.

273.—36. **Do you anchor.** The heavy swell had been setting both fleets in toward shore and there was not enough wind to work out.

277.—11. **"Old men from the chimney corner,"** etc. Cf. Sidney's *Defense of Poesy:* "He cometh unto you, with a tale," etc. The passage is given in the selection from Sidney, p. 567.—32. **And if the chariot and the horses of fire.** "Behold there appeared a chariot of fire and horses of fire and parted them both asunder, and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven. And Elisha saw it and he cried: My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof. . . . He took up also the mantle of Elijah that fell from him," etc. *II. Kings* ii. 11–13.—35. **His mantle of inspiration.** Cf. *II. Kings* ii. 8, 13, etc.

278.—4. *Τοί μεν δαίμονες,* etc.

> "Shining spirits there are, that dwell upon earth among mortals,
> Prompting illustrious deeds, and fulfilling the counsels of Zeus."
> Hesiod, *Works and Days,* 122.

CHARLES LAMB

DREAM CHILDREN

278.—10. **Their great-grandmother Field.** Lamb's maternal grandmother, Mary Field, was for fifty years housekeeper to the Plumer family. Recollections of their "fine old family-mansion" at Blakesware enter into his essay, and form the subject of the essay *Blakesmoor in H——shire.* Lamb, who was fond of disguising facts, here places it in Norfolk.—16. **Children in the Wood,** the familiar old ballad, known also as the *Babes in the Wood.* See Child's *Ballads,* II, p. 128 (4 vol. ed.). There was a play on the "Children in the Wood" which Lamb and his sister went to see. Cf. Lamb's Essay, *Old China.*—19. **Down to the Robin Red Breasts.**

"No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till Robin Red-breast piously
Did cover them with leaves."

The Children in the Wood.

279.—4. **And was nearly pulled down.** In the *Blakesmoor* essay which appeared two years later than the *Dream Children* (1824), Lamb speaks of "this old great house" as having been "lately pulled down." The *other house* was Gilston, the principal seat of the Plumers, some miles distant. (See Ainger's note on *Blakesmoor* and Lamb's letter there quoted.) The house at Blakes*ware* (i.e. Lamb's Blakes*moor*) was pulled down at the death of Mr. Plumer, 1822, but it had been partially dismantled before, when "the busts of the twelve Cæsars" (see further on in the essay) were taken to Gilston. Ainger points out that Mr. P. G. Patmore, seeing them here, wrongly concluded that he had discovered the original house of the *Dream Children*.

280.—31. **Their uncle John L——.** Lamb's brother John, twelve years his senior, had died a short time before this essay was written. "The broad, burly, jovial John Lamb," so Talfourd describes him, "had lived his own easy, prosperous life up to this time, not altogether avoiding social relations with his brother and sister, but evidently absorbed to the last in his own interests and pleasures. The death of this brother, wholly unsympathetic as he was with Charles, served to bring home to him his loneliness."

281.—30. **I courted the fair Alice W——n.** Explained by Lamb himself in the Key to the initials employed by him, as *Alice Winterten*. Though the name is feigned, as Ainger points out, there is no doubt that she is the one whom he celebrates as Anna in the Sonnets, and who had won his heart while he was yet a boy. "Her actual name was, I have the best reason to believe, Anne Simmons. She afterward married Mr. Bartram, the pawnbroker of Prince Street, Leiceister Square." Ainger.

282.—2. **We are not of Alice,** etc. Charles Lamb never married. He gave up his courtship of the "Fair Alice" in order to devote his life to the care of his sister Mary, who was subject to periodic attacks of insanity.—6. **Shores of Lethe.** The river of forgetfulness, in Greek mythology. Of its waters drank the spirits of the departed, forgetting all the past, and on its shores they waited according to the Pythagorean doctrine, to re-enter existence.—9. **The faithful Bridget.** The cousin Bridget of the *Essays of Elia* is Lamb's sister Mary. See the delightful recollections of their life together in Lamb's essays *Mackery End* and *Old China*.

DETACHED THOUGHTS ON BOOKS AND READING

282.—15. **Lord Foppington,** a shallow affected dandy in Sir John Vanbrugh's play *The Relapse, or Virtue in Danger* (1697). The quotation is from Act II. sc. i.—25. **Shaftesbury.** *Anthony Ashley Cooper*, third *Earl of Shaftesbury* (1671–1713), a moral philosopher. "It is an ordinary criticism that my Lord Shaftesbury and Sir William Temple are models of the genteel style in writing." Lamb's essay *On the Genteel Style in Writing*.—26. **Jonathan Wild,** a famous "thief-taker." He is the subject of Fielding's *History of the Life of the late Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great*.—29. **Biblia a-biblia.** Books which are not books. Greek *biblion*, a book; *a* = not.—31. **Draught-boards,** folding checker-boards, made to outwardly resemble books.

283.—1. **Robertson.** *William Robertson* (1721–1793), author of a *History of Scotland* and other historical works.—1. **Beattie.** *James Beattie* (1735–1803), professor of philosophy at Aberdeen, wrote *Elements of Moral Science* and other works. He is probably best remembered by his poem *The Minstrel.*—1. **Soame Jenyns** (1704–1787), a miscellaneous writer. One of his books was a *Free Enquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil.*—13. **Population Essay.** Malthus, an English political economist, published, 1798, his famous essay on *The Principle of Population.*—14. **Adam Smith** (1723–1790), the author of *The Wealth of Nations* and the founder of modern political economy.—14. **Farquhar.** *George Farquhar* (1678–1707), a comic dramatist of the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century, and a contemporary of Congreve and Vanbrugh.—16. **Anglicanas or Metropolitanas,** forerunners of the *Britannica.*—18. **Paracelsus,** see n. **203,** 2.—19. **Raymund Lully,** a mediæval philosopher and alchemist, author of a system of logic and the *Ars Magna.* The presence of *Paracelsus* and *Lully* in Lamb's library shows his fondness for quaint out-of-the-way reading.

284.—10. **Fielding, Smollett, Sterne,** eighteenth-century novelists, were favorites of Lamb. "For the Scotch (*Waverley*) Novels he cared very little, not caring to be puzzled with new plots, and preferring to read Fielding, Smollett, and Richardson, whose stories were familiar, over and over again, to being worried with the task of threading the maze of fresh adventure." Talfourd.—13. **We knew the copies of them to be "eterne."** "But in them Nature's *copies* not *eterne.*" *Macb.*, III. ii. 38.—14. **But where a book is at once,** etc. Cf. Milton's *Areopagitica,* "and if it extend to the whole impression," etc., given in Milton's selections on p. 56.—16. **We know not,** etc. Quoted by memory from *Othello,* V. ii. 12.

> "I know not where is that Promethean heat
> That can thy light relume."

—18. **Life of the Duke of Newcastle, by his Duchess.** *Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle* (1624–74), a famous beauty and voluminous writer of plays and poems. Among her works is the *Life of William Cavendish, Duke, Marquis, and Earl of Newcastle, Earl of Ogle, Viscount Mansfield, and Baron of Bolsover, of Ogle, Bothal, and Hipple,* etc. (London, 1667). "To the student of early literature the ponderous folios in which her writings exist will have a measure of the charm they had for Lamb. . . Her life of the duke is in its way a masterpiece." Joseph Knight, in *Dict. Nat. Biog.*—30. **First Folio of Shakespeare.** The first collected edition of Shakespeare's plays, published in 1623, commonly known as the *first folio,* to distinguish it from three other folio editions which appeared in the same century.—32. **Rowe and Tonson.** *Nicholas Rowe* edited the first critical edition of Shakespeare; it was published by *Tonson* in 1709.—36. **The Shakespeare gallery engravings,** i.e. the Shakespeare gallery of John Boydell, engraver, publisher, Lord-mayor of London, and patron of art. In 1786 he began the publication of a series of prints illustrative of Shakespeare, after pictures painted for him by English artists, and built a gallery in Pall Mall for their exhibition. In 1802 the Shakespeare Gallery contained 162 pictures. In the same year appeared *Boydell's Shakespeare* with engravings. The gallery was purchased after Boydell's death by the British Institution.

285.—4. **Beaumont and Fletcher.** (See n. **262,** 3.) In his essay *Old China,* Lamb makes his sister say: "Do you remember the brown suit which you made to hang upon you till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so threadbare, and all because of that folio, 'Beaumont and Fletcher,' which you dragged home late at night from Barker's in Covent Garden."—9. **Anatomy of Melancholy,** by Robert Burton (1577–1640).—14. **The Wretched Malone,** etc. "This happened in 1793 on the occasion of Malone's visit to Stratford to examine the municipal and other records of that town, for the purpose of his edition of Shakspeare." Ainger.—32. **Drayton.** See n. **210,** 37.—33. **Drummond.** *William Drummond* (1585–1649), of Hawthornden, near Edinburgh, author of short poems and *Notes on Ben Jonson's Conversations.*—33. **Cowley.** *Abraham Cowley* (1618–1667) enjoyed a high reputation as a poet during his lifetime, but was almost forgotten soon after. In *Blakesmoor* Lamb describes "the cheerful store-room in whose hot window-seat I used to sit and read Cowley, with the grass-plot before, and the hum and flappings of that one solitary wasp that ever haunted it, about me." See p. 76, Cowley's *Essay of Myself.*—37. **Bishop Andrews** (1555–1626), author of sermons and member of the commission appointed by King James to make the "Authorized" translation of the *Bible* which appeared in 1611.

286.—29. **At Nando's,** a London coffee-house.

287.—3. **Poor Tobin,** etc. *John Tobin* (1770–1804), a dramatist. His *Life* had recently been published.—9. **Candide,** a philosophical novel by Voltaire, whose sceptical, scoffing spirit Lamb felt would harmonize ill with the associations of a cathedral. At a dinner where Lamb, Wordsworth, and Keats were present, Lamb rallied Wordsworth on his dislike of Voltaire. "Now," said Lamb, "you old Lake Poet, you rascally Lake Poet, why do you call Voltaire dull?" All present defended Wordsworth. "Well," said Lamb, "here's to Voltaire the Messiah of the French nation and a very proper one too." See Talfourd's *Lamb,* p. 247.—12. **Primrose Hill,** north of Regent's Park, commanding a fine view of London. The "familiar damsel" emerged from the grass of *Primrose Hill* like Venus from the sea-foam at the isle of *Cythera.*—13. **Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded;** a novel by Richardson.—25. **Snow Hill,** the old route from Holborn Bridge to Newgate, superseded by Skinner Street in 1802. It is now entirely built up.—27. **Lardner.** *Nathaniel Lardner* (1684–1768) wrote a noted defence of the Christian religion used as a theological text-book.—30. **Porter's knot.** A pad used by porters for carrying trunks on the head.—33. **The five points,** or leading tenets of Calvinistic theology on *Original Sin, Predestination, Irresistible Grace, Particular Redemption, Final Perseverance.*

288.—3. **Snatch a fearful joy.**

> "Still as they run they look behind,
> They hear a voice in every wind,
> And *snatch a fearful joy.*"
>
> Gray's *Ode on Eton College.*

—4. **Martin B.,** i.e. *Martin Barney,* an unsuccessful lawyer who died in London, 1852.—5. **Clarissa,** that is, *Clarissa Harlowe,* a novel by Richardson in eight volumes.—10. **A quaint poetess.** *Mary Lamb.* See Charles and Mary Lamb's *Poetry for Children.*

THE SUPERANNUATED MAN

289.—1. **Sera tamen,** etc. The line in Vergil is:

> Libertas, quæ *sera tamen respexit inertem.*—*Ecl.* I. 27.
> Liberty, though late, at last looks on the idler.

—11. **It is now six and thirty years,** etc. Lamb was a clerk in the office of the East India Company from 1792–1825. From 1789–1792 he had been in the South Sea House under his brother John. "He retired on a pension of £450, being two thirds of his salary at that date. Nine pounds a year was deducted to insure a pension to Mary Lamb in the event of her surviving her brother, which she did." Ainger.—12. **Mincing Lane,** i.e. in the South Sea House. *Mincing Lane* ran between Fenchurch Street and Great Tower Street. The Old East India House, where Lamb spent thirty-three of his thirty-six years of servitude, stood at the corner of Leadenhall and Lime Streets, not far away.

290.—10. **My native fields of Hertfordshire.** Strictly speaking, Lamb's native fields were the London streets, but he used to visit relatives in Hertfordshire. See his essay on *Mackery End.*—35. **The wood had entered into my soul.** Cf. "Whose feet they hurt in the stocks, *the iron entered into his soul.*" Ps. cv. 18.

291.—3. **L——.** i.e. *Lacy.* The names *Boldero, Merryweather, Bosanquet,* and *Lacy,* mentioned farther on (p. **292,** 2), were invented by Lamb.

292.—4. **Esto perpetua.** May you endure.—9. **The old Bastile.** The state prison in Paris, the storming of which July 14, 1789, was the beginning of the Revolution in France.

293.—8. **My ten next years.** Lamb died one year short of the ten, in 1834.—20. **Sir Robert Howard** (1626–1698), Dryden's brother-in-law and joint author with him of the *Indian Queen.* The lines are from the *Vestal Virgin, or the Roman Ladies,* V. 1.

294.—11. **Farewell Ch——,** etc. "Ch—— was a *Mr. Chambers* and *Do——* a *Mr. Henry Dodwell,* evidently one of Lamb's most intimate friends in the office." Ainger prints a letter from Lamb to the latter, in his notes to the essay.—14. **Gresham.** *Thomas Gresham* (d. 1579?) founder of the Royal Exchange and Gresham College. He was a noted financier of Queen Elizabeth's time.—14. **Whittington.** *Sir Richard Whittington,* the famous Lord Mayor of London (d. 1423?).—20. **My "works."** "He has obtruded upon the public light prose matter collected in two slight crown octavos, pompously christened his 'works,' though, in fact, they were his recreations; and his true works may be found on the shelves of Leadenhall Street filling some hundred folios." Lamb's *Autobiography* in the "Preface" to the *Last Essays of Elia.*—22. **Aquinas.** *Thomas Aquinas* (d. 1274) a famous scholastic theologian whose chief work is the *Summa Theologiæ.*—22. **My mantle I bequeath.** An allusion to the prophet's mantle. II. Kings ii. 13. (See n. **277,** 35.)—31. **Carthusian,** member of an order of monks founded by St. Bruno in 1086. Their discipline is very strict. The original *Carthusian* monastery is the Grand Chartreuse in Grenoble, France. The London Charterhouse (corruption of Chartreuse) was one of their houses (1371).—35. **Bond Street.**

In the "West End"; the quarter of fashionable shops. **Pall Mall** and **Soho Square** are in the same locality.

295.—3. **Fish Street Hill? where is Fenchurch Street?** Streets in the city near the India House.—8. **The Elgin Marbles** are among the finest specimens of Greek sculpture. They are now in the British Museum, the Government having bought them from the *Earl of Elgin*, who brought them from Greece. They formed originally part of the decorations of the Parthenon.—20. **Black Monday,** Easter-Monday, so called because "in the 34th of Edward III. (1360), the 14th of April, and the morrow after Easter-day, King Edward with his host lay before the city of Paris: which day was full of dark mist and hail, and so bitter cold that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold." Stowe. (Cf. "It was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on *Black-Monday* last." *M. of Venice*, II. 5.)—30. **Lucretian pleasure.** An allusion to Lucretius, *De Rer. Nat.* II. 1–4.

Suave, mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem;
Non quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas,
Sed quibus ipse malis carreas quia cernere suave est.

(Sweet it is, when the winds are troubling the waters on the wide sea, to contemplate from the shore the great hardship of another, not because it is a delicious satisfaction to feel that anyone should be made miserable, but because it is consoling to discern from what evils we ourselves are free.)

296.—3. **As low as to the fiends.** From the players' declamation in *Hamlet*, II. 2, 475.—5. **Retired leisure,** etc. A paraphrase of Milton:

"And add to these *retired Leisure*,
That in *trim gardens* takes his pleasure."
Il Penseroso, 1 49.

9. **Cum dignitate.** *Otium cum dignitate*, leisure with dignity, a Latin proverb.—12. **Opus operatum est,** my work is done.

ON THE DEATH OF COLERIDGE

296.—Coleridge died at Highgate, London, on July 25, 1834, in the house of Mr. Gilman, a physician who had helped him in his struggle against the opium habit. His friendship with Lamb dated back to their school days at Christ's Hospital, and had been uninterrupted for over fifty years. See Lamb's essay, *Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago*, where the poor friendless boy, in whose person he writes, is Coleridge himself. Lamb did not outlive the year of his friend's death.—32. **From Helicon or Zion,** i.e. from Greek or Hebrew literature, or perhaps more generally from profane or sacred letters.

ESSEX AND SPENSER

297.—In 1580 the poet Spenser went to Ireland as secretary to Lord Grey, whom Elizabeth had appointed to the difficult post of Lord Deputy in Ireland. Lord Grey was a stern opponent of Catholicism, and was the more vigorous in his attempts to subdue Catholic Ireland because it was feared the Irish would intrigue with the Spanards to set up a government hostile to Elizabeth. Lord Grey over-

powered a number of Spaniards who landed at Smerwick, and undertook to put down the rebellion of Desmond, a powerful Munster chief. The English policy involved extermination of the natives and the desolation of the country. In the eyes of Englishmen the Irish chiefs were a band of barbarians, the enemies of law and order, and Spenser, transported from the gay and cultured England of Elizabeth, came to look upon Ireland and the Irish with the loathing that animated most of the Englishmen of his time. Lord Grey left Ireland before the Desmond rebellion was crushed, but Spenser spent practically the remainder of his life there as an agent of the government, embodying his impressions of the country and its political condition in *A View of the Present State of Ireland*. He was rewarded for his services by the grant of Kilcolman Castle, formerly a Desmond possession, situated in the north of county Cork. In 1594 there was a new uprising in Ulster, headed by Hugh O'Neill, known in England as the Earl of Tyrone, and before long all the Irish chiefs rose in his support. By 1598 the rebellion had spread to Munster, and Kilcolman Castle was sacked and burnt. Spenser and his wife escaped, but his young child perished in the flames. The poet returned to England, a broken man, just as Elizabeth was preparing to send out her favorite Essex to end the rebellion. It is at this juncture of affairs that the conversation between Essex and Spenser is imagined by Landor to have taken place. Spenser died in London Jan. 16, 1599. "He died," said Ben Jonson, "for lack of bread, and refused twenty pieces sent to him by my Lord of Essex, saying he had no time to spend them." Essex failed to crush the rebellion, and coming back to England without leave, rushed into the Queen's presence in his travel-stained clothes, hoping to gain her forgiveness. But Elizabeth was indignant and had him imprisoned. He was subsequently released, but remained in disfavor, and in 1601 was tried for having entered into treasonable negotiations with James VI. while in Ireland. Bacon, to whom Essex had shown great kindness, turned prosecutor, and Essex was convicted and executed.

298.—9. **Tooth-for-tooth act.** The *lex talionis*, or law of retaliation, according to which the punishment is the same in kind as the crime, as "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth."

299.—3. **Brief-collectors,** i.e. men holding licenses to collect money for repairing churches, or for the payment of losses by fire, etc.

300.—1. **Hanse-towns.** The towns of northern Germany and the neighboring countries were leagued together for the protection of their commerce and the general benefit of trade. This confederation was called the *Hanseatic-league* (M. Lat. *Hansa*, a corporation, a league), and the towns which belonged to it the *Hanse-towns*.—17. **The star of Berenice shone above him:** that is, above *Titus* (son of *Vespasian*, and Emperor of Rome, 79–81 A.D.) during his siege of Jerusalem, 70 A.D. During this expedition against the Jews, Titus became infatuated with the beautiful and unscrupulous Jewess *Berenice*, the sister of the Agrippa of the *New Testament* (Acts xxv. 13), and the star of *Berenice* is supposed to have been potent enough to enable Titus "to bring up his men against Jerusalem," in spite of the evil odors of the Jews. In astrology men were supposed to act under the influence of a certain star or constellation. The fact that there is a constellation called *Berenice's hair* (*Coma Berenice*)—although it is in fact named after another Berenice—gives an additional point to the figure.

301.—7. **Banks of Mulla,** etc. This stream, made famous by Spenser's verse, flowed near his castle of Kilcolman, in Munster (see introductory note). On its banks (according to his account) he read a part of his *Faerie Queene* to Raleigh, while keeping his sheep

". . . amongst the cooly shade
Of the *greene alders* by the Mulla's shore."
Colin Clout's Come Home Againe, 58.

—17. **Acorns from Penshurst.** Penshurst, in the western part of Kent, was the splendid estate of the Sidneys. Sir Philip Sidney was one of Spenser's heroes and patrons (see Spenser's reference to his "true-hearted Philip," p. 302, 9). To him, as "*a gentleman most worthie of all titles both of learning and chevalrie,*" Spenser had dedicated his *Shepherd's Calendar*. Spenser is supposed to have been received at Penshurst as a young man, and Sidney's influence is thought to have been instrumental in obtaining Spenser's secretaryship to Lord Grey. The planting of the acorns from *Penshurst* was a natural and fitting tribute, but it becomes even more appropriate when we remember that the birth of Sir Philip Sidney is said to have been celebrated at Penshurst in the same manner. Indeed we may fancy that Spenser's acorns were taken from the very oak, the planting of which commemorated the birth of his benefactor. (See the reference to Sidney's oak-tree in Waller's poem *At Pens-Hurst:*

"Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
Of noble Sidney's birth; . . ."

and the lines in Ben Jonson's "To Penshurst," in his poem *The Forest:*

"That taller tree, which of a nut was set,
At his great birth, when all the Muses met."

302.—33. **Neither the houses of ambassadors,** etc.

"*Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,*
Regumque turres." Hor., *Odes*, I. 4. 13.

(Pale Death knocks with impartiality at the hovels of the poor and the palaces of kings.)

HAZLITT

ON THE FEELING OF IMMORTALITY IN YOUTH

305.—9. **The vast, the unbounded prospect,** etc.

"The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me."
Addison's *Cato*, V. i, 13.

—12. **We "bear a charmed life."** Cf. *Macb.* V. 8, 12.—16. **"Bidding the lovely scenes at distance hail."**

"Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!"
Collins, *Ode on the Passions.*

306.—17. **Ere "the wine of life is drunk."** *Macb.* II. 3, 100: "The wine of life is drawn."—24. **As in a glass darkly.** *I. Cor.* xiii. 12. 28.—**Like the foolish fat scullion in Sterne.** "We had a fat, foolish scullion—my father, I think, kept her for her simplicity; she had been all autumn struggling with a dropsy.—He is dead, said Obadiah,—he is certainly dead!—So am not I, said the foolish scullion." *Tristram Shandy*, Book V. chap. 7.

307.—13. **Sine die,** "without day." In parliamentary or legal language an adjournment taken without fixing a day for reassem-

bling is an adjournment *sine die*. Here it is equal to "indefinitely."—17. **Feast of reason,** etc. Pope, *Sat. I*, 128.—24. **Raree-show,** a show carried about in a box like a puppet-show.—36. **Susa.** A royal Persian residence.

308.—11. **Vatican.** The residence of the Pope.—24–25. **Art we know is long.** The saying, "Art is long, life short," often quoted by the ancients (see Seneca, *De Brevitate Vitæ*, I.) is found in its original form in Hippocrates, *Aphorisms*, I. 1: "Life is short and art is long, and occasion swift, and experience fallacious, and judgment difficult."—30. **Divinæ particulæ auræ.** "Particles of divine air."

> "*Quin corpus onustum*
> *Festernis vitiis animum quoque prægravat una*
> *Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.*"
> Hor., *Sat.* II. 2, 77-9.

> "Ay, and the body, clogged with the excess
> Of yesterday, drags down the mind no less,
> And fastens to the ground, in living death,
> That fiery particle of heaven's own breath."
> *Conington's Trans.*

It was the doctrine of the Pythagoreans and the Stoics that our souls were emanations from the Divine Mind, and classic literature is full of references to this belief. Cf. Cic., *Cato Major*, 21, 78. *De Natura Deorum*, I. 11, 27. Vergil, *Æn.* 6, 746 sq. Seneca, *Epistulæ*, 120.—31. **A wrinkle in Rembrandt,** i.e. in a painting of Rembrandt's, the celebrated Dutch artist (1607–1669). Thus we speak of a Raphael, a Titian, meaning pictures by these artists.

309.—38. **We were strong to run a race.** "And rejoiceth as *a strong man to run a race.*" *Ps.* xix. 5.

310.—2. **The sun of liberty,** etc. An allusion to the Reign of Terror and the accession of Napoleon. Hazlitt was thirteen years old when the Bastile fell. He continued an adherent of revolutionary principles even after his old friends Coleridge and Wordsworth had given them up; indeed he quarrelled with them on account of this difference in political opinion.—25. **And may thus be recipients,** etc., i.e. we may obtain immortality on earth by our "intellectual superiority," and in heaven by our "virtues and faith," and so be received by men and by angels.—26. **E'en from the tomb,** etc. Quoted from Gray's *Elegy*.—37. **a whited sepulchre.** *Matt.* xxiii. 27.

311.—9. **Still life.** A technical term in painting applied to the representation of inanimate objects, such as fruits, flowers, dead animals, especially fish, game, etc. A kind of painting carried to great perfection by the artists of the Dutch school.

DE QUINCEY

LEVANA AND OUR LADIES OF SORROW

312.—**Levana.** From *levare*, to raise; same root as *lĕvis*, light. Cf. *alleviate*, from *ad* + *levare*, in a figurative sense to lift up, to lighten a burden, as of sorrow or pain. See St. Augustine, *De Civitate Dei*, 4, 11.

313.—24. **Eton.** One of the oldest and most aristocratic of the great "public schools" of England. It is situated on the Thames opposite Windsor, and was founded, 1441, by Henry VI.—25. **A boy on the foundation,** etc. There are about 70 boys on the *foundation* (i.e. on the endowment, or holding scholarships). They live in the

college and are called "collegers." The boys living in the town, about 950 in number, are called *Oppidans*.—25. **Superannuated,** i.e. required to leave on account of age.

314.—1. **Sad.** See n. **3,** 33.—2. **Angry,** i.e. red, as the countenance of one flushed with passion. Cf. Herbert: "Sweet rose, whose hue *angrie* and brave." *Standard English Poems,* p. 94 and note.—5. **Muses were but three.** Pausanias (IX. 29, § 1–4) states that originally three Muses were worshipped on Mount Helicon in Bœotia, namely, *Melete* (Meditation), *Mneme* (Memory), and *Aœde* (Song). Homer mentions *nine Muses* only once (*Odys.* 24, 60). Hesiod is the first that gives the names of the nine (*Theog.* 77 sq.).—5. **Who fit the harp, the trumpet, or the lute,** etc. Each instrument seems chosen by De Quincey to suggest a different province of emotion: the *harp* for religious feeling; the *trumpet* for patriotism and martial ardour; and the *lute* for love and sentiment.—8. **In Oxford.** De Quincey matriculated at Worcester College, Oxford, in 1803, aged nineteen. It was during his stay there that he begun the use of opium.—21. **Our Ladies.** "Our Lady" is the mediæval appellation of the Virgin Mary. (Cf. the Italian *Madonna.*) In De Quincey's first plan of the "dream-legend" there were four parts outlined and the first part was to "belong to Madonna."

315.—12. **Mater Lachrymarum.** The representation of Mary beneath the cross was called *Mater Dolorosa,* the Mother of Griefs.—14. **She stood in Rama.** *Jeremiah* xxxi. 15; *St. Matt.* ii. 18.—28. **Keys more than papal.** In allusion to the belief of the Roman Church that to the Pope, as the successor of St. Peter, are given the keys of the kingdom of heaven. See *St. Matt.* xvi. 18, 19.

316.—4. **Has been sitting all this winter.** The Czar, Nicholas I., visited London in June, 1844, to confer with Palmerston on the Eastern Question. The death in the following August of his daughter the Princess Alexandra, who was then in her twentieth year, aroused universal sympathy in England.—14. **Mater Suspiriorum,** Mother of Sighs (Lat. *sub,* from under, and *spirare,* to breathe, therefore to "breathe from the depths").—33. **Pariah.** A low-caste Hindoo, employed in India in menial labours. Here figuratively a social outcast. In his first plan De Quincey had said: "The third part belongs to the Mater Suspiriorum and will be entitled 'The Pariah Worlds.'"—33. **The Jew,** in allusion to the terrible persecutions of the Jews in many parts of Europe during the Middle Ages.—35. **Norfolk Island.** A British island off the east coast of Australia, formerly the site of a penal colony.

317.—13. **Sepulchral lamps.** Cf. Cowper, *Conversation,* l. 358:

> "Our wasted oil unprofitably burns
> Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns,"

and note on *our light in ashes,* **26,** 16.—20. **The tents of Shem.** Cf. *Genesis* ix. 27.—29. **Cybele.** The wife of Chronos and mother of the gods; in early Greek mythology, represented as sitting between lions with a mural or turreted crown on her head.

318.—11. **Mater Tenebrarum,** "Mother of the Shades." In the Mediæval Church (and still in the Roman Catholic Church) *Tenebræ* was the name of special services held in Holy Week, during which the lights were extinguished to symbolize the death of Christ.—12. **Semnai Theai,** another name for the Furies, called *semnai,* or sublime,

in "shuddering propitiation" by the Athenians, who worshipped them.—35. **Accomplished,** perfected, made complete.

THE ENGLISH MAIL-COACH

319.—4. **Some twenty years,** etc. See n. **314,** 8.—5. **Mr. Palmer.** John Palmer (1742–1818), a public-spirited citizen of Bath, observing "that the state-post was the slowest mode of conveyance in the country" and that it took letters three days to pass between Bristol and London, while he could cover the distance in one day, laid before Pitt a plan for conveying the mail in government coaches, which were to maintain a uniform speed of 8–10 miles an hour. After much discussion, in which Palmer was supported by Pitt, but opposed by the postal authorities, a service between Bristol and London was inaugurated, and Palmer himself despatched the first mail-coach from Bristol, Aug. 2, 1784. By the autumn of 1785 mail-coaches were running to most of the important English cities and towns, and in the following year the service was extended to Edinburgh. Palmer was rewarded by Pitt with an appointment as comptroller-general of the Post Office.—8. **He had married the daughter of a duke.** According to De Quincey this was Lady Madeline Gordon, but Prof. Masson found a record of the marriage of Lady Madeline Gordon to *Charles Palmer,* of Lockley Park, Berks, and concludes that if his authority is correct "her second husband was not John Palmer of mail-coach celebrity, and [that] De Quincey is wrong." See Masson's *De Quincey,* Vol. XIII.—10. **Galileo.** The great Italian astronomer and physicist (1564–1642), who discovered the satellites of Jupiter.—10. **Invent.** Lat. *in* + *venio,* to come upon, to find, discover; and this is its early but now obsolete meaning in English.—25. **Vast distances.** "One case was familiar to mail-coach travellers, where two mails in opposite directions, north and south, starting at the same time from points six hundred miles apart, met almost constantly at a particular bridge which bisected the total distance." De Quincey's note.

320.—11. **Trafalgar, Salamanca,** etc. All battles in the Napoleonic wars between 1805 and 1815. *Trafalgar,* Oct. 21, 1805. (See selection from Southey's *Life of Nelson.*) *Salamanca,* July 22, 1812, and *Vittoria,* June 21, 1813, were two battles in the Peninsular War in which Wellington defeated the French. The defeat of Napoleon by Wellington and Blücher, June 18, 1815, ended the Emperor's career.—20. **Te Deums,** the name of an ancient hymn of praise in the Christian Church, so called from the opening words, *Te Deum laudamus,* Thee, God, we praise.—34. **Turnpike.** See n. **237,** 15.

321.—5. **Quarterings,** crossing the road from side to side so as to avoid ruts, etc. "This is the technical word, and, I presume, derived from the French *cartayer,* to evade a rut or any obstacle." De Quincey's note.—7. **Attainder** deprived the attainted of all the civil rights of a free citizen. He was "dead in the eyes of the law," and could neither inherit nor transmit property.—10. **Benefit of clergy.** A technical phrase in Old English law, signifying the exemption of members of the clergy from criminal proceedings in king's courts. The law granting the privilege was not entirely repealed until 1827.—12. **Systole and diastole.** In physiology the alternate contraction and distention of the heart by which the circulation of the blood is effected. Gr. *syn,* together, *dia,* apart + *stellein,* to place, *stolé,* a placing.) Cf. the figure of speech by which roads

and streets are called "arteries" of traffic.—20. **Quarter Sessions,** a court originally so called from the fact that its sessions were held quarterly. The administration of the highway laws was one of its functions.—38. **False echoes of Marengo.** At the battle of Marengo, June 14, 1800, the French general Desaix, by his timely arrival, saved Napoleon from defeat, but was himself killed. The story that Napoleon, on hearing of his death, said: "Ah, wherefore have we not time to weep over you!" is called by De Quincey a "theatrical fiction."

322.—9. **À fortiori.** (Lat. "from the stronger.") A technical term in logic, equivalent to "all the more so." If De Quincey had upheld the *morality* of the mail-coach upon which any *rights* it had were based, it followed *à fortiori* that he would uphold its rights.—16. **"Tallyho."** An old hunting-cry, and by transfer applied to a four-in-hand coach.—25. **False, fleeting, perjured Brummagem.** *Brummagem* is an old form of *Birmingham*, still in colloquial and vulgar use, and often applied to cheap jewelry, for the manufacture of which Birmingham is noted. In his *Autobiographic Sketches*, Chap. II., De Quincey says that at school they called the Greek second aorist a "Birmingham counterfeit." The characterization of Birmingham is a reminiscence of *Rich. III.*, I. iv. 55:

> "Clarence is come,—*false, fleeting, perjured Clarence*,
> That stabbed me in the field by Tewkesbury."

—27. **Tombs of Luxor.** *Luxor* in Upper Egypt, on the site of the ancient capital of Egypt, is famous for its temples and tombs.

323.—5. **But on our side,** etc. Cf. *Rich. III.*, V. 3, 12, 13:

> "Besides, the King's name is a tower of strength
> Which they upon the adverse party want."

—26. **A very fine story from one of our elder dramatists.** Apparently an invention of De Quincey's. He seems to have taken some Arabic tale and coloured it with his reminiscence of a passage in the *Prelude* of Wordsworth (Book X. 18–20):

> ". . . The Great Mogul, when he
> Erewhile went forth from Agra or Lahore,
> Rajahs and Omrahs in his train," etc.,

and then attributed it for effect to "one of our elder dramatists." —29. **Omrah,** which is not in the *Cent. Dict.*, is really a plural of the Arabic *amir* (ameer), a commander, nobleman, as Prof. Turk in the *Athenæum Press* edition of *De Quincey* points out.

324.—11. **Roman pearls,** i.e. imitation pearls.—13. **6th of Edward Longshanks, chap. 18.** A humorous invention of De Quincey's. Coaches were not known in England until much later. De Quincey probably used Edward I., because he was so far back that the reader would not take the reference seriously, and because Edward was famous for his laws. The *6th of Edward Longshanks* would be a statute passed in the sixth year of his reign, i.e. 1278.—31. **Non magna loquimur . . . vivimus.** "We do not *talk* great things, we live them."

325.—14. **Nile nor Trafalgar.** Nelson destroyed the French fleet in the famous battle of the Nile, fought in Aboukir Bay, Aug. 1, 1798. —27. **Pot-wallopings.** "The sound made by a pot in boiling." *Cent. Dict.* The design of the whole passage is to belittle the steam-engine by comparing it to a tea-kettle. Cf the reference to "culinary process" above.

326.—14. **Baubling,** petty, small, trifling Cf. Shak., *Twelfth Night,* V. 1, 52: "A baubling vessel was he captain of."—26. **Prelibation,** foretaste.—30. **Lombard Street.** Near the Bank of England. The General Post-office in St. Martin le Grand, near St. Paul's, was built 1825–1829.—31. **At that time.** "I speak of the era previous to Waterloo." De Quincey.—34. **Attelage** (French), team.—34. **We filled the street, though a long one.** Lombard Street, between the Mansion House and Grace Church, is about 350 yards long. But London streets, even where they are continuous, do not retain the same names. Thus the continuation of Lombard Street (a main thoroughfare) on the west is called the Poultry and Cheapside, on the east Fenchurch Street.

328.—14. **Badajoz,** in Spain, taken by Wellington in 1812.

329.—10. **Barnet,** eleven miles north of London.

330.—28. **Containing the gazette,** i.e. the official report of the battle.

331.—8. **Fey.** Not a *Gaelic* word native to the "Celtic Highlanders," but an old Anglo-Saxon word retained in the Scotch, which is the most northern of the *English* dialects. In Old English poetry it was applied to warriors who are "doomed" to fall in battle. In its Scottish use there is associated with it a state of high spirits and wild exaltation in the person unconscious of his impending doom, which is regarded as a sign of coming death or disaster.—30. **Talavera.** Sir Arthur Wellesley (not yet Duke of Wellington) and Cuesta were attacked by the French under Marshal Victor and Joseph Bonaparte on the 27th and 28th of July, 1809, near *Talavera de la Reina* (at the confluence of the *Alberche* and the *Tagus*). The Spanish were in an impregnable position and the brunt of the fighting fell on the English. Though Wellesley completely defeated the French on July 27, other French generals cut off his advance and he was obliged to fall back on Portugal. "It has been said that to complete the victory Sir Arthur Wellesley should have caused the Spaniards to advance, but this would more probably have led to a defeat. Neither Cuesta nor his troops were capable of an orderly movement." Napier. See Napier's *History of the Peninsular War,* Vol. II. 406.—38. **The 23d Dragoons.** "Sir Arthur Wellesley immediately ordered Anson's brigade of cavalry, composed of the 23d light dragoons and the first German hussars, to charge the head of the advancing French columns; and this brigade, coming on at a canter, and increasing its speed as it advanced, rode headlong against the enemy, but in a few moments came upon the brink of a hollow cleft which was not perceptible at a distance. . . . The twenty-third, under Colonel Seymour, rode wildly down into the hollow, and men and horses fell over each other in dreadful confusion. The survivors, still untamed, mounted the opposite bank by twos and threes, but were completely overmatched and broken by the French. Those who were not killed or taken made for Bassecour's Spanish division (allies of the English), and so escaped, leaving behind 207 men and officers or about half the number that went into action." Napier, *Hist. Peninsular War,* II. 403.

332.—21. **Aceldama.** "Now this man [Judas] purchased a field with the reward of iniquity, and falling headlong, he burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out. And it was known unto all the dwellers at Jerusalem, insomuch as that field is called in their own proper tongue *Aceldama,* that is to say, the field of blood." *Acts* i. 19.

THOMAS CARLYLE

THE CITY BY NIGHT

333.—18. **I look down,** etc. The speaker is *Herr Teufelsdröckh*, an imaginary German philosopher in *Sartor Resartus*, whose "*Life and Opinions*" are supposed to be set forth in that book by his friend the editor, "a young and enthusiastic Englishman." We are told that the immediate occasion of this exposition of Teufelsdröckh's philosophy was the appearance of his remarkable work on the "Philosophy of Clothes" (*Die Kleider, ihr Werden und Wirken*, Clothes: their Origin and Influence). As the title *Sartor Resartus* (The tailor patched, or restored) implies, the presentation of this "Philosophy of Clothes" is the main object of the editor, or, in other words, the subject of Carlyle's book. By the "Philosophy of Clothes" Carlyle meant the true significance of the relations in which outward, visible, or material things stand to the inner or underlying world of reality or spirit. He regarded the whole world of the senses—Nature, man's history, institutions, and customs—as the vesture, the sensuous manifestation, in a word the *Clothes*, of the spirit beneath. Through the mouth of Teufelsdröckh, the eccentric and solitary student, Carlyle speaks to us from the depths of his own nature, and the book is essentially self-revealing and autobiographic. The name *Diogenes Teufelsdröckh* (God-born Devil's-dirt) is meant to suggest the strange mingling of the divine and diabolical in human nature. Teufelsdröckh is described as professor of *Allerlei-Wissenschaft* (the Science of Things in General) at *Weissnichtwo* (Don't-know-where), a name which is the German equivalent of Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* (Gr. *ou*, not, and *topos*, a place), or *Land of Nowhere*. He is pictured as living on "the attic floor of the highest house in the *Wahngasse*" (i.e. Illusion Street), or in the midst of illusions, of visions, which are the very "pinnacle" of this land of Nowhere. Here, in his "private domicile," from the windows of which he could look out towards all the points of the compass, from the vast height of which he could look down on the world as from a "watch-tower," here Teufelsdröckh is presented to us, in the passage selected, moralizing to his English admirer and future editor upon the life of the city which lay beneath.

334.—12. **Red and yellow Clothes-screen yonder,** i.e. yon gayly apparelled man on horseback. See the same thought differently dressed in *Natural Supernaturalism*.—15. **Hengst and Horsa.** The traditional leaders of the Anglo-Saxon invasion of England (449 A.D.).—19. **"Ach mein Lieber."** Oh my dear friend.—24. **Boötes.** A northern constellation pictured as a hunter holding in leash the "hounds" (*Canes Venatici*), a constellation between Boötes and the Dipper.

335.—3. **Rouge-et-Noir** (French; red-and-black). A gambling game of cards, so called because played on a table with four diamond-shaped spots, two of which are red and two black.—17. **The Rabenstein** (Ger. the *Ravens' Rock*), where the gallows are erected and the birds of prey collect.—29. **Mein Werther,** lit. *my worthy*, i.e. my friend.

NATURAL SUPERNATURALISM

335.—32. **The Professor,** i.e. *Teufelsdröckh*. See n. **333,** 18.

336.—14. **Attains to Transcendentalism,** i.e. succeeds in passing

beyond the world of appearance woven by the senses on the loom of "Time and Space," to the world of the Real, the Eternal, the Essential and Changeless, and therefore *transcending* (Lat. *trans*, across; *scando*, I climb) the visible and tangible.—16. **Palingenesia.** (Greek *palin*, again; *genesis*, birth, beginning.) The new birth; regeneration.—32. **"Open Sesame."** In the tale of Ali Baba, in the *Arabian Nights*, *"Open Sesame"* was the magic phrase by which the robbers' dungeon was opened. The expression has consequently come to be used in a general sense to signify an easy or quick way of gaining entrance to any place, or an understanding of anything. The *sesame* is a plant widely cultivated in the Orient. See n. **369**, 10.

337.—5. **One, that can make Iron swim.** See *II. Kings*, vi. 6.—11. **Is not the Machine of the Universe,** etc. See n. **346**, 22. Carlyle was a vehement opponent of the mechanical interpretation of the universe that had become current in the eighteenth century, according to which the world was like a great clock wound up and running on by itself according to "unalterable rules," after it had once been started by the Creator. To Carlyle the whole world was a living organism, with the Divine Spirit *immanent* or present within it as its vital principle.—14. **"Without variableness or shadow of turning."** *St. James* i. 17.—23. **Was Man with his Experience present at the Creation?** The book of Job was one of Carlyle's favourite books, and he has caught the movement and style of parts of the magnificent thirty-eighth chapter. See esp. v. 4 *et seq.*—34. **Laplace's Book on the Stars.** *Laplace*, a celebrated French astronomer (1749–1827), wrote *Mécanique Céleste* and *Exposition du Système du Monde*, to which Carlyle refers in the next sentence.—38. **Is to me as precious as to another.** In his early years Carlyle had devoted considerable time to mathematics and astronomy, and had more respect for astronomy than for any of the other natural sciences, of which he knew little and thought less.

338.—3. **Herschel's Fifteen-thousand Suns per minute.** *Sir William Herschel* (1738–1822), a distinguished astronomer and the discoverer of the planet Saturn, erected a great telescope (completed 1789) by means of which he greatly extended our knowledge of the heavens, and enlarged our conception of the vastness of the universe. He invented a system of "star-gauges," which enabled him to count the number of stars visible in the field of his telescope, and by directing his glass successively to different parts of the heavens, and recording the number of stars visible in each, he was able to estimate the average number to be found within the diameter of his field in any quarter of the sky. Carlyle means that in every minute of time fifteen thousand stars rise and begin their westward course across the sky. The thought of the passage is a trifle obscure. The sense is: "Do you call this a 'Mechanism of the Heavens' and a 'System of the World'—this book that does not even mention Sirius and the Pleiades, to say nothing of *Herschel's* fifteen thousand suns per minute,—that merely catalogues a paltry handful of moons, etc., so that we can now 'prate of their Whereabout'? And even of these comparatively few heavenly objects, which you misname the 'System of the World,' our knowledge is extremely limited. We know something of their motions, but *How* and *Why* they move, and *What* they are, is completely hid from us. One look through *Herschel's* telescope proves that Laplace's high-sounding 'System of the World' is but a little island in the glimmering Ocean of the Unknown in which we float."—6. **Prate of**

their Whereabout. *Macb.* II. 1, 58.—16. **Epicycle.** (Gr. *epi*, on, *cycle*, a circle). A cycle moving upon another cycle. Thus the moon's path around the earth is its *cycle*, but considered with reference to the earth's motion around the sun it is an *epicycle*, i.e. it is a cycle moving upon another and a larger cycle. And if our Solar System itself revolves about some central sun, the earth's cycle is but a little "epicycle" revolving on "an infinitely larger cycle."—33. **Hieroglyphs.** (Gr. *hieros*, sacred, *glyphein*, to carve, to engrave.) The *hieroglyphs* were used in the sacred records of the Egyptians and could be deciphered by the priests only. See n. **374**, 15, 16.

339.—1. **The vulgar Character,** i.e. the common writing legible to all.—23. **That the Miraculous by simple repetition ceases to be Miraculous.** See the fine passage on the wonder of the stars in the opening paragraphs of Emerson's *Nature*, for the same thought.

340.—9. **Was Luther's picture of the Devil,** etc. An allusion to the familiar story according to which Luther threw his inkpot at the Devil. —18. **Space and Time.** The German philosopher Kant held that Space and Time are not realities of the outer world, having an independent existence, but are merely a necessary way of looking at things and thinking of them—"Thought-forms" through which all outward experience has to pass. This necessity he held lay in the human mind, independent of and *prior* to experience, and was therefore part of the *a priori* equipment of the mind.—26. **Fortunatus.** The hero of a popular mediæval story. He had a purse that could never be emptied, and got his wishing-hat from the Sultan's chamber.—36. **Groschen.** A small German coin.

342.—28. **Orpheus or Amphion,** two well-known characters in Greek mythology which illustrate the power of music. *Orpheus* gathered the wild creatures of the forest about him to listen to the music of the lyre, and *Amphion*, by the "mere" power and beauty of his music, built the walls of Thebes. Carlyle means: Were the stories of *Orpheus* and *Amphion* true, you would consider them miraculous. Yet think of the forces that have actually been at work to build up these cities in which we live. What power built the churches, cathedrals, hospitals, schools, and colleges; the museums, libraries, and all the other material signs of civilization and religion which we see daily, and, dulled by custom, never stop to wonder at? Is there no miracle here?—32. **Steinbruch.** Germ., a place where *stone* is *broken*, a quarry. —32. **Troglodyte Chasm,** a hole or cavern like those once occupied by the *Troglodytes*, or prehistoric cave-dwellers. (Gr. *Troglodutes*, one who creeps into holes.) That is, out of the deserted quarry of the prehistoric past are hewn the rocks which are built into the forms of highest beauty.—34. **Ashlar.** Built of squared stones.

343.—19. **Then sawest thou.** A German idiom, *dann sähest du*. It is *subjunctive*, not *indicative*, and equals 'then wouldst thou see.'—27. **The English Johnson.** For an account of Dr. Johnson and the Cock Lane Ghost, see *Boswell's Johnson*. The "Ghost" was a trick played by a man named Parsons and his daughter, for which they were severely punished (1762).

344.—10. **Dance of the Dead.** The Dance of Death, or *Danse Macabre*, was a mediæval allegory: Death, a skeleton-musician, leads the dance in which all men join. It was often acted in the Middle Ages and there are many pictorial representations of it.—29. **That warrior on his strong war-horse,** etc. Cf. the picture in the Old English poem of *The Wanderer:*

"Where has gone the war-horse, where the warrior,
Where the giver of gifts, where the boon companions,
That feasted and wakened the joys of the Hall?
Alas the bright goblets! alas the brave warriors!
Alas the pride of princes! How that time has vanished,
Sunk under night-shadows as though it never had been!"

345.—2. **Cimmerian Night.** A proverbial expression for utter darkness. The Cimmerians are mentioned by Homer as living beyond the ocean-stream in a land where no sun ever shines and darkness perpetual reigns.—23. **We are such stuff, etc.** Shak., *Tempest*, IV. i. 157.

SHAKESPEARE

346.—22. **The "Tree Igdrasil."** The Tree of Existence in Norse mythology. "I like, too, that representation they have of the Tree Igdrasil. All Life is by them figured as a Tree. Igdrasil, the Ash-tree of Existence, has its roots deep-down in the Kingdoms of Hela or Death; its trunk reaches up heaven-high, spreads its boughs over the whole Universe: it is the Tree of Existence. At the foot of it, in the Death-kingdom, sit three *Nornas*, Fates,—the Past, Present, Future; watering its roots from the Sacred Well. Its 'boughs,' with their buddings and disleafings,—events, things suffered, things done, catastrophes,—stretch through all lands and times. Is not every leaf of it a biography, every fibre there an act or word? Its boughs are Histories of Nations. The rustle of it is the Noise of Human Existence, onwards from of old." *Heroes and Hero-Worship*: "The Hero as Divinity."—25. **Sir Thomas Lucy.** The "Warwickshire Squire" before whom, according to the old story, Shakespeare was brought up for poaching.

347.—7. **Acts of Parliament.** "The Act of Supremacy" (1535), by making Henry VIII "supreme head on earth" of the Church in England, severed the English Church from the Roman Church and abolished "*Middle-Age Catholicism.*"—15. **Debate at St. Stephen's.** St. Stephen's Hall, adjoining Westminster Hall, was for a long time the place where the House of Commons met. It occupies the site of old St. Stephen's Chapel, founded in 1330, and forms a part of the aggregation of buildings known as the Houses of Parliament.—17. **Freemasons' Tavern** and Freemasons' Hall, in Great Queen St., are the London headquarters of the Masonic Order.

352.—5. **Novalis.** The pseudonym of the German mystic poet *Friedrich von Hardenbergh*, the subject of one of Carlyle's early essays.

353.—23. **Dogberry and Verges.** The constable and his assistant in *Much Ado about Nothing*.—33. **Wilhelm Meister.** A philosophical novel by Goethe, translated by Carlyle.—34. **August Wilhelm Schlegel** (1767–1845). A celebrated German scholar, critic, and poet. He translated Shakespeare into German. The passage to which Carlyle alludes is in his *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*, published 1809–11.

354.—7. **The battle of Agincourt,** i.e. in *K. Hen. V.*

355.—**Disjecta membra.** Scattered limbs, i.e. here, dispersed fragments. A common misquotation of Horace, *Sat.* I. 4, 62:

"Invenias etiam *disjecti membra poetæ.*"
(The bard remains, unlimb him as you will.)
Conington's Trans.

—8. **That scroll,** etc. Shakespeare's monument in Westminster Abbey represents the poet with his right arm leaning upon a pile of

his works, his left hand holding a scroll with the passage from the *Tempest*, "We are such stuff," etc., inscribed upon it.

356.—12. **Simulacrum.** Lat. an image (from *simulare*, to feign). Frequently used by Carlyle in the sense of a *sham*, a something which appears, or pretends, to be what it is not.—36 **Earl of Southampton.** Henry Wriothesley (1573–1624), third Earl, to whom Shakespeare dedicated his *Sonnets*.

358.—6. **Paramatta.** A town in New South Wales, Australia.—16. **Poor Italy lies dismembered.** The efforts of the Italian patriots Cavour, Garibaldi, and others for the unification of Italy proved successful, and in 1861 Victor Immanuel was crowned as the first King of united Italy.—19. **The Czar of all the Russias,** etc. Since the appearance of Turgenief and Tolstoi, Russia's greatness can no longer be said to be altogether "dumb."

T. B. MACAULAY

MILTON

359. The essay on *Milton* was the first of a series of essays written by Macaulay for the *Edinburgh Review*, which was founded in 1802 by Francis Jeffrey as an organ of Whig principles. When Macaulay in 1825 wrote his essay for the *Edinburgh*, the *Life of Milton* by Dr. Johnson was still a very generally accepted authority. Dr Johnson, stout old Tory as he was, had attacked Milton's political principles, and Macaulay, writing from a Whig point of view, undertook to defend and justify Milton in those points where he had fallen under Dr. Johnson's disapprobation. The recent discovery of the *Treatise on Christian Doctrine* gave Macaulay a convenient starting-point for his essay, but his theory as to the way in which the *Treatise* came among the State Papers has been shown by Prof. Masson to be partly wrong. (See Masson's *Life of Milton*, VI. 791. And for Macaulay's first association with the *Edinburgh Review*, see Trevelyan's *Macaulay*, I. chap. 3.)—10. **Secretary.** Milton was Latin, or Foreign, Secretary of the Commonwealth during the whole of its existence, 1649–1659.—10. **Popish Trials.** See Gardiner's *Student's History of England*, 615, or any history of the reign of Charles II.—11. **Ryehouse Plot.** See Gardiner's *Student's History of England*, 625.—12. **To Mr. Skinner, Merchant.** Not *Cyriac* Skinner as Macaulay supposed, but the father of *Daniel* Skinner to whom the MS. had been entrusted for posthumous publication. See Masson's *Milton*, VI. 791.—15. **Wood and Toland.** Early biographers of Milton.—16. **Cyriac Skinner.** Milton's intimate friend, perhaps a connection of Daniel Skinner. Milton addressed to him his *Twenty-first* and *Twenty-third Sonnets*.—21. **Oxford Parliament,** called by Charles II. in 1681. The riotous behaviour of the Whigs at this parliament had made them unpopular, and a reaction against them set in. See Gardiner's *Student's History of England*, 621.

360.—3. **By his Majesty,** i.e. George IV.—23. **"That would have made Quintilian,"** etc. See Milton's *Eleventh Sonnet*. Quintilian was a celebrated Roman rhetorician. See n. **46,** 36.—28. **Denham.** *Sir John Denham* (1615–1669), a cavalier and poet contemporary with Cowley. The passage referred to is in a poem by Denham on the death of Cowley, quoted by Dr. Johnson in his *Life* of Denham:

" Horace's wit, and Virgil's state,
He did not steal, but emulate!
And, when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear."

—28. **Cowley.** See n. **285,** 33.

361.—1. **Arianism.** The doctrine advanced by *Arius,* a priest of Alexandria, in the fourth century, concerning the relation of the Son to the Father, in the Trinity. Arius taught that Christ, while in a sense divine, was not co-equal nor "of the same substance" with God the Father. This view was condemned as heresy by the Church in 325, at the Council of Nice. Milton clearly believed in the subordination of the Son to the Father. See *Treatise on Christian Doctrine,* Ch. V., and *Par. Lost,* Book III.—2. **Polygamy.** In his essay Milton, basing his argument on the *Old Testament,* contends that polygamy, while it may not be *expedient,* is not of necessity contrary to good morals.—7. **The nature of the Deity.** Milton's conception of God was anthropomorphic, i.e. he thought of Him as having the same nature, emotions, etc., as men, without man's imperfections.—8. **The eternity of matter.** Milton did not share the common orthodox belief that the world was created by God out of nothing.—8. **The observation of the Sabbath.** Milton believed that the command to observe the Sabbath was given to the Jews only, and was not binding upon Christians, no one day being of necessity more sacred than another.—15. **Defensio Populi,** i.e. the *Defense of the English People* for having beheaded Charles I. Macaulay uses a shortened and altered form of the actual Latin title: *Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio.* —25. **Capuchins.** An order of friars, so called from their *hood.* (Ital. *cappuccio,* from Lat. *caput,* the head.)

362.—23. **Johnson has thought fit,** etc. In his *Life of Milton* Dr. Johnson ridicules Milton's subjection to the influence of the weather. "Milton appears to suspect that souls partake of the general degeneracy, and is not without some fear that his book is to be written in *an age too late* for heroic poesy. . . . He that could fear lest his genius had fallen upon too old a world, or too chill a climate, might consistently magnify to himself the influence of the seasons, and believe his faculties to be vigorous only half the year."

363.—18. **Mrs. Marcet's little dialogues,** etc. *Mrs. Jane Marcet* (1769–1858), a popular writer of instructive books for children. Her *Conversations on Political Economy,* to which Macaulay here refers, passed through a number of editions and won her considerable recognition.—19. **Montague.** *Charles Montagu,* first Earl of Halifax (1661–1715), a statesman and financier who established the Bank of England during the reign of William and Mary.—19. **Walpole.** *Sir Robert Walpole* (1676–1745), prime minister in the reigns of the first two Georges and noted for his abilities as a financier.

364.—9. **Shaftesbury.** (See n. **282,** 25.) *Shaftesbury* believed in the existence of a special faculty by which men were able to distinguish right from wrong, which he called the *Moral Sense.*—10. **Helvetius** (1715–1771). A French philosopher, who in his book *De l'Esprit* derived all virtue from self-interest.—20. **Fable of the Bees,** by Bernard Mandeville (1670–1733), a Dutch physician (not to be confounded with Sir John Mandeville), who settled in England, and in 1714 published an *Inquiry into the Origin of Moral Virtue.* He attached to it a doggerel poem, *The Grumbling Heir,* and *Remarks on the Poem,* and entitled the whole collection *The Fable of the Bees, or Private Vices Public Benefits.*

365.—1. **"As imagination bodies forth,"** etc. *Midsum. Nights' D.* V. i. 14. In the same passage occur the words "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling," to which Macaulay refers in the next line.—37. **The Greek Rhapsodists, according to Plato,** etc. The *Rhapsodists* were professional reciters of poetry, and especially of the Homeric poems, among the Greeks. Macaulay is thinking of the description of the *Rhapsodists* in Plato's dialogue *Ion.*

366.—7. **They linger longest among the peasantry.** Cf. the harvest song in *Adam Bede,* chap. 53.—37. **Rabbinical Literature,** i.e. the Jewish literature that grew up about the Hebrew scriptures after the Christian era. Hebr. *Rabbi* (lit. *my lord*), an expounder of the law. Milton's prose contains many references to *Rabbinical* lore.

367.—4. **Petrarch** (1304–1374), a famous Italian poet, wrote both in the Italian dialect of his time and in the "ancient language," i.e. Latin, but is remembered chiefly for his Italian poems.—9–10. **The authority of Johnson is against us,** etc. Dr. Johnson, in his *Life of Cowley,* says: "If the Latin performances of Cowley and Milton be compared, the advantage seems to lie on the side of Cowley."—12. **Augustan elegance.** The age of *Augustus* (31 B.C.–A.D. 14), under whom flourished *Vergil, Horace,* and *Ovid,* was the most brilliant of Roman literature.—21–22. **Epistle to Manso.** A Latin poem by Milton addressed to *Manso, Marquis of Villa,* who had hospitably entertained Milton on his visit to Italy and had addressed Italian verses to him.—31. **"About him exercised."** *Par. Lost,* IV. 551–54.

369.—10. **Cassim.** A character in the tale of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" in the *Arabian Nights.* (See n. **336,** 32.)—13. **The miserable failure of Dryden,** etc. Dryden paraphrased parts of *Paradise Lost* in heroic verse, in his opera *The State of Innocence.*

370.—20. **Mr. Newbery.** *John Newbery* (1713–1767), an English publisher and bookseller, the friend of Johnson and Goldsmith. He was the first to make a business of getting out story-books for children. Austin Dobson has an interesting sketch of him under the title "An Old London Bookseller," in *Eighteenth Century Vignettes.*—24. **In all the characters . . . Harold,** etc. The hero of Byron's poem *Childe Harold,* generally identified with Byron himself. Macaulay has elaborated this thought in his essay on Byron.

371.—15. **The address of Clytæmnestra,** the wife of Agamemnon, in the play of *Agamemnon* describes the sorrow and distress she felt while her husband was absent at the siege of Troy.—17. **Seven Argive chiefs.** In the *Seven Against Thebes* the *description* of the besieging of that city by the seven Argive champions occupies a considerable part of the play.—33. **"Sad Electra's poet,"** quoted from Milton's *Eighth Sonnet. Electra,* the daughter of Agamemnon, helped her brother to avenge the murder of his father by Clytæmnestra. *Electra* is the main character in Euripides' play *Electra,* and appears again in his *Orestes.*—34. **The beautiful Queen of Fairyland,** etc. See *Midsum. N. D.* IV. 1.

372.—16. **Italian Masque.** The *masque* was a dramatic entertainment with dancing, music, and gorgeous scenery. Originating in Italy, it was given its distinctive literary form in England by Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher, and was a very popular form of amusement during the reigns of the first two Stuarts.—20. **The Faithful Shepherdess.** A pastoral drama by Fletcher.—21. **Aminta.** A pastoral drama by the Italian poet Tasso.—21. **Pastor Fido.** A pastoral drama by the Italian poet Guarini, a contemporary of Tasso.

It was an imitation of *Aminta*.—33. **Chimney-sweeper on May-day.** When Macaulay wrote this essay, the chimney-sweeps of London still celebrated the first of May by getting themselves up in fantastic costumes and forming processions with a gaily attired *Queen of the May* and *Jack o' the Green* in the lead.

373.—11. **Sir Henry Wotton** (1568–1639), an author, diplomatist, and educator, and "a man of high character and cultivation." Milton sent him a copy of *Comus*, which he acknowledged in the letter from which Macaulay quotes. See his poem *The Character of a Happy Life* in *Stand. Eng. Poems*, p. 66 and note.—21. **Thyrsis.** The attendant spirit in *Comus*. Milton took the name from the pastorals of *Theocritus* and *Vergil*.—23. **"Now my task is smoothly done,"** etc. See the Epilogue to *Comus*, part of which Macaulay quotes and part of which he paraphrases in prose.—28. **Hesperides.** The three daughters of *Hesperus* (Lat. from *Vesper*, evening), in whose garden of the West grew the celebrated golden apples of Greek legend.

374.—9. **Divine Comedy.** Dante's great poem, in which the poet describes his journey through the world of departed spirits. It is in three parts, *Inferno*, or Hell, *Purgatorio*, Purgatory, *Paradiso*, Heaven, and is called a *Comedy* because of its happy ending with the entrance of the poet into Paradise after his meeting with Beatrice. "The three kingdoms, *Inferno*, *Purgatorio*, *Paradiso*, look out on one another like compartments of a great edifice; a great supernatural world-cathedral piled up there, stern, solemn, awful; Dante's World of Souls." Carlyle, *The Hero as Poet*. The whole of Carlyle's characterization of Dante forms an interesting and striking contrast to Macaulay's treatment of him.—13. **The father of Tuscan literature,** i.e. of Italian literature. Dante's use of the Tuscan dialect as spoken in Florence helped to make "Tuscan" the standard speech of Italian literature.—15–16. **As the hieroglyphics of Egypt,** etc. The picture-writing of the Aztecs was *ideographic;* that is, the pictures or symbols were direct representations of the objects, and could be understood without reference to the spoken language. The Egyptian *hieroglyphs*, on the other hand, had become *syllabic;* that is, the pictures stood for syllables and sounds, and represented, not objects, but the names of objects. Consequently they could call up the image of the object only if the name were known beforehand. Dante's images are direct, like the Mexican picture-writing; Milton's indirect, and dependent for their meaning on association, like the Egyptian *hieroglyphs*.—33. **Sixth to the seventh circle.** According to Dante the *Inferno* was divided into nine circles, one below the other, the lowest circle being for the worst sinners.—34. **Adige.** A river in northern Italy on which are situated the cities of Trent and Verona. *Inferno*, Canto XII. 5.—35, 36. **Phlegethon,—Aqua Cheta.** The *Phlegethon* (in Greek mythology a fiery river in the infernal regions) is in the *Inferno* a river of boiling blood (Cantos XII. 47 and XIV. 116). In Canto XVI. 94–105 this river is compared to the *Aqua Cheta*, a river in northern Italy that falls down a wild gorge in the Apennines.—38. **Arles.** A city in southern France near the mouth of the Rhone, noted for its Roman antiquities, among which is a Roman cemetery. *Inferno*, Canto IX. 112.

375.—5. **In one passage.** *Par. Lost*, I. 194.—9. **Like Teneriffe or Atlas.** *Par. Lost*, IV. 985 *et seq.* *Teneriffe* is a precipitous peak on the island of *Teneriffe*, in the Canaries; it is over 1200 feet high and is visible far out at sea. *Atlas*, a chain of mountains in northwestern

Africa. According to Greek mythology *Atlas* was a Titan condemned by Zeus to bear the world on his shoulders. The double association of the word is a good example of Milton's "suggestiveness."—12. **Nimrod.** A giant described by Dante as confined in the ninth circle of Hell. *Inferno*, Canto XXXI. 76. Cf. *Gen.* x. 8, 9.—13. **As the ball of St. Peter's at Rome.** *Inferno*, Canto XXXI. 59. "A mistranslation for the 'pine-cone,' a famous cone of bronze once belonging to the mausoleum of Hadrian, then placed in the court of St. Peter's Church in Rome, and now in the Vatican. It is six and one half feet high. This would make Nimrod, in Dante's conception, about fifty-four feet tall." Prof. Parrott's note in the "Star Series" edition of Macaulay's essay.—18. **Mr. Cary's translation.** *Rev. Henry Francis Cary* wrote a standard translation of the *Divine Comedy*, which was published in 1812.—21. **Lazar-house.** A hospital, especially for contagious diseases; from *lazar*, a leper, which in turn is derived from Lazarus (*St. Luke* xvi. 20). Cf. *Lazaretto.* The description referred to begins l. 479.—22. **Malebolge.** Literally the *evil holes*, or *chasms;* the name of the Eighth Circle of Dante's *Inferno*, so called because it was divided into fosses, or trenches (ten in number), like the ditches round a besieged castle. (It. *male*, evil, and *bolgie*, or *bolgia*, in its secondary meaning, a dark hole, nest, or chasm.) See *Inferno*, Canto XVIII.—26. **Death shaking his dart,** etc.

> "Despair
> Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch;
> And over them triumphant Death his dart
> Shook, but delayed to strike," etc.
>
> *Par. Lost*, XI. 489.

—30. **Valdichiana.** A swampy and malarious district in Italy.

376.—3. **The second death,** i.e. the annihilation ending their sufferings, for which the tormented spirits cry in vain.—3. **The dusky characters,** etc. Over the gate of Dante's *Inferno* were written the words: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." Canto III. 8.—5. **The Gorgon.** Dante met the Gorgons of classic mythology in Hell, and escaped being turned into stone by their gaze by averting his face. (*Inferno*, Canto IX. 56.)—6. **Barbariccia and Draghignazzo.** *Rough-Beard* and *Dragon-Tooth*, two devils that stand by the lake of boiling pitch and with their hooks tear the damned that try to escape from it. (*Inferno*, Canto XXI. 120, 121.)—7. **The shaggy sides of Lucifer.** The Devil is represented by Dante as standing up to his waist in the nethermost pit of Hell. Dante made his way out of Hell by "climbing up the shaggy sides of Lucifer." (*Inferno*, Canto XXXIV. 73.)—8. **The mountain of expiation.** Dante pictured *Purgatory* as a mountain reaching up to Heaven from the other side of the *Inferno*.—9. **The purifying angel,** who stood at the gate of Purgatory and with his sword marked upon the poet's brow the seven P's for the seven deadly sins (*peccata*), which he was to expiate. (*Purgatorio*, Canto IX. 112.)—15. **Amadis.** *Amadis of Gaul* is the title of a mediæval romance abounding in giants, dwarfs, witches, and the like.—26. **Rotherhithe,** a suburb of London.—26. **Pygmies and giants,** etc. An allusion to the four journeys of Gulliver, the first to the *Lilliputians*, the second to the *Brobdignagians*, the third to the *Laputians*, and the fourth to the *Houyhnhnms*.—36. **Machinery.** "The machinery . . . is a term invented by the critics to signify that part which the Deities and Angels and Demons are made to act in a Poem." Pope's Prefatory Letter to the *Rape of the Lock.* (See also note in *Stand. Eng. Poems*, 176, l. 46, *Angels in Machines.*)

377.—34. **Secondary causes which Gibbon has assigned,** etc. In his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,* Gibbon attributes the rapid spread of Christianity to the following secondary causes: (1) the zeal of the Christians; (2) the doctrine of a future life; (3) the belief in miracles; (4) the pure morals of the Christians; (5) the unity and discipline of the Church.

378.—8. **The Academy.** A school of Greek philosophers. See n. **413,** 6.—8. **The Portico.** See n. **175,** 24.—9. **The fasces of the Lictor . . . the swords of thirty legions,** i.e. the civil and military power of Rome.—13. **St. George.** The slayer of the dragon, and the patron saint of English soldiers.—14. **St. Elmo.** A Syrian martyr of the third century, and the patron saint of Italian sailors. Among the Romans, *Castor* and *Pollux,* the *gemini,* twin-brethren, "shining stars, brothers of Helen" (Hor. *Odes,* I. 3), were the guardians of mariners, and to their presence were attributed the electric flames seen before storms at the yard-ends and mastheads, later called *St. Elmo's fire.*—16. **St. Cecilia.** The patron saint of music, especially of sacred music. See note on Dryden's *Song for St. Cecilia's Day,* in *Stand. Eng. Poems,* p. 145.—30. **Metaphysical accuracy for the want of which Milton has been blamed,** i.e. in "ascribing to spirits many functions of which spirits must be incapable." Had Milton preserved metaphysical accuracy he would not have represented spirits as eating, drinking, etc.

379.—6. **Dr. Johnson acknowledges,** etc. "Milton saw that immateriality supplied no images, and that he could not show angels acting but by instruments of action; he therefore invested them with form and matter. This being necessary was therefore defensible." Johnson's *Life of Milton.* Dr. Johnson used the word *enticing,* not *seducing* as Macaulay has it.—33. **But it is picturesque to the exclusion of all mystery.** This is one of Macaulay's specious, superficial criticisms. Carlyle in the *Hero as Poet,* quoting the German Tieck, called it a "mystic unfathomable song." Compare also Taine's contrast between Dante and Milton in which the French critic presents a view almost precisely the reverse of that advanced by Macaulay. Taine's *Eng. Lit.* (Van Laun's trans.), Book II. chap. 6.

380.—3. **Don Juan.** The hero of a Spanish romance, who invited the statue of the Commandant Ulloa, whom he had murdered, to dine with him. The commandant came and carried Juan off to Hell.—8. **Farinata,** a leader of the Ghibelline faction at Florence in the thirteenth century. In the Tenth Canto of the *Inferno* Dante describes his meeting with *Farinata,* who is plunged up to his waist in a burning tomb.—9. **Auto da fé.** Portuguese form of a phrase to which the Spanish Inquisition gave currency. It means literally "act of faith," and was the judgment pronounced by the Inquisition upon heretics. As public burning at the stake was a common sentence for heretics, this has become the meaning most often associated with the words.—21. **Tasso.** In Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered* there are devils with horns and tails that prevent the Crusaders from entering Jerusalem.—21. **Klopstock.** A German poet of the eighteenth century, author of the *Messiah,* a poem similar in subject to *Paradise Regained.* He has been called "the German Milton."—27. **Dæmons of Æschylus.** The Greek word *demon,* spirit, had not originally its present evil suggestion.—38. **Osiris.** The Egyptian god of the dead.

381.—6. **Prometheus** was chained by Zeus to a rock in the Caucasus for having filched fire from heaven and given it to mortals. There

was an ancient doom impending over Zeus, the means of preventing which Prometheus alone knew. For a long while he defied Zeus and refused to reveal the secret, which was that if Zeus married Thetis as he contemplated doing, his offspring would bring about his downfall. But at last Prometheus yielded. The marriage was prevented and Zeus sent Hercules to deliver Prometheus. Æschylus wrote three dramas upon this story, *Prometheus the Fire-bearer*, *Prometheus Bound*, and *Prometheus Unbound*. Only the *Prometheus Bound* is preserved, and in this the hero shows the traits of character that suggest Macaulay's comparison of him to Satan.—33. **They have nothing in common with those modern beggars for fame,** etc. A literature of self-centred sentimental melancholy, begun by Goethe's *Sorrows of Werther*, had become popular in Europe. In England, Byron was the leading exponent of this tendency, and Macaulay may have had him in mind when he wrote this passage.

382.—12. **That noxious Sardinian soil,** etc. The bitterness of Sardinian honey, to which the Latin poets refer, was attributed to the *Sardonia herba*, the *Sardinian plant*, which was so bitter that it distorted the face of the eater (hence *sardonic* laughter). (Cf. *Ars Poetica*, 375, where Horace says *Sardinian honey* is to be left out of one's bill of fare.) Macaulay has transferred the bitterness of the "Sardinian *herb*" to the *Sardinian soil*.—14. **Hebrew poet.** See *Job* x. 22.—20. **No person can look on the features,** etc. Compare Carlyle's fine portrait of Dante and note the characteristic difference of style. "I think it is the mournfulest face that ever was painted from reality, an altogether tragic heart-affecting face. There is in it, as foundation of it, the softness, tenderness, gentle affection as of a child; but all this is as if congealed into sharp contradiction, into abnegation, isolation, proud, hopeless pain. A soft ethereal soul looking-out so stern, implacable, grim-trenchant, as from imprisonment of thick-ribbed ice! Withal it is a silent pain too, a silent scornful one: the lip is curled in a kind of godlike disdain of the thing that is eating-out his heart,—as if it were withal a mean insignificant thing. . . . The eye, too, it looks-out as in a kind of *surprise*, a kind of inquiry, Why was the world of such a sort? This is Dante: so he looks, this voice of ten silent centuries, and sings us 'his mystic unfathomable song.'" *Heroes and Hero Worship:* "The Hero as Poet."—28–33. **Of the great men . . . Venal and licentious scribblers.** Macaulay has here specific instances in mind which the student should discover by a reference to the political and literary history of the time.—35. **The style of a bellman,** a proverbial phrase for loose and doggerel rhyme. The *bellman* was the town-crier, or night-watchman, who called the hours in doggerel verse. See note in *Stand. Eng. Poems*, on *the bellman's drowsy charm*, 121–83.

383.—15. **When, on the eve of great events,** etc. Milton returned from his travels in Italy in 1639, when the great struggle between the King and Parliament was entering upon its final stage. "I thought it base," he wrote, "to be travelling for amusement abroad while my fellow-citizens were fighting for liberty at home."—27. **Theocritus.** The most celebrated Greek pastoral poet, whose *Idylls* were imitated by Spenser and Milton in their pastoral poems.—28. **Ariosto.** An Italian poet of the sixteenth century, author of the *Orlando Furioso*.

384.—4. **Undervalued by critics.** Dr. Johnson said of Milton's sonnets: "They deserve not any particular criticism; for the best it

can only be said that they are not bad; and perhaps only the 8th and the 21st are truly entitled to this slender commendation. The fabric of a sonnet, however adapted to the Italian language, has never succeeded in ours, which, having greater variety of termination, requires the rhymes to be often changed." See n. **148**, 27.—6. **Filicaja.** An Italian poet (1642–1707) noted for his odes and sonnets.—12. **A dream,** etc. The subject of the 23d sonnet is Milton's dream of his dead wife, Katherine Woodstock. Prof. Parrott's note calls attention to the fact that the dream "did not *restore* him that beautiful face, since he was blind when he married her, and in the dream she appeared veiled." (See also Prof. Masson's note on this *Sonnet* in his edition of *Milton.*)—16. **Greek Anthology.** A celebrated collection of Greek lyric poems. (Gr. *anthos,* flower, and *legein,* to collect, hence lit. a collection of flowers; cf. the Lat. form *florilegium*).—18. **Massacres of Piedmont.** Sonnet XVIII. *On the Late Massacre in Piedmont,* pronounced by Masson "the most powerful of Milton's sonnets." (For the historical event which inspired it, see Gardiner's *Student's History of England,* 572; see also *Stand. Eng. Poems,* p. 132 and note.) —36. **Oromasdes and Arimanes.** The eternally warring powers of Light and Darkness in the Persian religion.

385.—4. **Greece.** The war for Greek independence, in which Byron had lost his life, was still going on when Macaulay wrote his essay. In 1829 *Greece* succeeded in throwing off the yoke of Turkey —16. **The lion in the fable.** In one of Æsop's fables a man and a lion are walking through a forest, each boasting of his strength. They come to a statue representing a man strangling a lion. "There you may see how strong we are," says the man. "That is because a man made the statue," answers the lion. The disadvantage under which the Puritan cause labored is indicated by the very names by which the "two great movements for liberty" in English history are known. The names *Rebellion* and *Revolution* (of 1688) imply a judgment of the issues from a Royalist point of view. Macaulay's whole argument is to prove that both were *constitutional* movements.—23. **May's History of the Parliament.** *Thomas May,* a poet and playwright, took the side of the Parliament in the Civil War and wrote a *History of the Parliament,* which closed, however (1643), before the most interesting stage of the struggle was reached.—25. **Ludlow.** *Edmund Ludlow* was one of the judges who signed the King's death-warrant. In his *Memoirs* Ludlow gives a partisan account of his life and times.—26. **Oldmixon,** in his *Critical History of England* (1726), takes the side of Parliament against the King.—27. **Catherine Macaulay** (1733–1791) wrote a history of England from the accession of James I. She sympathized with the French Revolution (see n. **234**, 24), and in her portrayal of the conflict between King and Parliament naturally sided with Parliament.—30. **Clarendon.** *Edward Hyde* (1608–1674), first *Earl of Clarendon,* was one of the chief advisers of Charles I. and of Prince Charles during his exile. He became Lord Chancellor at the Restoration. His *True Historical Narrative of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England,* generally quoted as the *History of the Rebellion,* written, of course, from the Royalist point of view, was an immensely popular work.—31. **Hume.** *David Hume* (1711–1776), the celebrated Scotch sceptical philosopher, wrote a *History of England* which was long the standard work on that subject. In his account of the Civil Wars he shows his strong anti-Puritan bias. Since the publication of such books as Macaulay's

History of England and Carlyle's *Cromwell*, the parliamentary side has not suffered from a lack of able advocates.

386.—22. **Than his son,** i.e. James II., who was a Roman Catholic. —36. **There is a certain class of men,** etc. In 1825, when Macaulay wrote his essay, the question of "Catholic Emancipation" was one of the main issues between Tories and Whigs. The Tories in their opposition to the measure pointed to the precedent of the *Toleration Act* of 1689, which expressly excluded Roman Catholics, and which was passed by the founders of the great Whig party. Macaulay as a Whig favored "Catholic Emancipation," and resented the attempt of the Tories to fortify their opposition to it and to a more liberal treatment of Ireland, by an appeal to the Whig precedents of 1689. The *Catholic Emancipation Bill* was passed in 1829.

387.—9. **With their prototype,** i.e. Satan. *Par. Lost*, I. 164, 165. —16–18. **One sect . . . one part of the Empire.** The Roman Catholics and Ireland. The Irish Catholics supported James, and after their defeat Ireland was governed by William and the Parliament as a conquered country.—24. **Naples, of Spain, or of South America.** In all of these countries there were popular uprisings against existing rulers at this time.—26. **Doctrine of Divine Right.** The doctrine held by the Stuart kings and their supporters, that the King has his authority from God and is responsible to Him alone, and not to the nation as represented in Parliament. The opposite, or parliamentary doctrine, is contained in the resolutions which were forwarded to William in 1689. These declared the throne vacant because James *had broken the original contract between King and people.*—27. **Legitimacy,** i.e. succession by "legitimate" hereditary descent. It was the watchword of the supporters of hereditary monarchy on the Continent, and especially in France, where the supporters of the elder branch of the Bourbons were called "legitimists."—29. **Somers.** *John Somers* (1651–1716), Lord Chancellor, one of the leading statesmen of William III.'s reign. To Macaulay he was "a symbol of awe and veneration." —29. **Shrewsbury.** *Charles Talbot* (1660–1718), *Duke of Shrewsbury*, was one of those who in 1688 invited the Prince of Orange to England. He became lord-lieutenant of Ireland in 1713. Cf. n. **111,** 35.—32. **Jacobite,** the name given to the supporters of James (Lat. *Jacobus*) and his descendants.

388.—1. **Ferdinand the Catholic or Frederic the Protestant.** The name *Ferdinand* is common in the Catholic dynasties of Spain and Austria, as that of *Frederic* in the Protestant dynasty of Prussia. Ferdinand V., the husband of Isabella, is known in history as the Catholic, but Macaulay probably had in mind *Ferdinand VII.*, the contemporary King of Spain, who had restored the Inquisition. *Frederick the Great* was known in England as the "Protestant Hero" in his day, but the specific reference is probably to *Frederic William III.*, who joined the Holy Alliance in 1815 to uphold the principles of Absolutism.—10. **Goldsmith's Abridgment.** *Oliver Goldsmith*, whose knowledge of history was not profound or exact, wrote a *History of England*, and published it later in an abridged form.—21. **In their famous resolution.** See Gardiner's *Student's History of England*, 646. —35. **The Long Parliament,** met in 1640 and was finally dissolved by General Monk in 1660.

389.—2. **Declaration of Right.** See Gardiner's *Student's History of England*, 647.—20. **The ship-money.** See Gardiner's *Student's History of England*, 523.—20 **The Star Chamber.** A secret court

first organized under Henry VII., and used by Charles for the purpose of persecuting and punishing his opponents. In 1641 acts were passed abolishing the *Star Chamber Court* and declaring Ship-money to be illegal.—30. **A dynasty of strangers,** i.e. the House of Hanover. There were Jacobite uprisings in 1715 and 1745 in consequence of the "disputed succession."

390.—7. **The Petition of Right.** See Gardiner's *Student's History of England,* 508.—10. **Five subsidies,** i.e. certain grants of money to the King.—23. **Le Roi le veut.** *The King wills it,* the old Norman formula (cf. Lat. *Rex vult*) by which the King gave his assent to an act of Parliament making it a law of the land.

391.—12. **The most hot-headed and hard-hearted of prelates,** i.e. Archbishop Laud.—19. **Vandyke dress,** i.e. the handsome dress ornamented with broad lace collar and ruffs, in which Charles appears in the portraits of him painted by the famous Flemish artist Vandyke.

392.—18. **Strafford.** Gardiner's *Student's History of England,* 530. —20. **Major-generals.** Gardiner's *Student's History of England,* 570. —25. **Fifth-monarchy men.** Religious enthusiasts who believed that Christ was about to establish his kingdom on earth. They spoke of the millennium as the *fifth monarchy,* Assyria, Persia, Greece, and Rome being accounted the first four, and considered it their duty to help establish Christ's Kingdom on earth by force.—27. **Agag,** the King of the Amalekites, whom Samuel hewed in pieces before the Lord in Gilgal (1 *Sam.* xv. 33). His fate was held up by Puritan agitators as a warning to tyrants like Charles.—35. **It is the nature of the Devil of tyranny,** etc. Cf. *St. Mark* ix. 17–27: "And when he saw him, straightway the spirit tare him . . . and the spirit cried and rent him sore and came out of him."

393.—29. **The Xeres.** A slip of Macaulay's. *Xerez* or *Jerez* is not a river, but a town in the south of Spain famous for the production of Sherry. The word "sherry" is an English corruption of Sp. *Jerez.*

394.—10. **Ariosto.** The story is in the *Orlando Furioso.*

395.—16. **The line of conduct which he pursued,** etc.; i.e. Milton's defence of the regicides.—33. **Jefferies,** the Chief Justice of James II., who tried many of those implicated in Monmouth's Rebellion, treating those brought before him with such brutal severity that the trials were known as the "Bloody Assizes." James rewarded Jefferies by making him Lord Chancellor. See Gardiner's *Student's History of England,* 637.—35. **At the Boyne.** A river in Ireland, near which William defeated James II. in 1690.

396.—10. **His innocent heir.** James Edward, later known as the "Pretender," whose birth, by destroying the hope of a Protestant succession, hastened the revolution.—10. **His nephew and his two daughters.** William of Orange was the nephew and son-in-law of James II. and the grandson of Charles I. Both Anne and Mary, daughters of James II. by his first wife, having married Protestant princes, took sides against their father in the Revolution.—12. **On the fifth of November,** the anniversary of William's landing.—16. **The thirtieth of January,** the anniversary of Charles I.'s execution. The English *Book of Common Prayer* formerly contained special forms of service known as "State Services" for the *fifth of November,* the *thirtieth of January,* the *twenty-ninth of May* (Restoration), and for the anniversary of the reigning sovereign's accession. The *Fifth of November* (Guy Fawkes' Day) was observed as a day of thanksgiving to God for the happy deliverance of the nation from the Gunpowder

Plot. As William III. landed in England on the same day and was regarded "as the means of a similar deliverance," various alterations with reference to his accession were made, rendering thanks to God for "conducting His servant William," etc. The *Thirtieth of January*, commemorating the execution of Charles, was appointed to be observed as a day of fasting and humiliation to "implore the mercy of God that He may not visit the blood of the Royal Martyr upon us and our children." Macaulay quotes from both services. In 1859, by a royal warrant, all but the last of the State Services were excluded from the *Prayer Book*.—29. **The Presbyterians could never have been perfectly reconciled,** etc. Because Charles I. had tried to force on them the Episcopal form of worship.

397.—11. **The Book of Salmasius,** i.e. the *Defensio Regia pro Carolo I.* (or *A Royalist Defense of Charles I.*), written by *Claudius Salmasius*, professor at the University of Leyden, at the solicitation of Charles II. and answered by Milton in his *Defense of the English People*.—15. **Æneæ magni dextra** [thou fallest], *by the right hand of great Æneas* (*Æneid* X. 830), spoken by Æneas to his younger and inferior opponent Lausus.—38. **Venetian oligarchy.** Venice, in name a republic, was in reality ruled by a few noble families who controlled its "Great Council."

398.—16. **Bolivar.** The liberator of the South American colonies from Spanish dominion. He was the first President of the Republic of Colombia (1819), and has been called the "Washington of South America."

399.—10. **The Instrument of Government.** The Constitution drawn up by the "Council of State" in 1653, which provided that Cromwell was to be styled Lord Protector, and that there was to be a Parliament consisting of a single house and meeting once in three years.—11. **Humble Petition and Advice.** An amendment to the "Instrument of Government," presented by Parliament to Cromwell in 1657, in which he was offered the title of King. Cromwell, knowing the dislike of the army for the title, refused it.—25. **The Presbyterians,** etc. The restoration of Charles II. was due to General Monk at the head of a Presbyterian army. Monk forced the "Rump," consisting of a few Independents, to reinstate the Presbyterians, whom Colonel Pride had driven out of Parliament twelve years before.—35. **The King cringed to his rival,** i.e. Louis XIV., from whom he received £230,000, in return for which he was to assist Louis in subjugating the Protestant Netherlands. Upon his declaring himself a Catholic, Charles was to receive an additional £154,000, to be used in crushing English opposition to such a step. See Gardiner's *Student's History of England*, Treaty of Dover, p. 600.

400.—5. **Anathema Maranatha.** A Biblical curse. "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha." *I. Cor.* xvi. 22. For the meaning and etymology of the words, see *Cent. Dict., Anathema*.—6. **Belial and Moloch,** two of the followers of Satan that take part in the Council of Pandemonium described in the opening of the second book of *Paradise Lost*. The character of *Belial* suggests the smooth licentious worldling Charles, that of *Moloch* the gloomy and cruel fanatic James. The worship of Moloch consisted of human sacrifices. See *II. Kings* xxiii. 10.—9. **Till the race accursed of God,** i.e. the Stuarts. (Note the Biblical language, with its reminiscence of Cain's exile, *Gen.* iv. 14.)—32. **Dug up to be hanged at Tyburn.** After the Restoration, the body of Cromwell, which

had been buried in Westminster Abbey, was dug up and hanged at Tyburn, the old place of public execution.—32. **Who dined on calves' heads.** Some of the more violent republicans celebrated the anniversary of Charles' death by dining on calves' heads in mockery of the beheaded king.—33. **Cut down oak branches.** During his flight after the battle of Worcester, Charles II. hid in an oak-tree at Boscobel. On the anniversary of the Restoration, the 29th of May, which was also the birthday of Charles, the Royalists wore a sprig of oak in their hats or stuck up an oak branch over their doors.

401.—23. **Ecco il fonte,** etc.

> "Behold the fount of laughter and the stream
> Beneath whose ripples deadly danger lurks;
> Use strong restraint, lest that deceptive gleam
> Awake the passion that destruction works."
> Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, Canto XV. 57.

The witch Armida allured the heroes from the right road by the charms of the fountain of laughter.

402.—4. **Like Bassanio in the play,** *Mcht. of Ven.* III. 2.

403.—21. **He prostrated himself,** etc. Cf. Bismarck's saying, "We Germans fear God but no one else!"—28. **Like Vane.** In his *History of the Rebellion* Clarendon says that Sir Henry Vane the younger believed himself ordained to reign over the saints on earth a thousand years.—29. **Fleetwood,** son-in-law of Cromwell and a prominent Puritan general. In his agony at Cromwell's death he declared that "God had spit in his face and would not hear him."

404.—14. **Sir Artegal's.** *Sir Artegal* was the Knight of Justice in Spenser's *Faërie Queene* (Canto V). His servant Talus, a man of brass, goes about beating down his enemies with a great iron flail.—28. **Dunstans.** *Dunstan* was a famous English ecclesiastical statesman of the tenth century, noted for introducing celibacy and a strict monastic discipline among the clergy.—28. **De Montforts.** *Simon de Montfort*, father of the English soldier and statesman of the same name, engaged in a crusade against the Albigenses, a body of "heretics" in the south of France. He was intolerant of all heresy.—28. **Dominic** (1170–1221). The founder of the order of the *Dominicans*, and like de Montfort a champion of orthodoxy against the Albigenses.—29. **Escobars.** *Escobar y Mendoza* (1589–1669), a Spanish Jesuit celebrated for his doctrine that the end justifies the means.—38. **Gallios,** i.e. persons indifferent to religion. See *Acts* xviii. 12–17.

405.—5. **The Brissotines.** See n. **234,** 14.—15. **Whitefriars.** A district in London, so called from a convent of the *Carmellites*, or *White Friars*, established there. It was frequented by debtors and loose characters generally.—25. **Janissaries,** the body-guard of the Sultan.—36. **Duessa.** The sorceress who, under the guise of Una, or Truth, beguiles the Red Cross Knight in Spenser's *Faërie Queene* (Book I) to become her champion.

406.—10. **The Round Table.** King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table embodied the mediæval ideal of chivalry. By the "vices of the Round Table" Macaulay probably means the vices of chivalry in general, but the expression does not seem a particularly happy one.—22. **Conventicle.** The unauthorized, and often secret, gatherings of the Puritan non-conformists.—28. **"As ever in his great taskmaster's eye."** Milton's *Second Sonnet.*

407 —11. **Like the hero of Homer,** Ulysses.—20–22. **Treatises on Prelacy published about the same time.** Though the treatises on

Prelacy were *published* about the same time as *Il Penseroso, Il Penseroso* was written earlier and probably expresses an earlier point of view. Macaulay's implication is therefore not fully sustained by the facts. See *Il Penseroso*, 155–166.

408.—13. **Malignants.** The name applied by the Puritans to the Cavaliers.—18. **Oh, ye mistook!** etc. *Comus*, 815–819.—32. **The secular chain . . . the Presbyterian wolf.** The phrases occur in Milton's *Sixteenth Sonnet.* The Presbyterians sought to subjugate the church to the state, and to force upon the nation "hireling wolves," i.e. ministers paid by the state.—34. **The licensing system.** Milton's *Areopagitica.* See the selection p. 54.—35. **Should wear as a sign upon his hand.** Macaulay quotes from the directions in regard to the observance of the Ten Commandments: "And thou shalt bind them for *a sign upon thine hand*, and they shall be as *frontlets between thine eyes.*" *Deut.* vi, 8.

409.—27. **"Nitor in adversum."** In Ovid's *Meta.* II. 72, 73, Apollo, the god of the sun, says to his son Phaethon:

> "I overcome the force that downward drags,
> And high in heaven above the wheeling world,
> Stemming the universal whirl, I ride."

—35. **Field of cloth of gold.** An allusion to the celebrated meeting between Henry VIII. and Francis I. near Calais in 1520, the scene of which, on account of the magnificence of its display, is known as "The Field of the Cloth of Gold."

410.—3. **"A sevenfold chorus."** Quoted from Milton's pamphlet, *The Reason for Church Government.*—8. **Iconoclast.** Shortly after the execution of Charles I. there appeared a book called *Eikon Basilike* (Gr., *The Royal Image*), professedly written by the King, and giving an account of his religious meditations. Parliament instructed Milton to answer it, and the result was the *Eikonoklastes*, or *Image-breaker.*—9. **The Treatise of Reformation,** etc. Two treatises written in 1641 on the subject of ecclesiastical reform.—20. **We are transported,** etc. The details of Macaulay's picture are based on the *Notes on Milton* by Richardson the painter, to whom the information was furnished by Dr. Wright, an old clergyman who frequently visited the poet.—35. **Elwood.** *Thomas Elwood* (or *Ellwood*), the young Quaker, who secured a house for Milton in Buckinghamshire during the Great Plague. He was the first to whom Milton showed a completed copy of *Paradise Lost.* "Thou hast said much here of Paradise Lost, what hast thou to say of Paradise found?" said *Elwood.* This suggested to Milton the composition of *Paradise Regained.*

411.—7. **Boswellism.** *Boswell* in his famous *Life of Johnson* is an undiscriminating admirer of his hero. What Macaulay calls *Boswellism*, Carlyle calls *Hero-worship.* "The foolish conceited Scotch Laird, the most conceited man of his time, approaching in such awe-struck attitude the great, dusty, irascible pedagogue in his mean garret there: it is genuine reverence for excellence, a worship for Heroes." *Heroes and Hero-Worship:* "Hero as Man of Letters." (Cf. also Carlyle's essay on *Boswell's Life of Johnson.*)—17. **Massinger.** *Philip Massinger* (*cir.* 1583–1640), a dramatist of the reigns of James I. and Charles I. In his play the *Virgin Martyr*, St. Dorothea is asked in mockery by her persecutor to send him some flowers from heaven, whither she has said she was going. When an angel brought him a basket of flowers and fruits after her death, he was converted by the miracle.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

SITE OF A UNIVERSITY

412.—20. **Orbis terrarum,** *the circle of the earth.* (See Cic., *Agr.* 2, 13.)—23. **Pisistratus** (d. 527 B.C.). The ruler of Athens who caused the Homeric poems to be collected. See *Class. Dict.*—24. **Cimon,** the son of Miltiades, had frequently been in command of the Athenian fleet in their war against the Persians. See next note.

413.—6. **Academy.** The *Academy* was a public pleasure-ground about one mile northwest of Athens, said to have originally belonged to *Academus*, a hero of the Trojan wars. It was bequeathed to the city by Cimon, and in its groves Plato taught philosophy. To this fact the school of Plato owed its name, *The Academy*, and this sense has given rise to the modern applications of the word: (1) an association of scholars or artists, as the French Academy, the Royal Academy, etc.; (2) a building devoted to science or art, as the Academy of Music; (3) a preparatory school for boys. This last use is common only in the United States.—13. **Agora.** The market-place in Athens.—19, 20. **Pericles . . . is said by Plutarch,** etc. See Plutarch's *Life of Pericles*. *Pericles*, after he had ostracized Cimon, became the ruler of Athens. The "Age of Pericles" (*cir.* 461–429 B.C.) is noted for the adornment of the city, and for its brilliant culture.—23. **Phidias** (500–430 B.C.). The great Greek sculptor whom Pericles associated with himself in the government and adornment of Athens. Among the works of *Phidias* was the famous frieze of the Parthenon, the fragments of which, known as the *Elgin Marbles*, are considered the finest existing examples of sculpture. See n. **295**, 8.—23. **Anaxagoras** (500–428 B.C.). A celebrated Greek philosopher. He was the friend and teacher of Pericles, Thucydides, and Euripides.—26. **Athens would go to war,** i.e. the Peloponnesian War (431–404 B.C.).—33. **The Cappadocian, late subject of Mithridates.** *Mithridates*, with whom Rome fought three wars for the possession of Asia Minor, died in 63 B.C. *Cappadocia* was conquered by him, but after his death became a Roman province.

414.—9. **Dulness of the Bœotian intellect.** Cf. Byron, *Engl. Bards and Scotch Rev.:* "To be misled by Jeffreys' heart, or Lamb's *Bœotian* head."

415.—7. **Gozo.** A small British island four miles northwest of Malta.—7. **Minorca.** The largest of the Balearic Islands.—11. **The fabled divinities of Attica,** etc. According to tradition, Ion, the grandson of Helen, and the ancestor of the Ionians, was once a ruler in *Attica*, whose people he is said to have divided into four tribes.—26. **Otus.** Apparently a misprint for *Oros*. I can find no mountain named *Otus* in Attica. *Oros*, on the other hand (Gr. *oros* = mountain), is the peak of Ægina (1742 feet) in the Saronic gulf, and together with *Laurium* is included in a panoramic view from Cape Colonna. Its modern name is St. Elias, from a chapel on the summit. The name of *Laurium* was applied by the ancient Greeks to the whole of the hilly part of the southeastern corner of Attica, rich in silver mines.

417.—9. **Studium Generale.** "If I were asked to describe, as briefly and popularly as I could, what a University was, I should draw my answer from its ancient designation of a *Studium Generale*, or

School of Universal Learning." Newman. Until the middle of the thirteenth century the *studium* was the common name given to the universities.

418.—1. **University of Paris,** the most influential, and, with the possible exception of Bologna, the oldest of the Mediæval Universities of Europe. Schools were established on the banks of the Seine as early as the ninth century during the Carlovingian period. In 1200 they were incorporated by Philip Augustus into the University of Paris, or *Studium Generale.*—4. **King Louis had the island pretty well as his own.** The nucleus of Paris was the *Ile de la Cité,* an island in the Seine fortified and occupied by the Counts of Paris. "The military strength of the Island City was the principal instrument in the rapid aggrandisement of the descendants of Hugh Capet." The title *King Louis* applies to a number of the kings of the Capetian dynasty. The immediate successors of Philip Augustus, the incorporator of the University, were Louis VIII. (1223–26) and his son, Louis XI. (1226–70).—9. **St. Genevieve.** A height on the left bank of the Seine. In the twelfth century Abelard taught logic in the schools founded by him on the *Montagne Sainte Genevieve.*—11. **Montmartre.** A hill overlooking the north of Paris. According to tradition, St. Denis, the first bishop of Paris, suffered martyrdom here with his companions, and the hill is supposed to owe its name, *Mount of Martyrs,* to this circumstance.—13. **Pratum.** Lat., a field, a meadow. —14, 15. **Alcuin . . . farewell verses to Paris.** Apparently one of many spurious poems attributed to *Alcuin. Alcuin* was an English scholar placed by Charles the Great at the head of his educational system, but he had nothing to do with the University of Paris. At the time of his death (804) the site of the future University was still in an uncultivated condition.—16. **St. Germain-des-Prés,** i.e. St. Germain-in-the-fields. It is the oldest church in Paris and was erected in 1001–1163. There is an interesting sketch-plan of the Latin Quarter of Paris showing sites of colleges, etc., existing before A.D. 1500, in Rashdell's *Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages,* I. opp. p. 159.—28. **The Proctor of the German Nation.** In the thirteenth century the students at the University of Paris were organized into "*Nations,*" French, Normans, Picards, and English (the latter including the Germans and all inhabitants of the North and East of Europe). The Masters of Arts of each nation elected their own *proctor* (*procurator*), and the four nations together, representing the whole Faculty of Arts, chose a *Rector,* who gradually became the head of the whole university. Rashdell.

419.—5. **Lipsius.** *Justus Lipsius* (1547–1606), a Flemish classical scholar and voluminous Roman Catholic writer. He became a Protestant and later renounced Protestantism to return to the Roman Catholic Church. The quotation is from his work: *Lovanium, sive oppidi et Academiæ descriptio,* i.e. Louvain: a description of the town and University.—6. **But Louvain was preferred.** The University of Louvain was founded in 1426, and at one time rivalled Paris in the number of its scholars. It was suspended by the French in 1797.—12. **Rus in urbe.** Country within the city. (*Rus in urbe est.* Martial, *Epigr.* XII. 51.)—21. **Salvete,** etc.

> "Hail to our Athens, our Belgian Athens!
> Thee the Frenchman, thee the German and the Russian
> Envies, and the Briton and the son as well
> Of twofold Spain" [i.e. Christian and Moorish].

—27. **Norman-wise.** An allusion to William the Conqueror's creation of the New Forest.—31. **Antony-à-Wood** (1632–1695), the classical historian of Oxford, wrote the *History and Antiquities of the University of Oxford.* A Latin translation of *Wood's* book appeared in 1674, but the original English version was not published until 1792–96. See n. **359**, 15.—34. **"In the groves of Academe."**

Atque inter silvas Academi quærere verum.

Hor., *Epist.* II. 2, 45.

(And to seek Truth amid the groves of the Academe.)

420.—10. **Bellositum,** i.e. beautiful site. The story of the Britons and the Greeks is pure fable.—27. **St. Edmund** (cir. 1170–1240). Archbishop of Canterbury (not to be confounded with the much earlier Anglo-Saxon king of that name). He studied at Oxford and Paris, and was a sturdy opponent of the papal policy of importing Italians into the English Church.—27. **St. Richard.** *Richard de Wyche* (1197–1253), Chancellor of the University of Oxford and bishop of Chichester. It is said that while at Oxford as a poor scholar, "he and two companions had but one tunic and one hooded gown in common, in which they attended lectures by turns." He was canonized Jan. 28, 1262, and his tomb in Chichester Cathedral was a favorite place of pilgrimage until the Reformation. His name was retained among the black-letter saints in the English Prayer-book.—27. **St. Thomas Cantilupe** (1218–1282), Bishop of Hereford. He was descended from a noble and wealthy family. With his brother Hugh he attended the University of Paris, and the accounts that remain of their life there well illustrate the position of a noble and wealthy student at a mediæval university. Their household included a private chaplain and a master of arts, who acted as their tutor; two poor scholars were maintained at their expense, and from five to thirteen paupers were fed from the remnants of their table. *St. Thomas* was twice elected Chancellor of Oxford, and taught theology there.—28. **Scotus the subtle Doctor.** *Duns Scotus,* surnamed *Doctor Subtilis,* one of the most celebrated scholastic philosophers of the thirteenth century. He was fellow of Merton College, Oxford, and professor of theology at Oxford. His acuteness in a debate on the Immaculate Conception won him the title of the *Subtle Doctor.*—29. **Hales the irrefragible.** *Alexander of Hales* (d. 1245), a celebrated scholastic theologian. He was a Franciscan and "it was largely owing to his ability that the order was able to establish its existence as a teaching body in opposition to the secular professors of the University of Oxford." He was called *Doctor Irrefragibilis* and *Doctor Doctorum.*—29. **Occam the Special.** *William of Occam* (d. 1347), an English scholastic philosopher, surnamed the "Special" and the "Invincible," was an opponent of papal encroachment, and supported Louis of Bavaria in his contest with Pope John XXII.—30. **Bacon the admirable.** *Roger Bacon* (1214–1294), an early scientific writer, educated at Oxford and Paris. His *Opus Majus,* or *Greater Work,* was a general treatise on the sciences. His writings were condemned as heretical by his order (the Franciscan) and he was thrown into prison.—30. **Middleton the Solid.** *Richard Middleton,* a Franciscan scholar of the end of the thirteenth century, was celebrated for his proficiency in the canon or church law. In Paris he was known as *Doctor solidus et copiosus,* "the solid and abundant doctor." At the Council of Constance in 1415 his authority was cited to condemn Wyclif.—30. **Bradwardine.** *Thomas Bradwar-*

dine, surnamed *Doctor Profundus* (1290–1349), studied at Oxford and became Archbishop of Canterbury. Besides works on theology he wrote a number of mathematical treatises.—31. **Oxford has now lapsed,** etc., i.e. it is no longer an institution of the Roman Catholic Church. Newman's feeling toward Oxford is strongly coloured by his Roman Catholicism. When he was at Oxford he was still a member of the Church of England. He became a leader in the "Oxford movement," but subsequently entered the Roman Catholic Church with a number of others. Compare with this passage Matthew Arnold's fine lines on Oxford at the close of the Preface to the *Essays in Criticism* (First Series), beginning: "Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely," etc., and also Arnold's interesting reference to Newman at Oxford in the opening sentences of the lecture on "Emerson" (*Discourses in America*).

421.—6. **Gregory.** In 597 *Pope Gregory the Great* sent Augustine to England to convert the English. He was not yet "*the Holy Pope at Rome*" when he saw the blue-eyed English captives in the slave-market. The story is told by Bede in his *Ecclesiastical History,* Book II. chap. 1.—23. **Huber.** *Victor Aimé Huber* (1800–1869), a German professor and author, born in Stuttgart. He wrote a book entitled *The English Universities,* from which Newman's quotation is taken.

422.—12, 13. **Claude Lorraine or Poussin,** celebrated French landscape painters.

423.—15, 16. **I look toward a land both old and young,** etc. The papers on *The Rise and Progress of Universities,* of which *The Site of a University* formed one, appeared originally in the columns of the *Dublin Catholic University Gazette,* which was to be the organ of the newly founded Catholic University of Dublin.—17. **A nation, which received grace,** etc. Christianity was introduced into Ireland by St. Patrick in 425. The date generally assigned for the coming of the Saxons is 449.—20, 21. **Augustine and Paulinus.** Roman missionaries who became the first archbishops of Canterbury and York, respectively, in the seventh century. Christianity was in Britain before that island was conquered by the heathen English. Newman refers to this British church when he speaks of "*a church . . . which Augustine and Paulinus found.*"—21. **Pole.** *Cardinal Pole* (1500–1558), last Roman Catholic archbishop of Canterbury. He was responsible for the persecution of the Protestants in Queen Mary's reign.—21. **Fisher.** *John Fisher,* a leader of the papal party in the reign of Henry VIII. For his refusal to acknowledge the *Act of Supremacy,* making Henry the head of the English Church, he was beheaded in 1535.

THE LOMBARDS.

424.—10. **At the time when the Prince of Peace was born into it.** At the time of the birth of Christ the closed doors of the temple of Janus bore witness to the extraordinary fact that peace prevailed throughout the empire. See Milton's *Hymn on the Nativity,* IV.:

> "No war or battle's sound
> Was heard the world around," etc.

—12. **The Five good Emperors.** Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, and Marcus Aurelius, who reigned consecutively from 96–180 A.D., are known as the "five good emperors."—20. **"Not peace but a sword."** "I came not to send peace, but a sword." *St. Matt.* x. 34.—

22. **"Judgment commenced with the House of God."** "For the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God." *I. Pet.* iv. 17. —26. **Truth and wretchedness had "met together."** A rhetorical perversion of *Ps.* lxxxv. 10, 11: "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other."—34. **Called Him "the enemy of the human race."** Tacitus says the Christians were convicted *odio humani generis*, i.e. of hatred of the human race. Cf. *Annals*, 15, 44; *Hist.*, 5, 5.

425.—24. **What "hammer of the earth,"** etc. Charles, the grandfather of Charlemagne, was called *Martel* (the "hammer"), because he crushed the Saracens in the battle of Tours, 732 A.D.

426.—3. **From Ostia to Terracina.** *Ostia*, the seaport of Rome (Lat. *ostia*, mouths), 15 miles S.W. of the city of Rome. *Terracina*, a coast-town about 60 miles S.E. of *Ostia*, in the province of Rome.—4. **Baiæ**, west of Naples, was a celebrated Roman watering-place, and contained the villas of many wealthy Romans. Among its antiquities are a so-called temple of Diana, one of Mercury, and one of Venus; in reality all of them are remains of Roman baths.—22. **Tertullian** (150–230), one of the Latin Church Fathers. Born in Carthage, he spent most of his life in Rome. His best-known work is the *Apologeticus*, in which he defends the Christian religion against the attacks made on it in the reign of Septimius Severus.

427.—7. **The Ptolemies,** were the rulers of Egypt from the death of Alexander (323 B.C.) to the time of its annexation to the Roman Empire by Augustus (30 B.C.). Ptolemy I. founded the famous library and museum at Alexandria; his son Ptolemy II., called Philadelphus, a patron of art, letters, and education, greatly increased the scope of the Alexandrian library. The Greek version of the *Old Testament* known as the *Septuagint* (Lat. *septuaginta*, seventy) is said by Josephus to have been made by seventy scholars appointed by Ptolemy Philadelphus for that purpose.

428.—7. **"Great Babylon came in remembrance before God,"** etc. *Rev.* xvi. 19, 20.—13, 14. **First came the Goth,** etc. Alaric the West Goth sacked Rome in 410 A.D. "Adolphus, the successor of Alaric, took on himself the obligations of a Roman general, assumed the Roman dress, accepted the Emperor's sister in marriage, and opposed in arms the fierce barbarians who had overrun Spain. The sons of Theodoric the Visigoth were taught Virgil and Roman Law in the schools of Gaul. Theodoric the Ostrogoth anxiously preserved the ancient monuments of Rome and ornamented the cities of Italy with new edifices; he revived agriculture, promoted commerce, and patronized literature." Newman. Attila *the Hun*, after ransacking the Roman provinces, invaded Italy in 452, but was induced by Pope Leo I. to leave without plundering Rome. Alboin, *the Lombard*, in 568 conquered Italy as far south as the Tiber, and established the kingdom of Lombardy with Pavia as its capital.—20. **The scourge of heaven.** "The scourge of God" was a name given to Attila by the historians of the Latin Church.—24–27. **Tertullian—Pope Gregory.** *Tertullian* was born in the reign of Antoninus Pius, when Rome was still in her glory. *Gregory* became Pope in 590, after the Goths, Vandals, Huns, and Lombards had overrun Italy.

430.—8. **Berytus.** The modern *Beyrut*, a Syrian seaport and important seat of learning during the later empire, was twice devastated by earthquakes.—11. **Municipium.** A town with local self-government and some of the privileges of Roman citizenship.—12. **Præ-**

torium. The residence of a provincial governor.—18. **Monte Cassino.** The original monastery of the Benedictine order, founded by Benedict of Nursia, 529. It is situated on a steep hill near the town of Cassino, about 50 miles northwest of Naples, and consists of an imposing group of monastic buildings, containing a valuable library. About 589 *Monte Cassino* was sacked by the Lombards of Benevento. The monks fled to Rome, and the monastery lay waste for more than a century. In 884 it was burnt by the Saracens.

431.—9, 10. **Pope Agatho.** Pope from 678–682.

432.—3. **Thus the monks of the fourth century,** etc. (For *Arianism,* see n. **361,** 1.) Though Arianism was officially repudiated by the Church at the Council of Nice, 325 A.D., it continued to attract many followers. Athanasius, bishop of Alexandria (328–373), was the leading champion of Catholic orthodoxy against Arianism in Egypt. He was several times exiled, and found refuge in the caves of the hermits Pachomius and Antonius in the desert. One of Newman's early books was a history of *The Arians of the Fourth Century* (1833).—5. **The inhabitants of Lombardy,** etc. From the fifth century the Christian inhabitants of Lombardy used the marshy islands and lagoons of the northern Adriatic as a temporary retreat from barbarian invasions. In the ninth century a permanent settlement was effected on the *Rivo Alto,* which became in time the city of Venice.—7. **The Christian Goths,** etc. The Moors crossed into Spain in 711, and overthrew the Christian kingdom of the West Goths. Their progress was checked by Charles Martel and Charles the Great, and the Christian kingdom of Asturias, where the "Christian Goths were biding their time to avenge themselves on the Saracens," was gradually extended until the Saracens were confined to Granada in the south of Spain, and finally, under Ferdinand and Isabella, in the fifteenth century, driven from their last foothold.—9. **The Steward of the Household,** i.e. the Pope.—19. **Vitalian.** Pope from 657–672. Under him the Anglo-Saxon Church, through the efforts of Archbishop Theodore, was brought into closer union with the Church on the Continent.—19. **Leo.** Pope from 440–461. See n. **427,** 13, 14.—24. **High in the region of the North.** I have taken the liberty of substituting for the last two lines of the chapter on *The Lombards* (in which Newman merely states that he breaks off for lack of space) a passage from the following chapter, which forms the natural and logical conclusion to the paragraph, and which is there introduced by almost the same words, "High in the region of the North," etc.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA

433.—27. **Andromeda,** the daughter of Cepheus and Cassiopeia, was exposed to a sea-monster and rescued by Perseus.

434.—11. **Medina Sidonia.** After the death of the "fighting admiral" Santa Cruz, the command of the Armada was given by Philip to the Duke of Medina Sidonia, who was utterly unfitted for the responsibilities of the position. (See Froude's characterization of him in "The Sailing of the Armada" (*Engl. Seamen of the XVIth Cent.,* p. 180).—12, 13. **The countrymen of Cervantes.** The implication is that the Duke and his followers were not merely countrymen

of *Cervantes*, the author of *Don Quixote*, but that they came of the race which produced *Don Quixote* himself, the type of an unpractical and blind enthusiasm. This suggestion is developed in the next paragraph.—34. **In an exposed roadstead,** i.e. off Calais.

435.—4. **North Foreland.** A headland on the coast of Kent near Margate, projecting into the North Sea.—14. **Parma.** The *Duke of Parma* was in command of the land army that was to be conveyed to England by the Armada. It consisted of 30,000 Spaniards, Italians, and Germans. (See Froude's *History of England*, XII. 416.) 22.—**It was uncertain after the day of the Barricades,** etc. On May 12, 1588, the "*day of the Barricades*," the Duke of Guise entered Paris with an army to depose Henry III. of Valois, who had endeavored to protect the Protestants. Guise was the head of the Catholic League of France and a Spanish partisan. While the attack of Guise had failed when the Spanish fleet lay off Calais (August, 1588), it was not known who would finally come off victor. Not long after, Guise was murdered at Blois by order of the King.

436.—8. **Fly-boats.** A name applied in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to fast sailing-vessels, generally of a flat-bottomed type and employed chiefly in the coasting-trade. According to Murray's *Dictionary* the word is an adaptation of the Dutch *vlie-boat*, the small boats used on the *Vlie*, or channel leading from the Zuyder Zee, and was afterwards applied in ridicule to the small vessels used against the Spaniards—24. **Cape Grisnez.** Half-way between Calais and Boulogne.

437.—19. **The Commission at Ostend.** While the preparations for war were going forward, English Commissioners at *Ostend* had signed the preliminaries of a treaty between Spain and England, by which the Protestant Dutch towns were to be given up to Spain. The Commissioners arrived at *Ostend* February 27, and signed the preliminaries April 11, 1588. (See Froude, *Hist. Eng.* XII. 424 and 433.)

438.—38. **The action off Plymouth.** On the previous Sunday the Armada, sailing in the form of a great crescent up the Channel, had been attacked by the English fleet coming out of *Plymouth*, and had suffered severely from the rapid fire of the English. In this action the Spaniards lost one of their finest ships, the *Capitana*, with treasure and a supply of powder on board. They were dumfounded at the quick manœuvring of the English and the long range of their guns.

439.—12. **When the bridge was blown up, at Antwerp.** In an attack made upon the Prince of Parma's siege-works at *Antwerp* in April, 1585, a fire-ship was sent down the Scheldt and blew up the bridge and a thousand Spaniards along with it. (See Froude, *Hist. Eng.* XII. 145.)

440.—6. **Gravelines.** A fortified town twelve miles southwest of Dunkirk on the coast of France.—15. **Galleas.** "A heavy, low-built vessel, larger than a galley, impelled both by sail and oars, chiefly employed in war." (Murray's *Engl. Dict.*)

444.—5. **The snake had been scotched but not killed.**

> "We have *scotched the snake, not killed it*:
> She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
> Remains in danger of her former tooth."
>
> *Macb.* III. 2, 13.

—35. **St. Lawrence's Day.** The ninth of August. *St. Lawrence* suffered martyrdom by being roasted on a gridiron. The *Escurial*

is a magnificent palace and monastery erected by Philip II. in the form of a *gridiron* to commemorate the martyrdom of *St. Lawrence.*—37. **St. Dominic.** *St. Dominic* "belonged to the Duke's own family, and was his parton saint." (Froude.) His day, August. 4, had brought Medina Sidonia no better luck than St. Lawrence's Day.

447.—5. **John o'Groat's Land.** The northern extremity of Scotland.—15. **Hysterical nun.** "Doubting, hesitating, the Duke repaired to Lisbon. There he was put in better heart by a nun, who said Our Lady had sent her to promise him success." Froude, *Engl. Seamen in the XVIth Cent.*, p. 181.

449.—12. **Between Donegal and the Blaskets.** *Donegal* is the northwestern county of Ireland. The *Blaskets* are rocky islands off the coast of Kerry in the southwest.—21. **Sligo.** "A glance at the map will explain why there was a concentration of havoc on these few miles of coast. The coast of Mayo trends directly westward from *Sligo* for seventy miles, and crippled vessels, which had fallen upon a lee-shore, were met by a wall of cliff, stretching across their course for a degree and a half of longitude." Froude, *Hist. Engl.*, XII. p. 532.—32. **Killibeg.** On the south coast of Donegal.

450.—2. **Dunluce.** A castle near the Giant's Causeway in county Antrim, on the north coast of Ireland.—4. **Antrim.** A county on the northeast coast of Ireland.—6. **Galway and Mayo.** Counties on the west coast of Ireland.—15. **Desmond rebellion.** See n. **297.**—16. **Dr. Sanders and his Legatine Commission.** Nine years before (1579) Sir James Fitzmaurice and *Dr. Nicholas Sanders*, backed by the Papal authority and supported by Spain, had landed on the southeast coast of Ireland with the intention of assisting the Irish Catholics in an attack upon the English garrisons.

451.—9. **Corunna.** A province in the northwestern corner of Spain.—13. **Bilboa.** The capital of the province of Viscaya, on the north coast of Spain.—14. **Santander.** A town in the province of *Santander*, west of Bilboa.

452.—1. **Burgos.** The former capital of Castile. It has a celebrated cathedral.—8. **St. Lucan.** Medina Sidonia "was most happy when lounging in his orange gardens at San Lucan" in the south of Spain.—22. **Heaven had spoken.** This recognition by the English of the destruction of the Armada as the judgment of heaven was shown by the motto put upon the medal struck to commemorate the victory: *Afflavit Deus et dissipati sunt* (God breathed, and they were scattered). Philip, however, is reported to have exclaimed when the news reached him: "I sent you to war against men, not against the elements."—27. **Ad illud tempus.** Up to that time.—35. **No Italian priest should tithe or toll,** etc. *K. John*, III. 1, 153. For fuller details of the story of the Armada, and especially the fate of the ships on the Irish coast, see Froude's fascinating narrative in his *Hist. of Eng.* XII. 477–542.

JOHN RUSKIN

THE LAMP OF MEMORY

453. From the **Seven Lamps of Architecture.** The title was suggested to Ruskin by the familiar tale of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp. "The book I called *The Seven Lamps* was to show that certain right states of temper and moral feeling were the magic powers by which all good architecture, without exception, had been produced."

(Lecture on *Traffic.*) One of these *lamps,* or magic powers, is Memory or Reverence for the Past.—11. **The Ain.** A river in the eastern part of France, rising in the Jura Mountains and flowing south, through the department of Jura and *Ain,* into the Rhone.—11. **Champagnole.** A small town on the Ain in the department of Jura.—27. **No pale . . . rivers,** etc. The Swiss rivers issuing from glaciers are white with the glacier sediment they hold in suspension. This pale water is called by the Swiss "Glacier Milk." The lakes through which many of these rivers pass act as subsidence basins, and their waters issue thence beautifully transparent. (See Ruskin's description of the Rhone in *Præterita,* Vol. II. chap. 5.) The Jura rivers not rising in glacier mountains have not this white appearance.

454.—8. **Nebulæ** (Lat. *nebula,* a cloud). In astronomy a luminous cloud-like patch in the skies, made up of clusters of stars, the individual members of which are not distinguishable.—8, 9. **Like virginal processions of the Mois de Marie** = (*Mois de Marie,* Month of Mary). Like May-day processions. The month of May is sacred to the Virgin Mary in Roman Catholic countries.—14. **Comfrey.** The *Symphytum officinale,* a member of the Borage family and a relative of our native bone-set. There is only one species naturalized and none native in America. See Britton and Brown's *Botany,* III. 67.—14. **Mezereon.** The *Daphne mezereon,* a shrub with fragrant flowers.

455.—8. **Iron wall of Joux.** The fort of *Joux* in the Jura, south of Pontarlier, near the boundary of Switzerland. "Mirabeau was imprisoned there 1775, and Toussaint L'Ouverture died there 1803." *Cent. Dict.*—9. **Granson.** An ancient village on the Lake of Neuchâtel, Switzerland, twenty miles north of Lausanne. It was the scene of a victory which the Swiss won in 1476 over a greatly superior force of Burgundians under Charles the Bold.—18. **The ambition of the old Babel builders.** "And they said one to another, Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top *may reach* unto heaven, and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth." *Gen.* xi. 4.—26. **Pericles.** See n. **413,** 19, 20.

TRAFFIC

456.—15. **Bradford.** *Bradford,* a busy and prosperous town, and an important centre of the woollen and cloth industry, is situated in the heart of the great manufacturing district of Yorkshire, about ten miles from Leeds. The façade of the Town Hall, in which Ruskin delivered his lecture, is decorated with statues of English sovereigns from the Conquest down. The "Exchange" was built in spite of Ruskin's lecture, and is an imposing building containing a fine statue of Richard Cobden.

457.—24. **Quartern,** a fourth part; a quarter. *Cent. Dict.*

458.—26. **Teniers.** *David Teniers the Elder* (1582–1649) and his son, *David Teniers the Younger* (d. 1690), were both noted Flemish painters, who took most of their subjects from peasant life.—33. **Titian's.** *Titian,* surnamed *The Divine* (1477–1576), the greatest of the Venetian painters.—34. **Turner landscape.** *Joseph M. W. Turner* (1775–1851), a famous English imaginative landscape painter. It was to show the excellence of *Turner's* work that Ruskin began to write *Modern Painters,* his first book. Speaking in later life of his advocacy of *Turner,* Ruskin says: "I spent the ten strongest years of my life (from twenty to thirty) in endeavoring to show the excellence

of the work of the man [Turner] whom I believed, and rightly believed, to be the greatest painter of the schools of England since Reynolds." *My Story of Life and its Arts.*

459.—19. **Costermonger.** A huckster, especially in London.—20. **Newgate Calendar.** An account of the most notorious criminals confined in Newgate prison.

460.—16. **"They carved at the meal,"** etc. From Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel,* Canto I. 4.

461.—12. **Bedlam,** an insane asylum. The word is a corruption of *Bethlehem.* The hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem, founded about 1250, originally a monastic institution, was afterward turned into an insane asylum.—14. **Christmas pantomime.** "A popular theatrical entertainment of which many are produced in Great Britain about the Christmas season, usually consisting of two parts, the first or burlesque being founded on some popular fable, . . . and the second, or harlequinade, consisting almost wholly of the tricks of the clown, etc." *Cent. Dict.*—23. **Armstrongs.** A kind of breech-loading cannon, named after the inventor, *William George Armstrong,* a native of New Castle-on-Tyne, who was created first *Baron Armstrong* in 1887.

462.—9. **Hôtel de Ville.** (Fr.) Town-hall.—10. **Inigo Jones** (1573–1652). An English architect who spent many years in Italy, and made the Italian style of architecture popular in England. He built the banqueting-room at Whitehall.—10, 11. **Sir Christopher Wren** (1632–1723), rebuilt St. Paul's in the Italian style of architecture, after the old Gothic church had been destroyed by the great fire of 1666.—30. **This is the house of God.** *Gen.* xxviii. 17. Read the whole story of Jacob's journey and notice Ruskin's picturesque parallel.

463.—28. **Synagogue.** (Gr. *syn,* together, *agein,* to lead.) The word was applied first to the *congregation* and only later to the *building* in which it met for worship. The *Synagogue* came into prominence among the Jews during the exile, and after the destruction of the Temple.—33, 34. **Thou when thou prayest,** etc. Cf. *St. Matt.* vi. 5, 6.

464.—9. **Lares.** The Roman divinities who presided over household and hearth. At the head of the domestic *Lares* was the *Lar familiaris,* who was regarded as the founder of the family and who accompanied the family wherever it went.—18. **Seven Lamps,** i.e. *The Seven Lamps of Architecture.* See the selection from the *Lamp of Memory,* p. 453.—21. **Stones of Venice,** a work on Venetian architecture published by Ruskin, 1851–53.

465.—5. **Ecclesiastical,** i.e. belonging to the church as a separate institution or organization controlled by the clergy.

466.—21. **To the Jews a stumbling-block.** *I. Cor.* i. 23.—25. **The god of Day.** The Latin *dies,* a day, and *deus,* a god, are both derived from an old Aryan root represented in the Sanskrit by *dyaus,* which means the sky, or the personification of the god of the day-sky. In Latin this personification appears as *Ju-piter* (= dies pater), day-father, and in Greek as Zeu-pater (*Zeu,* voc. form of Zeus, gen. *Dios*). See etymologies given under *Deity, Cent. Dict.*—27. **Springing armed from the head.** See *Class. Dict.,* "Minerva."—32. **"Oppositions of science,"** etc. *I. Tim.* vi. 20.—34. **The selling of absolution,** etc. The sale of indulgences by the friar Tetzel caused Martin Luther to post his famous ninety-five theses on the door of the palace-church at Wittenberg, Oct. 31, 1571. This event marks the beginning of the great Reformation movement in Germany. The substance of Luther's theses was a plea for repentance as the true way to gain remission of sins.

468.—8. **Bals masqués.** (Fr.) Masked balls.—8. **Guillotines in every square,** i.e. the pleasures of the Renaissance ended in the horrors of the French Revolution.—13. **Revivalist,** i.e. the devotee of the Italian Renaissance; one of those who *revived* the old Greek worship of Pleasure and Beauty.—28. **"Athena Agoraia."** Gr. *agora,* the market-place at Athens. See n. **413.**—13.

469.—27. **Dislike of affairs of exchange.** See *St. Matt.* xxi. 12, 13.

471.—5. **"Perdix fovet quæ non peperit."** *Jerem.* xvii. 11 (best in *Septuagint* and *Vulgate*). "As the partridge fostering what she brought not forth, so he that getteth riches not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool." Ruskin's note.—7. **Milanese boar.** Ströhl's *Heraldic Atlas* (plate 46, Fig. 4), the coat of arms of Old Servia, shows a tusked wild boar's head with open mouth. According to Ströhl, this device figured in the great Austrian coat-of-arms for 1836. It will be remembered that Milan was Austrian from 1814–1848, and this may possibly afford the key to Ruskin's allusion.—8. **The town of Gennesaret.** An allusion to the herd of swine who cast themselves into the Lake of Gennesaret, being possessed by devils. See *St. Luke,* viii. 26–33.—8. **Proper.** In heraldry, the word *proper* indicates that the armorial bearings depicted upon the shield or escutcheon have their own natural or "proper" color.—8. **The field,** is the surface of the escutcheon on which the armorial bearings are laid. See *tincture,* 2, *Cent. Dict.*—10. **Purse, with thirty slits.** A covert allusion to the thirty pieces of silver for which Judas sold his Lord.

472.—6, 7. **Olympus, Pelion.** The Titans tried to scale *Olympus* by heaping *Pelion* upon Ossa. All three are mountains in the northern part of Thessaly.—7. **Make Ossa like a wart.** *Ham.* V. 1, 271.—11. **Whinstone,** a name given in the north of England and Wales to basaltic rocks.—17. **Plutus.** The God of Riches in Greek mythology.—26. **Pallas,** i.e. *Pallas Athene,* the Goddess of Wisdom worshipped by the Greeks.

474.—36. **Bolton Priory.** The ruins of *Bolton Priory,* a monastery established in the twelfth century. It stands in a beautiful and level stretch of meadow-land by the side of the river Wharfe, not far from Bradford.

475.—1. **"Men may come, and men may go,"** etc. Tennyson's *Brook.*—13. **"To do the best for ourselves,"** etc. The doctrine taught by most of the English schools of political economists from Adam Smith on, and after referred to as the "Liberty of Nature."

476.—31. **The rest is silence.** *Ham.* V. 2, 345.—35. **Plain of Dura.** The plain in the province of Babylon where Nebuchadnezzar set up a golden image of himself, whose height was three score cubits. Here he erected the burning fiery furnace into which were cast Shadrach, Meshach, and Abdenego, because they refused to fall down and worship the image of gold. See *Daniel* iii.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

THE RESTORATION DRAMA

477.—24. **Didn't I tell you,** etc. Harlequin, the stage-buffoon, was one of the regular character types in French comedy. "Harlequin without his mask is known to present a very sober countenance, and was himself, the story goes, the melancholy patient the doctor advised

to go and see Harlequin." *Engl. Humorists.* "Swift."—28. **Sallust's house.** One of the houses laid bare by the excavations at Pompeii is commonly said to have belonged to *Sallust.* It is the contrast between the careless levity and licentiousness of Pompeii, jesting almost within the shadow of a volcano, and the inexorable and terrible doom that overtakes it, which suggests and gives point to Thackeray's comparison. The witty and immoral comedies of Congreve, like the relics of Pompeiian orgies, speak of a dead generation of triflers, of a gayety destined to be choked in ashes.

478.—2. **Cicerone.** A name given to Italian guides for their volubility, in humorous allusion to the fluency of the great Roman orator.—6. **We take the skull up.** Suggested by the musings of Hamlet over the skull of Yorick the Jester.—21. **Cavalier seul.** (Fr.) The cavalier who dances alone. (*seul* = solus.)—28. **A Heathen mystery.** The religious rites known among the ancients as mysteries and practised by the initiated only, were often accompanied by wild orgies. The Eleusinian mysteries connected with the worship of Ceres, and symbolizing the fertility of the earth, were the most famous of the Greek mysteries.

479.—2. **As masons have carried their secret signs.** In the middle ages when skilled masons moved from place to place to work upon the great abbeys and cathedrals, it was important for them to have some sign by which they could be known as reliable workmen. Thus originated the secret organization of *free* or *enfranchised operative masons,* from which modern Freemasonry derives its symbols and rites.—8. **Corydon** and **Phyllis.** Conventional names of lovers in pastoral poetry.—8. **Treillage,** a French form of trellis.—12. **Pas,** French form of *pace,* a dance.—36. **Segreto per esser felice.** (Ital.) *Secret of being happy.*—37. **Falernian,** a wine of southern Italy celebrated by the Latin poets.

NIL NISI BONUM

480. Nil Nisi Bonum. The Latin proverb runs: *De Mortuis Nil Nisi Bonum,* Concerning the dead nothing but good.—5. **Lockhart.** *John Gibson Lockhart* (1794–1854), Scott's son-in-law and biographer.—9. **Two men,** etc. Washington Irving died Nov. 28, 1859; Lord Macaulay, Dec. 28, 1859.—18. **Pater patriæ had laid his hand,** etc. "The patriot army occupied the city when Washington Irving was born. When the first president was again in New York—the first seat of the new government—a Scotch maid-servant of the family, catching the popular enthusiasm one day, followed the hero into a shop and presented the lad to him. 'Please, your honor,' said Lizzie all aglow, 'here's a bairn was named after you.' And the grave Virginian placed his hands on the boy's head and gave him his blessing. The touch could not have been more efficacious, though it might have been longer had he known that he was propitiating his future biographer." C. D. Warner's *Life of Irving,* p. 23, *Am. Men of Letters Series.*

482.—5. **It seemed to me, during a year's travel,** etc. During the winter of 1852–53 Thackeray delivered a course of lectures in America on *The English Humorists,* from which the *Restoration Drama,* p. 477, is a selection. A second lecturing tour was undertaken in the autumn of 1855, Thackeray's subject being *The Four Georges.*

483.—31. **Bellot.** *Joseph René Bellot* (1826–53), a French naval officer, and a volunteer in English Arctic expeditions, who lost his life

in the search for Franklin. Bellot's Strait, in the North American Arctics, is named after him. He is commemorated by a red granite obelisk on the river terrace at Greenwich, the seat of the Royal Naval College.

484.—15. **Accepts a richly-remunerative post in the East.** Macaulay was a member of the Supreme Council in India, 1834–38.—19, 20. **Because Mr. Macaulay dated a letter,** etc. In 1839, when *Macaulay* became Secretary of War, he announced the fact to his constituents in a letter dated from Windsor Castle, the royal palace, as though it were his residence. The London *Times* attacked him, and among those who had their laugh at his expense was Thackeray himself. But Thackeray made ample amends for what Trevelyan calls "a very innocent and not ill-natured touch of satire" in this passage.—23. **Austerlitz.** In the battle of *Austerlitz*, Dec. 2, 1805, Napoleon defeated the Austrians and Russians.—23 **K. K.** Germ. *Kaiserlich Königlich*, i.e. Imperial Royal.—25. **Schönbrunn.** The Austrian imperial residence, three miles southwest of Vienna.

485.—5. **Senior wranglers.** In Cambridge University the student taking first place in the mathematical tripos or honor examination.

486.—9. **I speak à cœur ouvert.** (Fr.) *From an open heart.*—10. **Domes of Peters,** etc Thackeray mentions the most famous domes of the world, the Pantheon and St. Peter's in Rome, St. Sophia in Constantinople, and St. Paul's in London, in comparison with the dome of the British Museum in Bloomsbury, London. The dome of the reading-room of the Museum, constructed 1854–57, is of glass and iron, 140 feet in diameter, or one foot larger than the dome of St. Peter's, and 106 feet high. The reading-room has accomodations for 458 readers. In 1858, the year after the opening of the new reading-room, and the year before Thackeray wrote this paper, it was used by 190,400 readers who consulted 877,897 books, or an average of 3,000 a day. In 1896 there were 191,363 readers or 630 per day. The facilities for reading and research in the British Museum are probably unequalled anywhere.—28. **"Clarissa,"** i.e. *Clarissa Harlowe*, Samuel Richardson's novel, published 1748. It is in the form of letters.—36. **Lovelace,** the principal male character in *Clarissa*. He is an unscrupulous libertine, whose name has become a synonym for characters of this nature.

487.—25. **Laus Deo.** Praise to God.

488.—1. **Win the bâton or epaulets,** i.e. may not become commanding generals or even officers. The bâton is the field-marshal's staff.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

ON THE STUDY OF POETRY

488.—17. **In the present work,** etc. This essay was published in 1880 as the general introduction to *The English Poets*, a book of poetical selections edited by T. H. Ward.

489.—5. **Does Wordsworth call poetry,** etc. Quoted from *Wordsworth's* Preface to the second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads* (1800).—22. **Sainte-Beuve** (1804–1869), an eminent French poet and critic, who exercised considerable influence upon Matthew Arnold's principles of literary criticism.

490.—6. **Poetry, as a criticism of life.** Arnold's favorite formula. Cf. "It is important therefore to hold fast to this: that poetry is at

bottom a criticism of life; that the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life,—to the question how to live," etc. Arnold's Preface to his selections from *Wordsworth*. Cf. also: "The noble and profound application of ideas to life is the most essential part of poetic greatness." Arnold, *On Translating Homer*.

491.—30. **Pellisson.** A French scholar and critic whose *History of the French Academy*, published 1653, procured him admission to that body, then but recently founded.—31. **Politesse sterile et rampante,** artificiality barren and bombastic.—35. **Charles d'Héricault.** A modern French journalist and critic, editor in 1856 of *Le Livre de l'Internelle Consolation*, and other works for the *Bibliotheque Elzevirienne*, published by Jannet. His edition of *Marot* was made for Jannet, and is often quoted as Jannet's (1868–72).—35. **Clément Marot** (1497–1544), was court-poet to Francis I.

494.—2. **As the Imitation says,** i.e. *The Imitation of Christ* (*De Imitatione Christi*), a celebrated devotional treatise written toward the end of the fifteenth century and generally ascribed to *Thomas à Kempis*. —4. **Cum multa legeris,** etc. "Though you have read much and know much, it is nevertheless necessary always to return to one principle." *Imitation*, Book III. chap. 43 (Carl Hirsch, Berlin ed.). This doctrine of what the French call the *point de refère*, has been fully stated by Arnold in his essay on Johnson (*Mixed Essays*).—14. **Cædmon,** the reputed author of the Anglo-Saxon *Genesis*, a poem that treats of the same subject as Milton's *Paradise Lost*. For parallels between *Cædmon* and *Milton*, see Stopford Brooke's *Early English Literature—Genesis*.—17. **M. Vitet.** *Ludovic* or *Louis Vitet*, a French politician and man of letters (1802–1873). He wrote on art, literature, and philosophy for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.—19. **Chanson de Roland.** An old French poem of 4000 lines, which relates how at Ronceveaux, or Roncevalles, in the Pyrenees, Roland and Oliver, and other peers of Charlemagne, were overtaken by the Saracens and slain, and how Charlemagne avenged their death.—20. **The joculator or jongleur Taillefer,** etc. *Jongleur* was the name given to the wandering minstrels among the Normans. The word is a modification of the Latin *joculator*, a jester. The *jongleur* performed sleight-of-hand tricks, hence our word *juggler*. *Taillefer* (Fr., "cleaver of iron") is said to have ridden into the battle of Hastings throwing his sword up into the air, catching it again, and chanting the Song of Roland. See Freeman's *Norman Conquest*, III. 319.

495.—3. **Let us try, then, the "Chanson de Roland" at its best.** "No one in his senses would put the *Chanson de Roland* on a level with the *Iliad* as a whole; but some among those people who happen to possess an equal acquaintance with Greek and Old French, will demur to Mr. Arnold's assignment of an ineffably superior poetical quality to one of the two passages he quotes, over the other." Saintsbury's *Matthew Arnold*, p. 191.—32. **As a touchstone.** This is Arnold's favorite method, employed by him in the Preface to his selections from Wordsworth, and in his essay *On Translating Homer*. Arnold greatly overestimated its usefulness as a "help" towards "discovering" poetic excellence. The results derived from the application of such a *touchstone* will necessarily be determined by the "tact" of the person who employs it; they will be affected, in other words, by that purely "personal estimate" which Arnold has just warned us to avoid. Moreover, as a critical test its value is confined at best to questions of *style*. The complete scope

and large meaning of a poem, the merits or defects of its general design, its effect as a whole, all this cannot be extracted from a line or two, however skilfully chosen. The inadequacy of the method becomes manifest when we remember Arnold's definition of poetry as "a criticism of life." In his representative selections, Arnold himself has unwittingly demonstrated the untrustworthiness of his own method. He is led to select test-passages filled with a "majestic pain," with resignation, and the sadness of farewells, because his own nature vibrates most strongly to elegiac notes. Hence those passages are not so much an absolute, "infallible" *touchstone* to discover great poetry as they are illustrations of the particular kind of great poetry which happened to appeal to Arnold. They are immortal examples of one kind of poetic excellence, but poetic excellence is not limited to one mood or style, however sublime or noble; its music is not always a dirge or a funeral march. It is difficult to see how anything could be accomplished by using them as a standard to measure the greatness of poetry, the especial excellence of which is utterly dissimilar. We cannot measure *The Jolly Beggars*, or *Tam o' Shanter*, by the *Divine Comedy*, *Sir Patrick Spens* by Sophocles, or *The Rape of the Lock* by Browning's *Sordello;* to search for the essential poetic principle common to all great poetry is to start on a quest for the *elixir vitæ*, or the philosopher's stone.

496.—17. **Ugolino.** A leader in the wars between the Guelfs and Ghibellines, who was starved to death in prison in 1289. Dante describes his meeting with *Ugolino* in a celebrated passage in the *Inferno*.

497.—1. **Henry the Fourth's expostulation with sleep.** 2 *Hen. IV.*, III. 1, 18.—6. **Hamlet's dying request to Horatio.** *Hamlet*, V. 2, 333.—11. **That Miltonic passage.** *Par. Lost*, I. 599.—17. **And courage never to submit.** *Par. Lost*, I. 108.—16. **The loss of Proserpine.** *Par. Lost*, IV. 271.

498.—23. **Aristotle's profound observation.** "It appears from what has been said that the object of the poet is not to relate what has actually happened, but what may possibly happen. . . . Poetry is therefore *more philosophical and more instructive* than History. Poetry speaks more of general things and History of particular." Aristotle, *Poetics*, IX. (Bohn's ed.).

499.—22. **Once more I return,** etc. In the passage which follows, English poetry before the Norman Conquest, (the Old English poetry which preceded the Old French,) is passed over as though utterly unworthy of consideration. We must remember that although Arnold begins his remarks on the "origins" of English poetry at the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, poetry, of some kind, had originated in England about five or six hundred years before. Of this poetry of Old England Arnold seems to have had but little knowledge. It is no disparagement to the influence of French poetry to say, that the fact that our literature is rooted in a Germanic past should not be thus entirely overlooked.—27. **Langue d'oil,** or *langue d'oui*. The dialect spoken in the north of France, so called because its word for "yes" was *oïl* or *oui*. It was the language in which the *trouvères* composed, and from it the modern French has sprung.—29. **Langue d'oc.** The dialect spoken in the south of France, especially in the Provence, so called because its word for "yes" was *oc*. It was the language of the *troubadours*.

500.—14. **La parleur en est plus delitable.** "Because it is a delightful language and common to all peoples."

501.—10. **Wolfram of Eschenbach.** The foremost German poet of the Middle Ages. He composed his great epic *Parzival*, based on a French version of the Graal story, about the beginning of the thirteenth

century. Among its most important sources is a poem by Christian of Troyes.—31. **The right comment upon it is Dryden's,** in the Preface to the *Fables,* a work composed of modernizations of Chaucer.—34. **Fountain of good sense.** "In the first place, as he is the father of English poetry, so I hold him in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Vergil: he is a perpetual *fountain of good sense;* learned in all sciences," etc. Preface to Dryden's *Fables, supra.*

502.—4. **"Gold dew-drops of speech."** The phrase occurs in a poem by John Lydgate (1370?–1451?) in Praise of the Virgin:—

> "And eke my master CHAUCERIS now is grave,
> . . . . . .
> That mayde first to dystylle and rayne
> The gold dewe dropys of speche and eloquence
> Into our tunge thrugh his excellence."

—5. **Johnson misses the point,** etc. The passage referred to is in Dryden's Preface, quoted above. "The verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not harmonious to us; but . . . they who lived with him, and some time after him, thought it musical, and it continues so, even in our judgment, if compared with the numbers of Lidgate and Gower, his contemporaries."—12. **"Well of English undefiled."** *Faerie Queene,* Book IV. Canto 2, St. 32.—25. **"O martyr souded in virginitie."** Misquoted from Chaucer's *Prioress' Tale.* It is "souded *to* virginitie." (*Souden* = to join. Fr. *soudé,* from Lat. *solidare,* to make solid. Cf. *solder.*)

504.—20. **Villon.** *François Villon* (1431–1484), a French poet who led a wild life, was condemned to death for a serious crime, but owed his life to the intercession of a court lady to whom he had dedicated a poem. R. L. Stevenson has an essay upon him.

505.—11. **Dryden regards,** etc. Loosely quoted from the Preface to *Fables:* "Equality of numbers, in every verse which we call *heroic,* was either not known, or not always practised, in Chaucer's age."—14. **Cowley.** "I have often heard the late Earl of Leicester say, that Mr. Cowley himself was of that opinion [that Chaucer was 'a dry old-fashioned wit, not worth reviving']; who having read him over at my Lord's request, declared he had no taste of him." Dryden's Preface to the *Fables.*

506.—11. **From Gades to Aurora.** *Gades* is an old form of *Cadiz* The sense is from the farthest west to the remotest east.—21. **Dryden telling us,** in the "Postscript" to his translation of the *Æneid.*

507.—22. **"A milk-white Hind,"** etc. From Dryden's *Hind and the Panther,* an allegorical poem on the controversy between Romanism and Protestantism. The "Hind" is the Catholic Church.—27. **To Hounslow Heath I pointed,** etc. *Sat.* II. 143.

509.—3. **Mark ruffian violence,** etc. *On the Death of R. Dundas.*

510.—7. **Leeze me on drink,** etc. *The Holy Fair.*

511.—1. **The sacred lowe o' weel-placed love.** *Epistle to a Young Friend.*—10. **Who made the heart,** etc. *Address to the Unco Guid, or the Rigidly Righteous.*—20. **To make a happy fire-side clime.** *To Dr. Blacklock in Answer to a Letter.*—27. **Xenophon tells us,** etc. See *Memorabilia,* IV. 4.

512.—21. **Had we never loved sae kindly.** *Ae Fond Kiss.*—32. **Thou Power Supreme,** etc. *Winter: A Dirge.*

513.—1. **Whistle owre the lave o't!** i.e. whistle over what's left of it, i.e. make the best of what remains. The refrain of one of Burns's poems, beginning "First when Maggie was my care." *Whistle o'er the lave*

o't is the name of the old tune to which Burns's verses were written. It also occurs in one of the songs in *The Jolly Beggars.*

514.—4. **We twa hae paidl't i' the burn.** *Auld Lang Syne.*—14. **Pinnacled dim in the intense inane.** *Prometheus Unbound,* Act III. 4.

WALTER H. PATER

THE SCHOOL OF GIORGIONE

516. Giorgione. *Giorgio Barbarelli,* called *Il Giorgione,* belongs, with his master Bellini and his fellow-painter Titian, to the Venetian School of painting, of which Tintoretto and Paul Veronese were later members. The Venetians are celebrated for their mastery of colour. Pater applies the term "School of Giorgione" to pictures which, while they cannot with certainty be assigned to the Venetian master, show his peculiarities of treatment and colouring.—15. **"Imaginative reason."** A phrase current among the critics of the School of Coleridge.

517.—6, 7. **Lessing's . . . Laocoön.** A celebrated treatise on art by the German critic and poet *Lessing* (1729–1781). In his criticism of the famous antique statue representing *Laocoön* and his sons being strangled by the serpents, *Lessing* discusses the limitations of the spheres of sculpture, painting, and poetry.—23. **Veronese.** *Paul Veronese* (1528–1588), a member of the Venetian School of painters.—34. **Tintoret** (1518–1594), received his surname from the trade of his father, who was a dyer. He was a member of the Venetian School and a pupil of Titian.—37. **Rubens's "Descent from the Cross."** A celebrated picture by the Flemish painter *Peter Paul Rubens* (1577–1640), famous like the Venetians, by whom he was influenced, as a colourist. The *Descent* is in the Cathedral at Antwerp.

518.—26. **Anders-streben.** (Germ.) "Striving to be other."—35. **The Arena chapel.** The *Cappella Annunziata dell' Arena.* It is built on the site of the ancient amphitheatre in Padua.—36. **Giotto's Tower at Florence.** The famous *Campanile,* begun by *Giotto* in 1334 and completed after his death.—37. **Chateaux.** (Fr.) Country-residences.

519.—11. **Music being the typical or ideally consummate art.** This thought may be found fully and beautifully developed in Schopenhauer's chapter on music in *The World as Will and Idea.*—30. **M. Legros.** *Alphonse Legros,* born 1837, a French artist who took up his residence in London and became professor of etching at the South Kensington Art School.

521.—8. **William Blake** (1757–1827), painter and poet. See *Stand. Eng. Poems,* p. 264 and note.

522.—26. **Byzantine decoration.** *Byzantine* is the name given to the art developed from classic models in Byzantium (Constantinople) and the Byzantine Empire, from the fifth to the fifteenth centuries. "An almost universal feature of the style in buildings of any pretension is the incrustation of brick or rough stone-work with more precious materials." Byzantine painting was done on a gold background.—28. **Duomo of Murano.** *Murano,* a town situated on an island one mile north of Venice, has a celebrated *duomo,* or cathedral. Most of the so-called "Venetian glass" is made in *Murano.*—28. **St. Marks'.** The famous cathedral of Venice. The most celebrated Byzantine building in western Europe.—34. **Angelico.** *Fra Angelico* (1387–1455), an early Florentine painter of religious subjects. While

an inmate of the monastery of San Marco at Florence he decorated its walls with frescoes. His saints and angels are characterized by their "religious mysticism."—35. **Botticelli.** *Sandro Botticelli* (1447–1515?), a Florentine painter who became a follower of the reformer Savonarola; hence Pater's allusion to "philosophical theories."—38. **Carpaccio and Bellini.** *Vittore Carpaccio* belongs to the latter half of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century. He and *Bellini* (*cir.* 1427–1516), the teacher of Giorgione and of Titian, belong to the early Venetian School. Ruskin's criticism of *Carpaccio's* pictures in the Hospice of St. George has brought them into prominence.

523.—10 **"A spark of the divine fire."** See n. **308,** 30.—11. **Genre.** (Fr., "a kind"; Lat. *genus.*) The specific application of the word in painting is explained by Pater.

524.—1. **Born so near to Titian.** According to Crow and Cavalcaselle, Giorgione was born before 1477, and *Titian* after 1480. Vasari says *Titian* was born 1480 and Giorgione died in 1511, aged thirty-four. Other authorities give 1477 as the date of Titian's birth. See Crow and Cavalcaselle, *Hist. of Painting in North Italy,* II. 119.

525.—6. **"New Vasari."** *Vasari* (1511–1574), himself an architect and painter, was the author of a celebrated work entitled *The Lives of Many Excellent Architects, Painters, and Sculptors of Italy* (1568). Pater calls the work of Crow and Cavalcaselle above referred to the *New Vasari.*—15. **Pitti.** A famous palace and art-gallery in Florence.—34. **Pellegrino da San Daniele** (d. 1547), a painter of the Venetian School, whose later work shows a careful study of Giorgione.

526.—6. **The subject of a sonnet,** etc. See Dante Gabriel Rossetti's *Sonnet for a Venetian Pastoral,* on a picture of the same title in the Louvre, formerly ascribed to Giorgione.—9. **Sebastian del Piombo** (1485?–1547), a painter of the Venetian School, and a pupil of Bellini and Giorgione.—12. **Paris Bordone** or **Paride Bordone** (*cir.* 1500–1571), an Italian painter of the Venetian School. He was a pupil of Titian, and an imitator of the style of Giorgione.—17. **Conceded to "a Brescian hand,"** i.e. to a painter of the School of Brescia in Italy. The works of a number of *Brescian* painters have been attributed to Giorgione.—18. **Palma,** *Jacopo* or *Giacomo Palma,* called *Palma Vecchio* (or *the elder*) (*cir.* 1480–1528). A Venetian painter, said to have been a pupil of Titian. He is classed with Titian and Giorgione, though not considered their equal as a painter.—36. **Condottiere.** (Ital., literally, a conductor, carrier, or leader.) A leader of mercenary troops, a soldier of fortune.

527.—7. **National Gallery,** in London.

529.—8. **Il fuoco Giorgionesco.** (Ital., literally the fire of Giorgione, or the Giorgionesque fire). The expression is a difficult one to translate; it apparently means here, that one characteristic of Giorgione's genius was the power to illuminate a transcient action, a passing moment, revealing it, as it were, by a flash of light, by a sudden fire,—the *fuoco* peculiar to Giorgione.—38. **Like those described by Plato,** etc. "They put their ears close alongside of the strings like persons catching a sound from their neighbour's wall—one set of them declaring that they distinguish an intermediate note and have found the least interval which should be the unit of measurement; the others insisting that the two sounds have passed into the same—either party setting their ears before their understanding." Plato's *Republic,* VII. 531, Jowett's trans.

530.—10. **The reading of Bandello's novels.** *Matteo Bandello* (1480–1562), an Italian ecclesiastic, wrote novels in the manner of

Boccaccio. Some of his tales were used by the Elizabethan dramatists. —38. **Empyrean.** (Gr. *en*, in, and *pyr*, fire.) The *empyrean* is the highest heaven, the region of pure fire, which the ancients believed to exist beyond and above the outermost sphere of the universe.

STEVENSON

ÆS TRIPLEX

532. Æs Triplex. (Lat., threefold brass.) The title of the essay is taken from Horace:

Illi robur et æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem.

Odes, I. iii. 9–11.

"Oak and brass of triple fold,
Encompassed sure that heart, which first made bold
To the raging sea to trust
A fragile bark." *Conington's trans.*

—24. **Dule Trees.** Trees of mourning; a name given in Scotland to trees under which the clan gathered to bewail its dead. Spelled also *dool-tree*. (Lat. *dolor*, grief, lamentation.)

533.—12. **We have all heard of cities in South America,** etc. The fate of St. Pierre (1902) affords a striking illustration of Stevenson's statement, and in the light of that recent catastrophe the whole passage becomes eloquent with a new meaning.

534.—4. **Petards.** A kind of bomb formerly used to blow up gates and walls.—12. **Blue-peter.** A blue flag with a white square in the centre, flown in the merchant marine as a signal that the vessel is ready to depart.—36. **Valley at Balaklava,** in the Crimea; the scene of the famous charge of the Light Brigade. Through a mistaken order, a brigade of light English cavalry was sent against three Russian batteries, and of 670, only 198 returned.

535.—1. **Curtius.** According to tradition a chasm appeared in the forum of Rome (B.C. 362), which the soothsayers declared could be closed only by casting into it Rome's greatest treasure. Thereupon *Marcus Curtius*, a young noble, declaring that Rome's greatest treasures was a brave citizen, mounted his horse and leaped into the gulf, which immediately closed over him.—9. **The Derby.** A celebrated horse-race, held annually about the end of May, at Epsom, near London. It is one of the great English sporting events, and is said to be attended by about 300,000 people.—10. **Caligula.** Emperor of Rome, 37–41 A.D., and noted for his insane cruelty and extravagance. He caused himself to be worshipped as a god, and had his horse made consul. The bridge he built from Puteoli to Baiæ was three miles long. When it was finished he gave a banquet in the midst of it, which ended as Stevenson describes.

536.—4. **Omar Khayam.** A Persian poet of the end of the eleventh century, made familiar to English readers by Edward Fitzgerald's translation of his *Rubáiyát*.—7. **And our sages,** etc. See p. **70,** 15 *et seq.*

537.—16. **Like the Commander's statue.** See n. **380,** 3.—31. **Bag's end as the French say.** Stevenson is alluding to the French phrase *cul de sac*.

538.—4. **Our respected lexicographer.** Dr. Samuel Johnson.—7, 8. **He ventured on his Highland tour.** In 1773 Dr. Johnson, aged 64,

accompanied by his faithful Boswell, made the celebrated tour to Scotland and the Hebrides described in Boswell's *Life* (Hill's *Boswell's Johnson*, Vol. V.), and in the narratives of Boswell and of Johnson.—8. **His heart, bound with triple brass.** See n. **532.**—21. **That eminent chemist,** etc. The allusion is probably to *Dr. Joseph Black* (1728–1799), professor of chemistry at Edinburgh, who made important discoveries with regard to latent heat and "fixed air," or carbonic-acid gas. "He spun his thread of life to the very last fibre. He guarded against illness by restricting himself to an abstemious diet, and he met his increasing infirmities with a proportional increase of attention and care, regulating his food and exercise by the measure of his strength." His manner of death was characteristic. "Being at table with his usual fare, some bread, a few prunes, a measured quantity of milk diluted with water, and having the cup in his hand when the last stroke of the pulse was to be given, he set it down on his knees and expired without spilling a drop, and without a writhe in his countenance, as if an experiment had been required to show his friends the facility with which he departed." Thomson's *Hist. of Chemistry*, I. 333.

539.—8. **Mim-mouthed.** "Reserved in discourse, implying affectation of modesty." *Cent. Dict.* *Mim* is a Scotch form of *mum*.—14. **A peerage or Westminster Abbey.** Commonly stated to have been Nelson's exclamation before the battle of the Nile. Dean Stanley (*Westminster Abbey*, II. p. 119, note) states that the words Nelson used were "Westminster Abbey or glorious victory," and that the occasion was the battle of St. Vincent, Feb. 14, 1797.—20. **Think of the heroism of Johnson,** etc. See n. **538,** 7.—26. **Thackeray and Dickens had each fallen in mid course.** Thackeray left unfinished *Denis Duval*, and Dickens *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. Stevenson himself "fell in mid course," leaving his *St. Ives* to be completed by another hand, and that remarkable fragment his *Weir of Hermiston*.

540.—22. **Whom the gods love die young,** attributed to Menander. Cf. Plautus, *Bacchides*, IV. 7, 18.

Quem di diligunt,
Adolescens moritur,

—30. **Trailing with him clouds of glory.** Cf. Wordsworth's *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*, etc.

"But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home."

PULVIS ET UMBRA

540.—Pulvis et umbra. Dust and a shade.

Nos, ubi decidimus,
Quo pater Æneas, quo dives Tullus et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra sumus.
Hor., *Od.* IV. 7, 14.

(We, when we go down whither the father Æneas, whither the rich Tullus and Ancus [have gone], we shall become dust and a shade.)

541.—26. **NH_3 and H_2O,** i.e. ammonia and water.—27. **That way madness lies.**

Oh, that way madness lies, let me shun that.
Lear, III., 4, 21.

543.—7. **Agglutinated dust,** etc. "What a piece of work is man! . . and yet, to me, what is this *quintessence of dust!*" etc. *Ham.* II. 2, 295. The style and rhythm of Stevenson's passage are strik-

ingly close to the famous speech of *Hamlet,* from which the above lines are quoted.—23. **To do battle for an egg.**

> Exposing what is mortal and unsure
> To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
> *Even for an egg-shell.*
> *Ham.* IV., 4, 51.

545.—22. **The poor jewel of their souls.**

> Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,
> Is the immediate *jewel of their souls.*
> *Othello,* III. 3, 181.

—28. **Ennobled lemur.** The *lemurs* belong to the highest order of mammalia, the *Primates,* including besides themselves, man and monkeys. They are just below the apes in the scale of evolution. In appearance they are fox-like monkeys. The name *lemur* (Lat. *lemures,* ghosts) has been given them on account of their nocturnal habits and stealthy steps.

546.—11. **Everest.** A mountain in the Himalayas, so far as known the highest peak on the earth (29,002 feet).—22. **Law of the members and the will.** See *Rom.* vii. 23.

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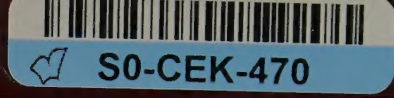
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